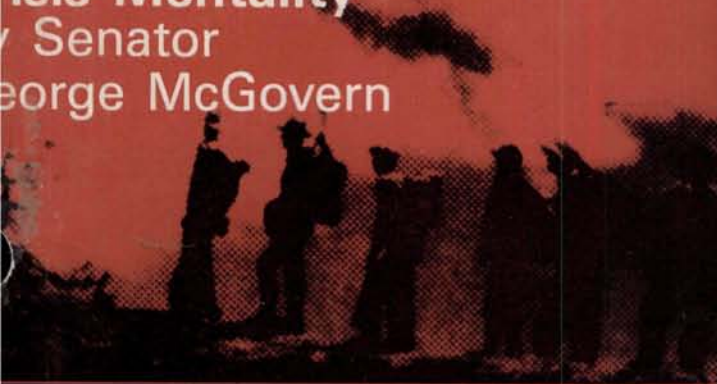


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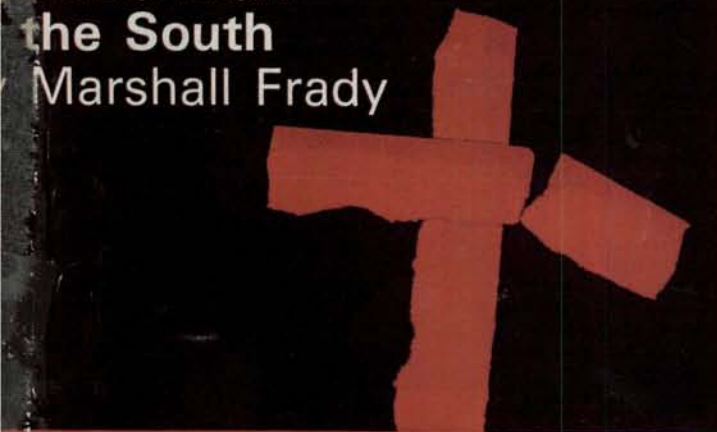
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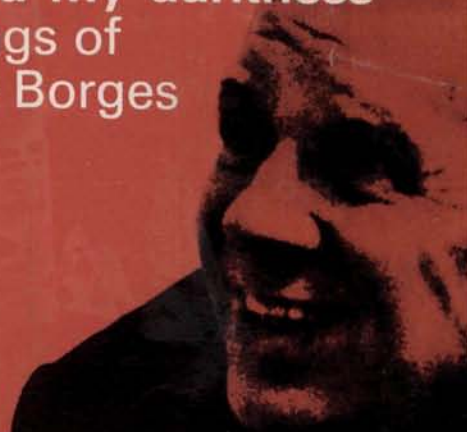
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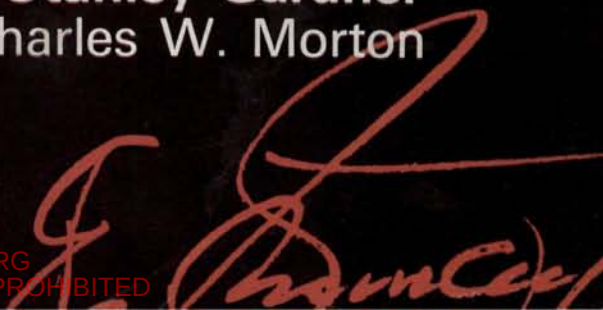
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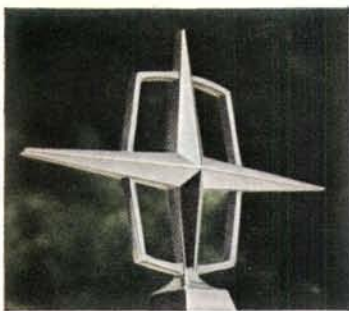


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1967 VOLUME 219 NUMBER 1

MARSHALL FRADY	God and Man in the South	37
JAMES TATE	Reapers of the Water – A POEM	43
BRUCE JACKSON	Exiles From the American Dream	44
JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH	The Polipollutionists	52
RICHARD TILLINGHAST	Reading Late, in Winter – A POEM	54
GEORGE MCGOVERN	Foreign Policy and the Crisis Mentality	55
LOUIS KRONENBERGER	The Setting of the Sun King – BOOKS AND MEN	58
SHIRLEY ANN GRAU	The Condor Passes – A STORY	62
RICHARD SCHECHNER	Pornography and the New Expression	74
CHARLES W. MORTON	The World of Erle Stanley Gardner	79
EUGENE S. STAPLES	The Eagles of Kazakhstan	92
JOHN GUNTHER	A Visit With Argentina's Borges	96
KEITH BOTSFORD	The Writings of Jorge Luis Borges	99

ATLANTIC REPORTS

Washington – Indonesia – The Sudan	6
------------------------------------	---

ACCENT ON LIVING

CHARLES W. MORTON – JORDAN CRITTENDEN – DEAN ACHESON – L. E. SISSMAN	105
TERENCE PRITTIE	Bailiffscourt 109
HERBERT KUPFERBERG	Le Véritable Maurice 111

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer	115
OSCAR HANDLIN	Reader's Choice	117
PHOEBE ADAMS	Potpourri	121

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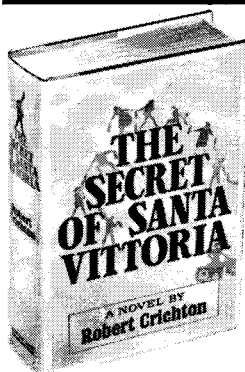
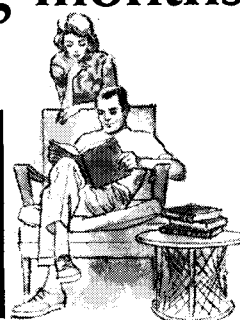
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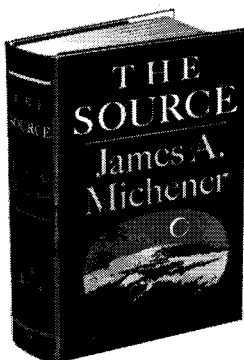
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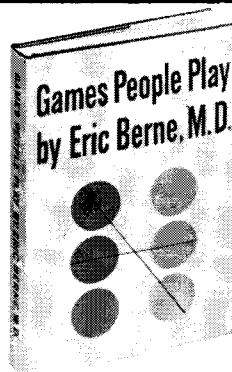
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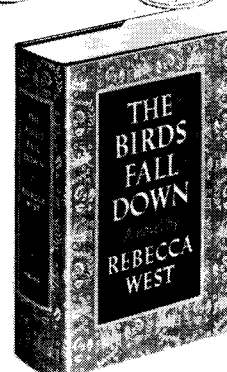
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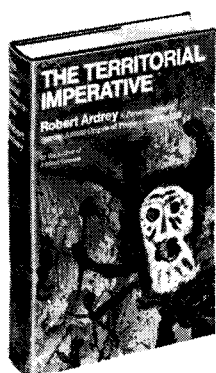
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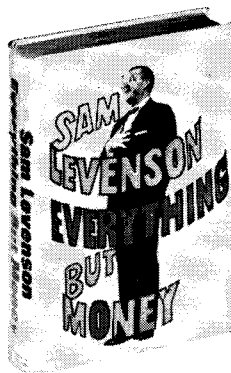
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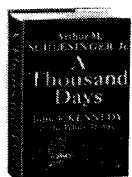
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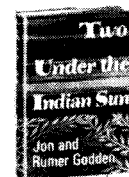
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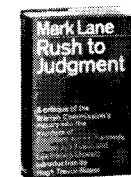
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Nerve System of an Airplane: A report from General Dynamics

Next time you take a trip in your car, try to drive there without steering wheel, accelerator or brakes.

Impossible, of course. They are vital to the job. Without them, the car won't do what it must, even though the chassis, body, motor, power train, tires, fuel, driver—and passengers—are all there.

The function of any vehicle is to deliver something from one place to another. The family car is a passenger-delivering system. A military aircraft is a weapons-delivering system. Avionics are vital to that job.

Extending human will:

In a modern military aircraft, the human crew is the intellect and the will. Avionics—or what used to be called aviation-electronics—are its nervous system, extending the human will through machines for tasks that require accurate control, sustained precise effort, or ultra-fast computation.

Here are some of the things current avionics do:

- Provide exact and unjammable navigation.
- Help the crew fly smoothly and safely, so low that detection and tracking capability of enemy radar will be sharply reduced, or so high and fast that it can circumvent other forms of attack.

- Assist the easy transition from one flight regime to another.

- Detect potential sources of attack from air or ground.

- Help fire any combination of weaponry with precision.

The F-111 fighter-bomber being built by General Dynamics is a case in point.

The F-111's variable-sweep wing, which makes it possible to redesign the aircraft *in flight*, is one of the great aerodynamic advances.

This airplane can fly fast or slow; 12 miles high or skimming the treetops; drift through the air for hours, or attack at two and a half times the speed of sound; ferry itself across an ocean without refueling, and land or take off from rough tactical fields in short distances.

All in all, it is the most versatile aircraft ever designed.

But first and foremost it is a weapons-delivery system. Its avionics, much more sophisticated than those of earlier airplanes, are a good indication of what is required nowadays.

A generation ago, aviation-electronics consisted mainly of radio. Today's avionics include a large assortment of separate systems which are segments of a larger fully integrated electronic system. This, in turn, is integrated with the airframe, the engines and weaponry.

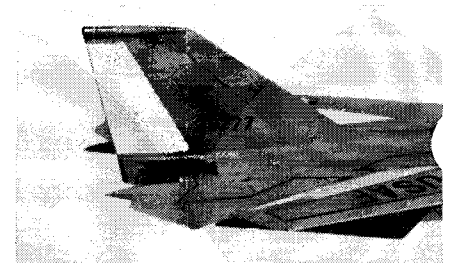
To see how it ties together, look at a few of the F-111's avionics parts.

The triply redundant, self-adaptive flight-control system relates directly to the unique ability of the F-111 to vary the way it flies.

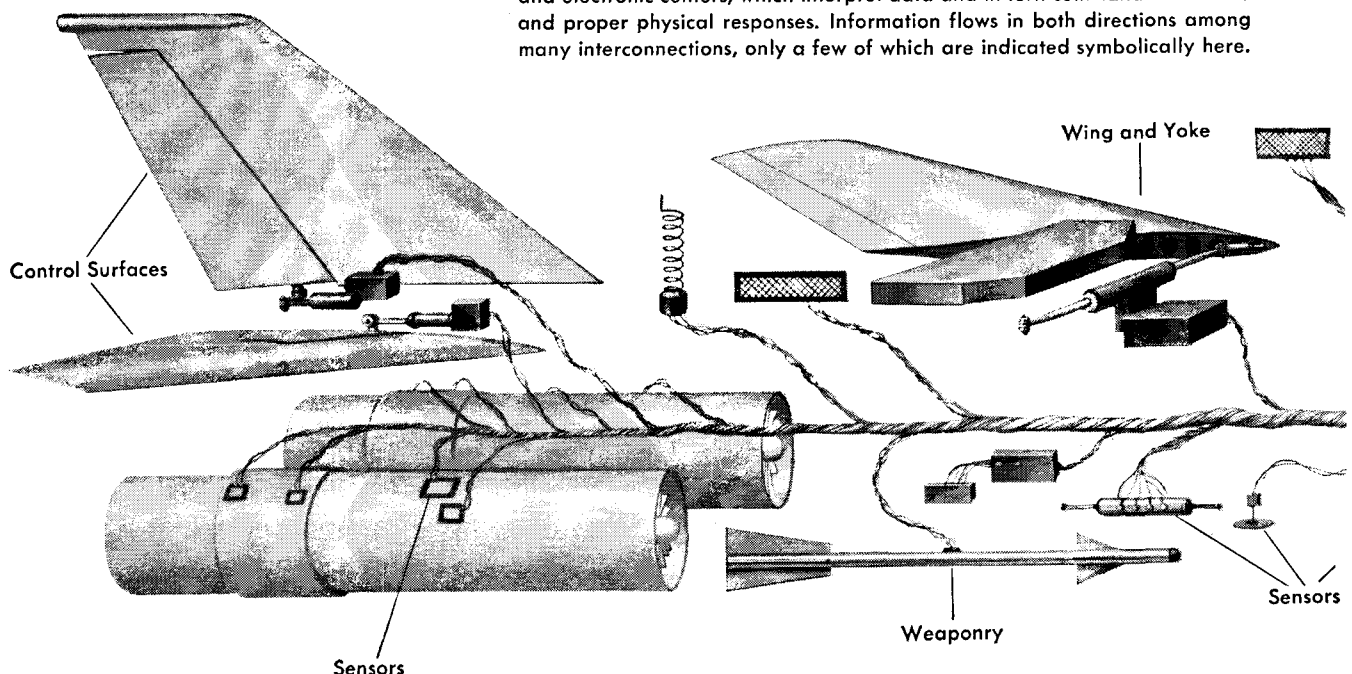
A complex of electronic sensors and computers measures motions of the aircraft and commands, through hydraulic and mechanical components, any necessary compensation to control surfaces.

In case of sudden change in atmospheric conditions (i.e., clear air turbulence or strong gusts), or rapid shift in altitude or direction, the self-adaptive flight-control system will automatically make any necessary adjustments for pitch, roll or yaw—often before pilots even know they are needed.

When wings change position, changes in other control surfaces take place simultaneously. The plane never loses its desirable flying qualities at any speed,



Seeing, hearing and feeling devices receive and transmit impressions to crew and electronic centers, which interpret data and in turn command immediate and proper physical responses. Information flows in both directions among many interconnections, only a few of which are indicated symbolically here.



or change in speed, from takeoff through Mach 2.5.

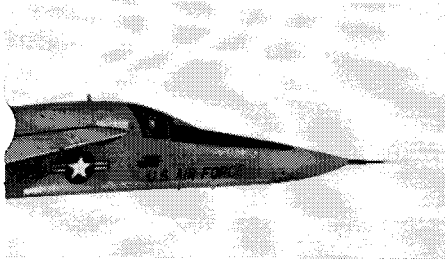
An *inertial navigation system* eliminates the uncertainties inherent in earlier magnetic-compass, radio or radar navigation techniques.

The inertial system measures every inch of passage, fluctuation in direction or change in speed. At any given moment, the pilot knows precisely where he is in relation to his takeoff point, his target and his return base.

“Hideability”:

Terrain-following radar (TFR) improves mission efficiency.

A fast low-flying airplane which can be “seen” only fleetingly is troublesome for ground search radar. For maximum “hideability,” the aircraft’s terrain-following radar can be set at an optimum clearance close to the ground. The plane can now dip into the valleys and skim the peaks at supersonic speed in any weather, day or night. It can keep on a direct path, yet make the enemy’s problem of detection far more difficult.



The TFR constantly looks both down and ahead, and relays its information to the self-adaptive control system. The complex adjusts the entire aircraft far faster than could unassisted human reflexes. Even over particularly jagged territory, the ride is relatively smooth.

The pilot can fly through zero visibility, protected against physical obstructions ahead. Should any of the TFR’s circuits fail, the overall avionic system is programmed to put the aircraft automatically into a very sharp climb to higher altitude.

The ultimate function of the F-111, however, is the delivery of weapons—a mix of many types, long and short-range, for defense and attack, with different methods of firing. This calls for three closely related systems.

Finding a target:

A *bomb/navigation system*, connected to every weapon, constantly measures the plane’s speed, altitude, attitude and position. These are computed against information, already stored, on the particular drop or firing pattern of each weapon and the location of the target.

A “*head-up*” system projects flight and other data, in color bar form, to a transparent reflective plate at pilot’s eye level. Through it, he can see all the information necessary to fire guns and missiles without moving his eyes from the target itself.

To extend his sight in bad weather or at night, *high resolution ground map-*

ping radar provides a clear picture of the terrain or of airborne targets, simultaneously reporting the changing range between plane and target.

With these reinforcing the pilot’s judgment, the specific weapon needed can be released, manually or automatically, at the split second when it is most likely to hit its target exactly.

Each of the “separate” systems has a distinct job, yet all are, to some degree, interdependent. For maximum reliability, self-test devices check, before and all during flight, for any malfunction. Should one occur, the “work” can be shifted quickly to back-up equipment—and assure that the mission will not be impaired.

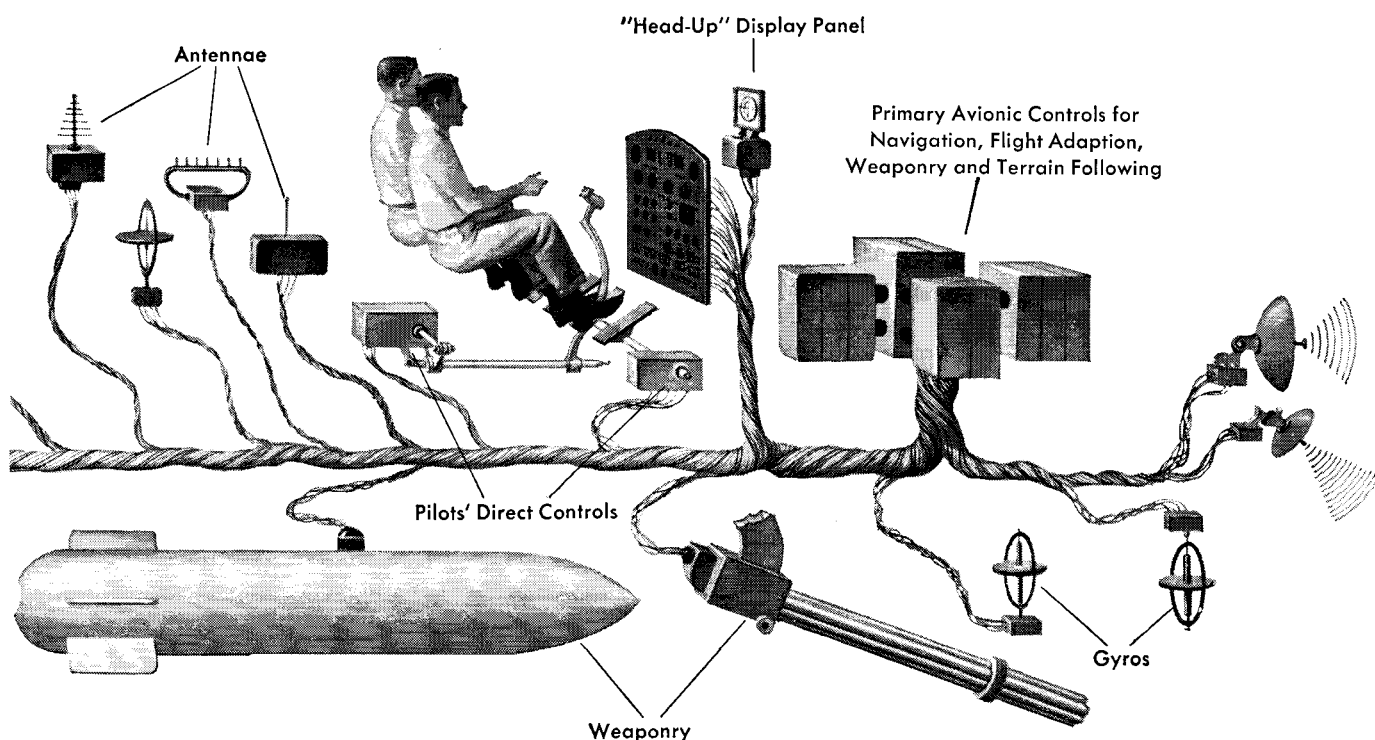
Even though the current avionic systems are advanced over anything that has gone before, newer and improved versions are already being jointly developed by General Dynamics and its many subcontractors who produce the individual systems that make up the whole.

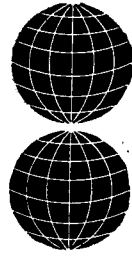
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GENERAL DYNAMICS

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WASHINGTON

THE story of the United States Information Agency is a little like the O'Haraesque tale of the small-town man who brings home a fashionable new wife from the big city. At first she is the subject of much gossip, because the word is that she is a swinger — the full story of just who said what to set off that famous Saturday afternoon fight in the men's locker room at the country club has never really been told. In time, however, she makes a place for herself. It takes hard work and willpower, but slowly she gains friends; she is accepted, even admired.

Then one day she leaves town abruptly. Explanations are followed by excuses, then by embarrassed silence. There is no formal divorce; she has just gone away. At last someone on a shopping trip runs into her on a city street, and there is a hurried, perfunctory conversation. The report brought home is that she's still attractive enough, but not her old self. What has gone wrong?

Perhaps this is too dramatic, and even a little unfair. After all, USIA is big and busy. In fact, its size and the scope of its activities are startling. The United States Information Agency employs 12,000 people, maintains 218 posts in 104 foreign countries, and operates on a current budget of \$190 million. One hundred Voice of America transmitters beam 845 hours of radio broadcasts each week in 38 languages to a worldwide audience estimated to be in the tens of millions daily. Over 1000 USIA motion pictures and television programs are produced annually; in the first 6 months of 1966, 350 million fans saw the movies and 2082 stations in 94 countries used the television material. Each year about 25 million people visit the 223 libraries and reading rooms USIA operates in 84 countries, and they check out about 5 million books. And legions of USIA public affairs officers are on duty in embassies

around the world, advising American diplomats on the subtleties of public relations in an electronic age and backgrounding local editors and writers on the American point of view.

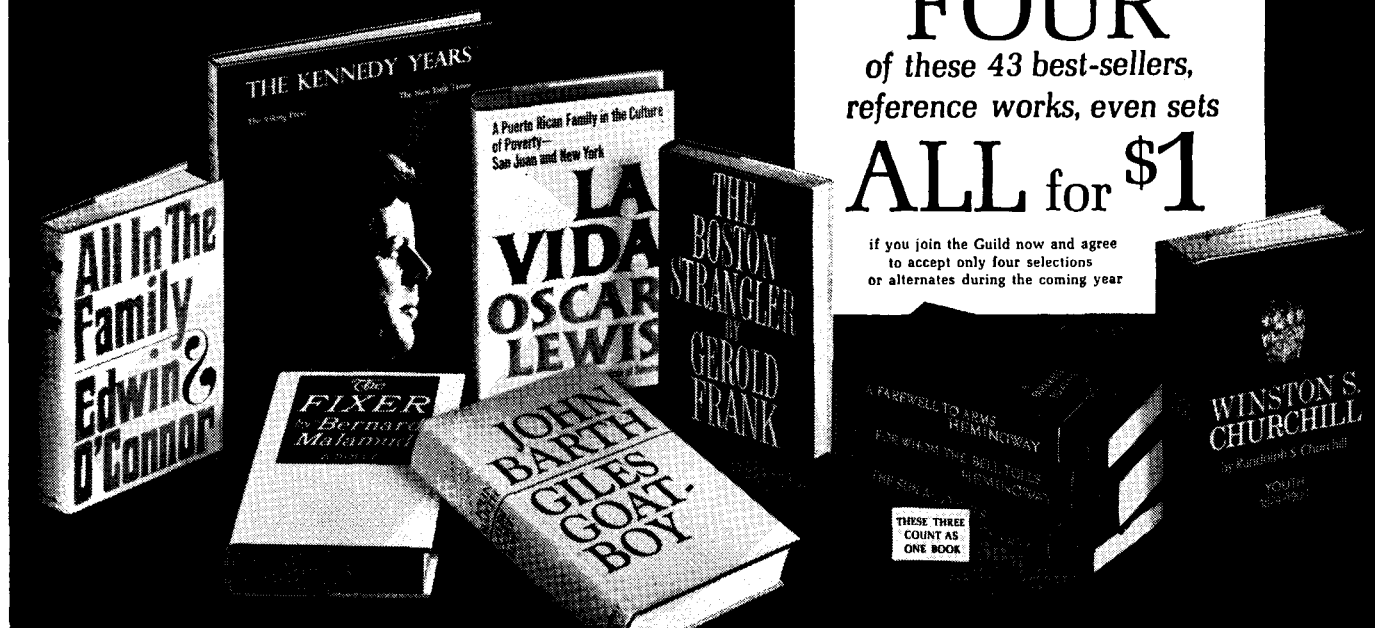
No doubt about it — USIA is every bit as active today under Lyndon Johnson as it was when John Kennedy was in the White House. The thing is, you just don't hear much about it these days. USIA appears to have taken its place alongside the American Battle Monuments Commission, the Federal Field Committee for Development Planning in Alaska, and all those other independent federal agencies which go their own sweet, unnoticed way in Washington.

Murrow to Rowan to Marks

In part, the agency's present identity problem is the result of a wild and rapid changeover in top-level executive personnel. Lyndon Johnson's frantic effort to find men he wants to run the agency would be funny if it weren't so pathetic. Edward R. Murrow was dying of cancer and wanted to resign when Johnson took office. But Johnson, caught up in the hectic business of transition and anxious to preserve the appearance of continuity, was unaware of Murrow's plight until the last minute, and had given little thought to a successor.

His ultimate choice of Carl T. Rowan as new director seemed inspired, however. Rowan, a top Negro journalist who had impressed Johnson when he accompanied him as State Department press adviser on a vice presidential goodwill tour, was serving as U.S. ambassador to Finland. At USIA he quickly displayed a sharp sense of judgment in matters involving foreign public opinion. But he proved to be a disinterested administrator who just as quickly isolated himself from day-by-day agency management. He was a

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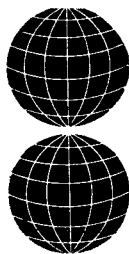
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Report on Washington



forceful, self-assured man who insisted on having his full say, and within six months Johnson was complaining that he was too aggressive. “Mr. Rowan, I already *have* a Secretary of State,” the President told him once.

The break came in the summer of 1965 when Rowan wanted to go to Thailand to negotiate an agreement on a new Voice of America transmitter. At that time all senior Administration officials needed Johnson’s personal approval to travel abroad, and previously the President had twice denied Rowan permission to go to Africa. He ruled against the trip to Thailand, too. Rowan persisted, however, saying, in effect, “This time I go or I quit.” Johnson took him up on it.

As his successor, Johnson chose Leonard Marks, a Washington communications lawyer who long had represented the Johnson family’s radio and television interests before the Federal Communications Commission. The appointment surprised a lot of people, including Marks. He was in New York when Johnson called — at 11:40 one morning — to inform him of his intention to name him USIA director at noon.

Shortly thereafter, when Donald Wilson, the agency’s deputy director, resigned to return to Time, Inc., Johnson named sixty-one-year-old Robert Wood Akers, the retired editor of the Beaumont (Texas) *Enterprise* to replace him. Again the appointment surprised a lot of people, including Marks.

Walking on eggs

These days all of Democratic Washington is divided into two parts — the Johnson Administration and the Kennedy “types” — and the Kennedy types are bemoaning the present state of the USIA. They say that Johnson always has been wary of the troublemaking potential of USIA, and especially remembers the political damage done to Richard Nixon in 1960 when someone leaked the fact that polls commissioned by the agency showed an alarming drop in American prestige abroad at a time when Nixon was claiming it had never been higher.

The charge is that Johnson ordered Marks to keep USIA clean, quiet, out of trouble, and on

good terms with Congress. Marks, an old, trusted friend, is carrying out the order, and as a result the agency has lost all the excitement and sense of purpose Kennedy and Murrow gave it; it has become tame and dull, and everybody there is walking on eggs. The implication is that the President, frustrated in his efforts to manage the free press, is determined to be editor in chief of the government’s. The truth, as usual, is more complex.

Under Murrow there *was* new zip, more glamour, increased publicity, and sudden, welcomed respectability in Washington. Murrow worked hard to produce a sharper, more interesting product. His reputation for integrity in American broadcasting stood behind his pledge to “tell it as it is.” He put in long hours running the shop. And most of all he appeared to have some voice in foreign policy. But Murrow superimposed himself on the agency. He did not succeed in changing very many of the bureaucratic facts of life within it. Under his direction, USIA sold John Kennedy just as hard to foreign audiences as it sells Johnson today.

The second misconception is that President Johnson has turned USIA into a huge, worldwide personal publicity machine and propaganda tool to portray him as the lovable old Populist from the Pedernales who desires to hep the po’ folks all over the world while continuing to do only what’s right in Vietnam. It is true that flattering biographies of Johnson have been distributed in heavy volume, and equally true that chances to use less worshipful studies have been passed up. Motion pictures proclaiming the accomplishments of the Administration and the glories of the Great Society have been produced. The agency has purchased some of the recent books criticizing the Warren Report, but only in the smallest of quantities. But is this really so shocking?

There are no hot-line instructions issued from the White House. “The commercial wire services get all over the world today, and the play they give a story largely determines how USIA must play it,” a career officer at the agency says. “No President — unless he is a damn fool — would try to swim against that tide. You’d lose your audience in a minute. What you can do is add a line here and there, explaining our side of it.”

Indeed, one of USIA’s prevailing problems is that policy made in Washington often proves impossible to enforce in the field. Like any bureaucracy, its filter system is clogged — exhibits explaining Dwight Eisenhower’s Atoms-for-Peace program are still in circulation in some Latin-American countries. Civil service regulations inhibit change — there are Eastern European commentators at the Voice of America who still

look forward to the day when the United States will move to free the captive satellite nations. ("The VOA cafeteria reminds you of a Budapest restaurant in 1939," a critic once said.) And USIA's career employees, no doubt reflecting the ups and downs of the agency itself, are a mixed lot.

According to Republican Senator Thruston Morton, one activity Marks eliminated was the world opinion poll, and the real reason was that it showed American prestige falling fast under Johnson. Pshaw, it's not so, says Marks. He claims all he did was save \$200,000 a year by cutting out "useless polls which asked questions like 'What do you think of our space program?'" The fact is, he said, Murrow stopped the prestige polls back in 1961, and there is a press release available to prove it.

USIA's most important operating arm is VOA, currently headed by former NBC newscaster John Chancellor. Chancellor overhauled VOA's program format so that it now resembles NBC's Monitor. He says he had two motives: to capture more "on the move" listeners, and to provide more psychological identification with "the good things about America even our critics recognize — efficiency, zip, speed." Chancellor says he judges VOA performance by three criteria: "Are they listening? Do they like it? Do they believe it?"

Arguing that "they" believe VOA, Chancellor claims that Red Chinese leaders jam VOA's Chinese language broadcasts but let English versions come in loud and clear because the regime wants to hear the news, and he says that since the U.S.S.R. stopped jamming VOA and started listening to it, Soviet broadcasts have become more candid and accurate.

Today VOA faces formidable competition from both Moscow and Peking; there is no spot in the world where one or both do not broadcast as powerfully as the Voice. Chancellor readily admits that the BBC still has more worldwide credibility than VOA but maintains that BBC's age and familiarity are the reasons.

No Walter Lippmanns

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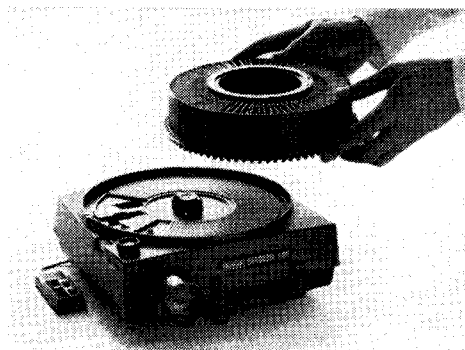
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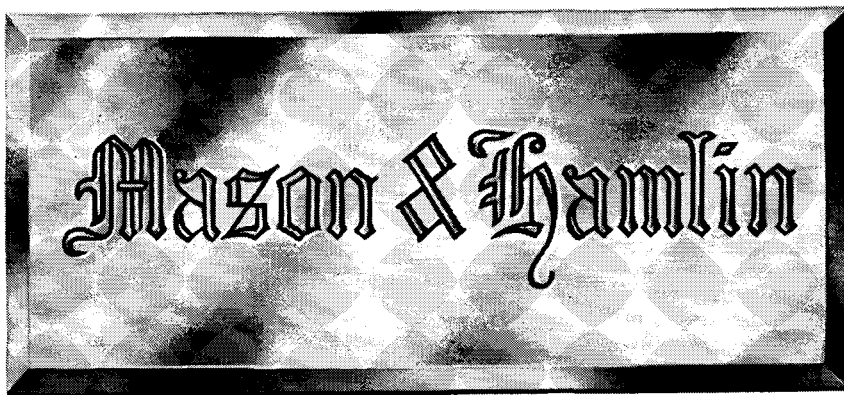
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Report on Washington

agency's propaganda tool chest, but until recently little discipline was imposed on their use. Now all commentary must be cleared by the agency's policy office, which makes daily checks with the State Department to ascertain that yesterday's gallant knight has not fallen off his horse.

This may seem arbitrary, but it must be remembered that USIA is not an independent agency, and there is no place for a Walter Lippmann within it. VOA news may be a regular fellow, but USIA's commentators are political evangelists, and the holy text they base their sermons on is Administration pronouncement. Their mission is not to criticize but to convince and convert, and the very policies many Americans hoot at are gospel to them.

De Gaulle? He does not wear a white hat. NATO? It's still the greatest invention since sliced bread. Red China in the United Nations? Are you kidding? North Vietnam? Well, if they would just leave their neighbors alone . . .

Thus, the agency is like a tenderloin barker who stands shivering in the cold trying to persuade passersby to step inside; he might nab a few tourists, but nobody else, because it's an old show, well known along the strip.

Selling Lyndon Johnson to the world is not an easy task; better to be a gourmet food salesman in Dogpatch. But Presidents and Administrations come and go. It is this unique nation itself which is the prevailing force, and in the eyes of most of the world the United States is indefensible.

They look at us the way the poor people in the wretched valley gaze up at the laughing family that lives in the big white house on the hill. They know all about us. No matter that their impressions are formed in part by dreams and slander; they are firm. They expect the best and the worst from us, both miracles and destruction, and it is USIA's huge job to convince them that neither is totally forthcoming.

— Douglas Kiker



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LAST August 17, in celebration of independence day, the Indonesian authorities at Atjeh, a highly conservative Muslim province at the northern tip of Sumatra, decided to run out the local Chinese population, numbering about 8000. The Chinese, mostly small retail traders, were given fifteen minutes' notice to pack such of their belongings as they could gather together and were then loaded on trucks and driven to Medan on the east coast. The charge for the journey was 300 rupiahs a head, in realistic terms about \$3. Along the way, however, the Indonesian guards robbed them of most of their spare cash, and few had anything left when they arrived at Medan.

Here they were split into three groups. The largest batch went to a school, the Rumah Miskin Tiong Hoa ("Chinese Poorhouse") between Medan and the port of Belawan. The others were divided between two tobacco estates, one at the village of Tanden and the other at Sampali. The Indonesian authorities provided neither bedding nor food for the Chinese, who had to depend on supplies occasionally smuggled in by the more courageous of their countrymen living in Medan. At the best of times, the food was inadequate, and at the worst nonexistent. At the tobacco estates, where the Chinese were confined in the drying sheds, the earthen floors became churned into quagmires during the rainy season.

One ship from China arrived and repatriated — though that is scarcely the appropriate word for second- and third-generation Chinese living in Indonesia — about a thousand of the internees. But the momentary hope that this would provide an avenue of escape for the rest was dashed by the announcement that Peking intended to send no more ships. The Indonesian authorities, for their part, said they were ready to provide ships but were unable to do so because they feared the authorities would turn them back when they reached China.

A television team sought and obtained permission to visit the camps. They received a hostile reception from the Chinese, who, resenting this

intrusion into their privacy and misery, smashed the TV camera and with a knife slightly wounded an accompanying Indonesian officer. Military reinforcements arrived to restore order and to demand the culprit. By obvious prearrangement, forty young Chinese girls and boys stepped forward. They were taken to the local military headquarters, stripped of all their clothing except their underpants, and confined to a room without bedding and with insufficient food. They were still there many weeks later.

Symptoms of unrest

On October 29, Colonel Leo Lopulisa, chief of staff of the military district, said he feared that local hotheads might start murdering the Chinese. This was a fear that the Chinese themselves fully shared. Not only in Medan but all over Indonesia activists were busy marking Chinese homes and shops and businesses with triangular patches, much as Hitler's legions marked the homes of the Jews for future action a quarter of a century ago.

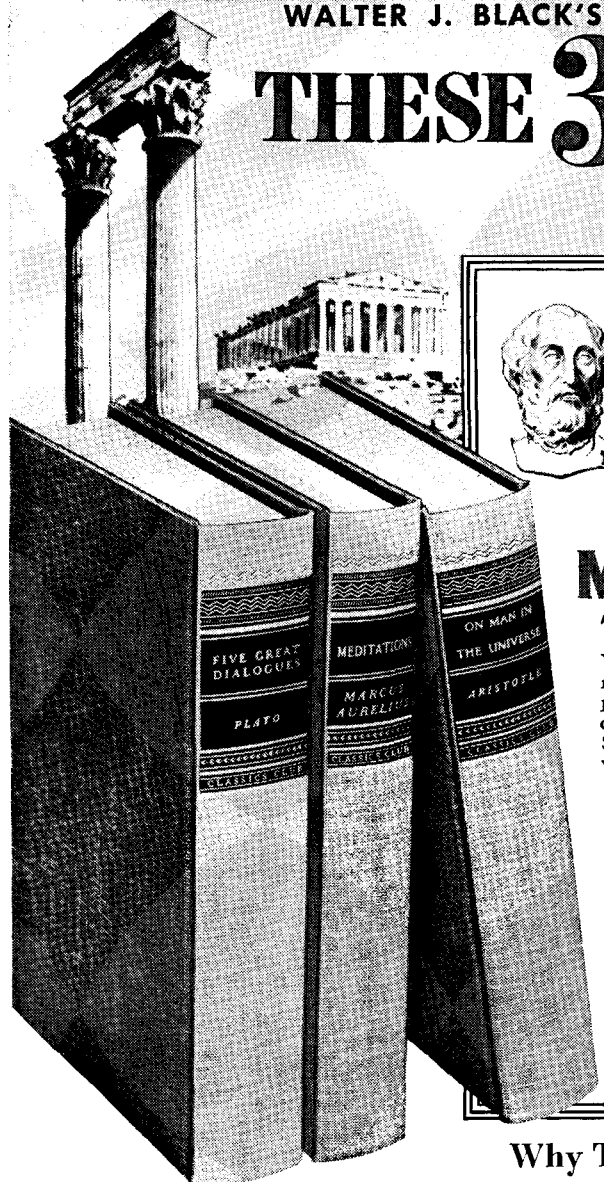
Though it has not attracted much attention abroad, being beastly to the Chinese, especially those unfortunate enough not to have taken Indonesian citizenship and therefore by law the subjects of the Communist regime on the mainland, has become a national preoccupation in Indonesia and one of the more unhealthy symptoms of the immense unease that still fills this great archipelago and its population of 109 million. No one really knows how many people have been killed since the abortive September 30 coup in 1965. Estimates run from as low as 200,000, a figure often used by Indonesian officials for foreign consumption, to as high as 800,000, including the Chinese killings, which are put at anything from 15,000 to 40,000.

By the middle of 1966, the New Order, as the predominantly military regime led by General Suharto is known, had succeeded in clamping a fairly tight lid on Indonesian inhumanity to Indonesians. The Chinese minority of about three and a half million remains as a convenient scapegoat, however, and everywhere may be

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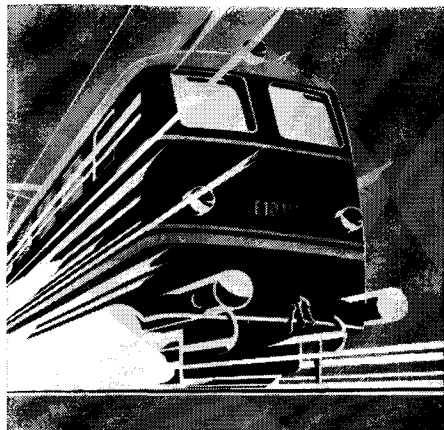
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Report on Indonesia

bullied and beaten and robbed with impunity, a safety valve for all the other deep-seated tensions. In short, conditions are worse in Indonesia than some of its friends are prepared to concede.

The resilience of Sukarno

Western embassies in Jakarta, enormously and understandably relieved that the country was saved at the brink from becoming a full-fledged ally of Peking's, favor a simplistic view of the events of the past fifteen months. By a miracle, according to this version, General Suharto rallied enough military support to prevent the Indonesian Communist Party from taking over on October 1, 1965. Thereafter, until March 12, 1966, when President Sukarno by decree transferred executive authority to General Suharto, the balance of power, though tipped generally against the President, nevertheless tended to seesaw. A tactical alliance between the army and the various action fronts, notably those from the high schools and the universities, provided Suharto with the field for maneuver against Sukarno.

Despite occasional peaks and depressions, which sometimes tend to obscure the trend, so the theory runs, the graph of the President's power has continued to decline since March. He stood out against the banning of the Indonesian Communist Party and lost. He was determined to defend his closest ally, Deputy Prime Minister and Foreign Minister Dr. Subandrio, the architect of the Jakarta-Peking axis, but was obliged to stand by while a special military tribunal sentenced him to death (though as President he has the right to commute the sentence). He was against Indonesia's returning to the United Nations, to the International Monetary Fund, and to the World Bank, but on all these issues he was overruled by the presidium.

"I don't mind how many conferences you go to with Malaysia over confrontation so long as they all fail," he told Adam Malik, his new foreign minister, on the eve of the Bangkok talks last May. Yet Malik, with the full approval

of Suharto, brought confrontation to an end.

Sukarno put what he used to call nation-building ahead of economic development. He spurned Western aid and banned foreign investment. Now Western aid is anxiously sought, and received; and as the Sultan of Jogjakarta, presidium minister for economic and financial affairs, told a New York gathering in October, "Foreign capital is no longer considered an evil, but welcomed as a necessary factor in the development of the country."

This is the broad outline of what has occurred. Yet for all his reverses, Sukarno has demonstrated extraordinary resilience. With his health and his confidence apparently restored and his capacity for intrigue undiminished, he has succeeded in reconstructing some sort of power base; he has managed to obstruct and to manipulate some of the more unwelcome decisions of Suharto and the presidium in a way that has taken the cutting edge off the worst of his defeats.

For instance, in the absence of Foreign Minister Adam Malik, Ruslan Abdulgani, who contrived the Sukarno ideology, leads the mission to the United Nations. While running with what characteristically is called the New Order, Abdulgani remains the watchdog for the Old.

Factions pro and con

For a time, the two principal political parties, the Nahdatul Ulama (the NU), an ultraconservative Muslim party, and the Indonesian Nationalist Party (the PNI), appeared likely to jump on the anti-Sukarno bandwagon. Though it may sound like a contradiction in terms, however, many of the members of the NU, though militantly anti-Communist, are staunchly pro-Sukarno. They are afraid that any further weakening of Sukarno's position will result in the revival of the more moderate Muslim party, the Masjumi, whose leaders were deeply involved in the 1958 revolt in Sumatra and the Celebes, and that this, in turn, will cause the rapid decline of the NU.

A right-wing takeover of the PNI leadership suggested that it, too, would join the anti-Sukarno band-

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By Gordon Carroll

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Gordon Carroll has spent a lifetime helping writers break into print. He is a former editor of the *Reader's Digest*, *Time*, *Inc.* and *Coronet* — and has been Director of the Famous Writers School since its founding in 1960.

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wagon. The effect, however, was to split the party, and though the leadership agrees that Sukarno's absolute rule must be ended, it also appreciates the fact that Sukarno himself, long identified with the PNI, is about all that the party, lacking any sort of ideology, has left.

Former Communist Party members, especially in Central Java, have begun to find a home in the PNI ranks. When Suharto proposed enlarging the House of Representatives and the Provisional People's Consultative Congress, with appointed members selected from among Sukarno's most active opponents, Sukarno could count on enough genuine political support at the end of 1966 to talk with confidence about the need for elections.

The reaction in Java

Under the impact of the various action fronts, with KAMI, the Indonesian University Students' Action Front, in the van, West Java is solidly against Sukarno. The cam-

paign there has succeeded in its purpose of destroying his credibility. The idol has been shown to have feet of clay.

In Central and East Java, however, the conservative Muslims were shocked to find Christian and Muslim action groups not only working together but even, at mass meetings, praying together, and they retreated violently. For the left wing there, Sukarno was the last hope.

Though Suharto's generals worked diligently to winkle out the Communists from the local military commands, Sukarno's supporters remained strong in the navy, in the marines, in the police mobile brigade, in the army divisions in Central and East Java, in south and east Kalimantan, in south Sumatra, and even in the Jakarta command.

At the beginning of November, when Jakarta buzzed with rumors of the ultimate conflict between the pro-Sukarno and the anti-Sukarno factions, a Westerner living in East Java summed up the situation there: "Security is drum-tight," he said.

"But if Sukarno comes here and call for revolution against Jakarta: twenty-five million East Javanese will be behind him to a man."

General Suharto, who has a strong sense of the need for proceeding in a constitutional way, has thus found himself faced with an awkward dilemma in handling Sukarno. The students in particular feel that constitutional efforts alone are not enough, and that some fairly vigorous extraconstitutional pressure need to be applied also. At the beginning of October, wild student demonstrations outside Sukarno's palace in Jakarta (the President was away at his weekend palace in Bogor) precipitated a crisis in which the army used force to disperse its erstwhile allies and sent sixty-two wounded to the hospital.

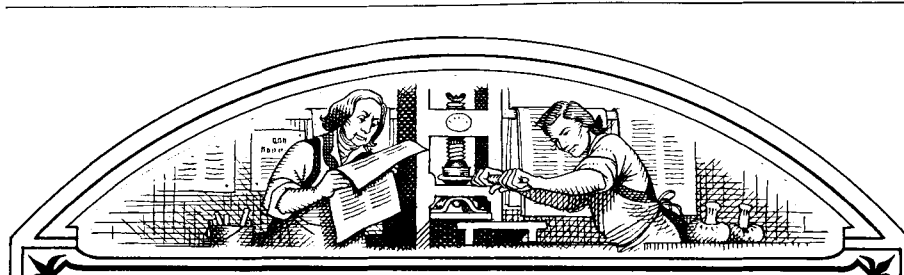
The students' weakness is that the demonstration is their only weapon. Until March they used it courageously and effectively, but thereafter they resorted to it too often for their own popularity with the people at large and too violently to please Suharto, who is determined to be the only pacesetter of the New Order.

Money problems

On these shifting political and security sands, Suharto and his government have set out to cope with their inherited economic problems. When they totaled the foreign exchange in the till at the beginning of the year, they discovered they had about \$8 million. Their export anticipations for the year were around the \$350 to \$400 million mark, and their minimum import requirements totaled \$560 million. Capital repayments and interest on foreign loans due during the year amounted to \$530 million. Indonesia, in short, was bankrupt.

To the vast majority of the rural population a cash economy is no matter of life and death. Most people in most places managed to get by, though famine struck the island of Lombok, with heavy loss of life. In the cities, however, the future seems hopeless.

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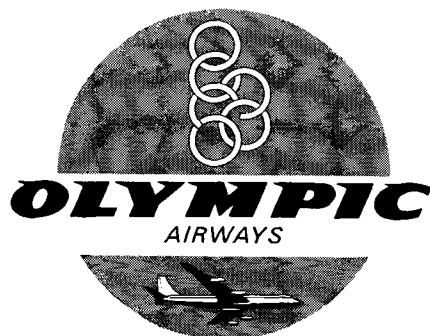
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Report on Indonesia

the first quarter of 1966, doubled again in the second quarter and again in the third quarter. The cost-of-living index rose from its base of 100 in 1957 to 36,000 in 1965, 150,000 in July, 1966, and 180,000 in September. Wages have remained relatively constant. A senior government official earns about 600 rupiahs (between \$6 and \$7) a month. Contributions in kind, especially rice, have become an essential addition to the weekly pay envelope. White-collar workers do not just go in for moonlighting. They flit from occupational flower to occupational flower like bees, gathering enough honey in each to keep them going.

Corruption has become a built-in necessity. Almost no one can live without engaging in it in one form or another. In many ways the New Order is not strikingly different from the Old. The same horses are simply running under new colors. Suharto apart, the military, who increasingly are moving into positions of authority, are no less venal than their civilian predecessors. The situation is hopeful, however, in the apparent determination of Suharto, the Sultan of Jogjakarta, and Adam Malik, the big three of the presidium, to abandon the international irresponsibility that characterized policies in the recent past and to approach the appalling domestic mess with candor and courage.

Early in November drastic credit restrictions started to slow down the money supply, and to reduce the black market rate of the rupiah. Inflationary prestige projects were halted. After a budget deficit of 12 billion rupiahs in 1966, the government is looking to a balanced budget in 1967.

Just what this will mean to the people in pegged wages, and even higher prices, has not been fully explained, and it remains to be seen whether Suharto and his team have a strong enough base or enough moral fiber to resist the pressures to which they are certain to be subjected when the squeeze really begins to hurt. The military have won few friends by their past behavior, and it is unlikely that their demands

for austerity will be welcomed by people who see, in contrast to their own gloomy lot, the new Mercedes cars and houses that the generals, Suharto and Nasution excepted, are bestowing on themselves.

The American presence

Averell Harriman, who visited Jakarta after the Manila conference, is reported to have advised Washington that the Suharto government is the best that may reasonably be expected, and this is the thinking that dictated the U.S. rapprochement with the new regime. American cotton to set idle mills in motion and food to feed the hungry were the first steps. The next move the U.S. Embassy contemplates is to provide food for work on a pilot project in Central Java, where the government hopes to restore rice-growing areas that have long deteriorated.

With the enormous natural assets that Indonesia possesses, vast economic development is clearly possible. The shallow Java Sea is believed, for instance, to cover one of the world's richest and readily exploitable oil fields, and production from Sumatran fields could easily double or treble Indonesia's \$50 million in oil royalties within the next three years.

Factors such as this, and, of course, the liquidation of the Indonesian Communist Party, have helped Indonesia to secure new foreign credits and to win favorable consideration from a Western consortium on the question of rescheduling repayment of earlier loans. A bad debt has become a calculated risk, an improvement of note in any commercial community.

Economics and politics cannot be separated, however, and on all sides in Indonesia there are conflicts within conflicts and disputes within disputes. In this land, even those holding the highest office are accustomed to consult their gurus and soothsayers in the belief that foresight may help to guide their present actions. With some remarkable foresight of their own, the current crop of gurus are wrapping their clues in enigmatic "solutions" that are capable of infinite interpretations. It would be difficult to be more exact than this in predicting the future in Indonesia today.

The Atlantic Report THE SUDAN



SAYED SADIQ EL MAHDI, who became Prime Minister of the Sudan Republic last July at the age of thirty, is the great-grandson of the famous nineteenth-century Sudanese nationalist known to history as “the Mahdi,” the formidable religious and military figure who destroyed Egypt’s white mercenary General Gordon at Khartoum.

Despite the new Prime Minister’s youth, his emergence as chief executive of Africa’s largest state — and the first to achieve independence after World War II — is anything but a surprise. The Umma Party, the largest group in the Sudanese legislature though it lacks a plurality, is a Mahdi family possession. The Umma is based on the Ansar sect, who are the religious followers of the original Mahdi. Sayed Sadiq succeeded his father as president of the party. His youthful uncle Ahmed el Mahdi is its vice president, and an older uncle, El Hadi el Mahdi, is the imam of the sect and spiritual patron of the party. Ahmed el Mahdi, who now holds the key portfolio of the Interior, is in fact the same age as his nephew, which meant that last year when elections were held, they were both too young to qualify as candidates for Parliament. After they reached thirty last spring, they won special elections in districts where the Mahdis own lands.

In the meantime, since the Umma Party was entitled to nominate the leader of the coalition government made necessary because of the absence of a plurality, the interim prime ministership was given to Mohammed Ahmed Mahgoub, a prominent personality in politics, who did not, however, hold high party office.

Sadiq did not intend to thrust Mahgoub aside when he entered Parliament last spring. “If events force me to become Prime Minister, it will not be in accordance with my plan,” he told an interviewer a year ago. “Frankly, I am too young, and I need more experience. I want to carry on with my present work in organizing the party. There are many more books I want to read and many more countries I want to visit first. Also I have in mind a major theoretical work on political

structures for underdeveloped countries.” His hand was forced, partly by the tremendous buildup he had received over the past two years as the only available savior of a country which seemed to be drifting without direction.

Desert egghead

Sadiq is an egghead in desert robes. In appearance this tall, handsome, swift-moving man resembles the romantic ideal of a young Arab prince. Yet a conversation with him quickly reflects the fact that he was educated at St. John’s College at Oxford. He prefaces a lucid, tightly reasoned explanation of his plans for creating a national party out of a religious sect with this formulation: “We propose to expand (a) vertically and (b) horizontally. . . .” Taking each subdivision in turn, he documents his case with up-to-date references to the scholarly literature of African politics and growth economics. His style of oratory is not greatly different; he is no demagogue, and he leaves his humbler following impressed and respectful, but puzzled.

Many of Sadiq’s countrymen regard him as the republic’s last hope. In the decade of its independence the Sudan has run through an almost complete political cycle. It started off in bravura style with a unilateral declaration of independence, one which was acquiesced in by the Sudan’s joint masters, Britain and Egypt. As Britain had been the de facto colonial ruler under the Anglo-Egyptian condominium, British-style parliamentary institutions and British colonial laws were continued under a temporary constitution until a Constituent Assembly could be elected in 1958. A multiparty system — with the three main parties that exist in the Northern Sudan today, the Umma, the National Unionist Party (NUP), and the pro-Egyptian People’s Democratic Party (PDP) — produced a blend of weak government, razor-edge majorities, and incessant intrigue.

In 1958, only a few months after the newly elected Assembly had met to draw up a constitution, the Umma Prime Minister, a retired lieutenant general, invited the army to take over.

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Report on the Sudan

This it did, sending the Assembly home, banning all political parties, and staffing most of the political and some of the top administrative offices with generals.

The experiment was not a success. In 1963, rebellion broke out in three disaffected southern provinces. The savagery with which the army retaliated in the South, particularly against the small educated class, scandalized opinion all over the Sudan, and in October, 1964, the army regime was overthrown by a civilian rising, led by the Chief Justice, university teachers and students, and leaders of labor and farm unions and the professionals.

A temporary government was formed in a euphoric revolutionary atmosphere in which nonpoliticians had as many ministries as the politicians, and in which a civil servant was Prime Minister. The Southern rebels were invited to lay down their arms in response to an army cease-fire, and various Southern representatives were invited to meet Northerners at a conference to frame the country's future institutions.

This moment of reconciliation passed rapidly, for two principal reasons. First, the nonpolitical spokesmen of the interest groups in the North turned out on closer inspection to be almost entirely far-leftists or Communists. This discovery led two of the three parties — the Umma and the NUP — to move for an early election to rid the Sudan of the new faces and restore regular party government. The result was a loss of momentum in efforts to conciliate the South; the latter, still too unstable to allow elections, opposed the notion of holding elections in the North alone.

North against south

The split is both geographic and racial, for the Sudan straddles two zones of the continent: North Africa, with its predominant Arab culture and Muslim religion, and black Africa south of the Sahara.

The whole country is about the size of the United States east of the Mississippi River and supports a population of some 13 million, a

little larger than that of the island of Taiwan. Only 3 percent of the soil is cultivated: the lifeline of the state is the river Nile, which after originating in Lake Victoria in Uganda runs the greater part of its course through the Sudan, picking up the Blue Nile flowing in from Ethiopia at Khartoum, and serving the UAR during the last part of its journey to the Mediterranean.

There was — and indeed, still is — a papyrus curtain between South and North formed by a belt of dense marshland called the *sudd*, through which the Nile filters. Before modern methods of transport, it formed an almost impassable barrier. During British rule, systematic pacification of the wild, naked, mostly rulerless and unsophisticated tribes was undertaken. But it took thirty years — until 1928 — to extend law and order throughout the Sudan's international boundaries.

The methods of administration used by the British tended to emphasize the different character of the Negroid South from that of the culturally Arab (though racially mixed) Northern Sudan. Today the Sudan is a member of the Arab League, and Prime Minister Sadiq el Mahdi seeks to have it proclaimed an Islamic state.

In 1964 Northerners supposed that the Southern insurrection was directed specifically at the army regime, a cause with which they could sympathize, having suffered under it themselves, though to a lesser degree. But, in fact, this particular episode of Southern disaffection long preceded the army regime. In 1955, Southern MP's voted to make the parliamentary resolution in favor of immediate independence unanimous; it was part of a deal, so they thought, according to which the permanent constitution would be a federation in which their region would be a unit. The actual phrase used was "full consideration" of a federal system, which Northerners contend entitled them, after such consideration, to reject it. The Southerners retain a bitter sense of having been cheated once independence was obtained. Consequently, when the Anya-Nya ("the poison that spreads") rebellion broke out, it was in the name of complete independence for the South.

Northern goodwill toward the South swiftly turned to resentment when the cease-fire proclaimed after the removal of the generals failed to end the insurrection. Each side bitterly reproached the other for "breaking the cease-fire."

The army, in disgrace and with its officer corps being purged of those who had actively identified themselves with the deposed generals' regime, was in a mutinous mood. The Anya-Nya insurrectionists had for the first time been able to lay their hands on large supplies of modern arms and ammunition. This was because the leftist bias of the new temporary government in the North had caused the country to be opened up as a channel for sending supplies to General Olenga's *simbas* fighting Tshombe and the white mercenaries in the Congo. Some of these weapons were looted by the Anya-Nya before they ever got to the Congo; those that arrived came too late to save the day for Olenga. They were brought back across the Sudanese frontier by the demoralized *simbas* in retreat from the mercenaries and were traded for food and cash to the Sudanese rebels.

Bitterness blocks compromise

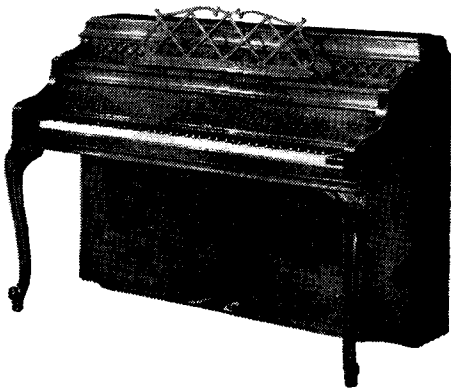
The North reacted harshly against these setbacks. Once elections in the North restored the regular party coalition under Mohammed Ahmed Mahgoub's premiership, the army was again given the go-ahead to crush the rebellion. The familiar pattern of guerrilla attack and counterinsurgency measures produced in the Southern Sudan the same ruinous impact on humble village life as it has elsewhere — from Kurdistan to Vietnam. Tens of thousands of families disappear into the bush, whole villages are burned to the ground, and refugees pour across the frontiers into neighboring states.

The government has been able to assert itself over wide areas of Upper Nile and Bahr el Ghazal provinces. But in Equatoria Province, where there is dense tropical jungle, there is almost a complete standoff. The army has reoccupied the administrative centers, but they have to be supplied by a military airlift which places a heavy burden on the Sudan's shaky finances. The roads are unsafe from ambush unless supplies are

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of The Christian Brothers Winery,
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Report on the Sudan

sent in heavily armed convoy; many bridges have been dynamited.

The rebels' cause is probably a hopeless one insofar as they hold out for a separate state. Wilsonian self-determination on an ethnic basis is not the dominant principle in present-day Africa. African states recognize that to challenge any of the artificial boundaries of the former colonies would be to challenge all and that this would open the way to endless conflict.

Kenya, for example, might be expected as an East African state to be sympathetic to Southern Sudanese leaders like Joseph Oduho, Aggrey Jaden, and Father Saturnino Lohure, who claim to belong culturally to East Africa and want freedom from "Arab" colonialism. But Kenya has its own problems with the Somalis in its northeastern province.

The principle adopted by the Organization of African Unity (OAU) has been the building of nations with the artificial boundaries of existing states. Also, since the outset of independence black African governments have made it a point to avoid any racial conflict with Arab governments on the African continent. Rather, the common bonds of all being geographically African and all being against the white colonialists have been emphasized.

Southern rebels with outside contacts have often concluded to their dismay that they are being used by "neocolonialists" as part of a plot to balkanize Africa by encouraging secession from its larger political units. It is mainly for this reason that William Deng, the man with the broadest outlook among the original rebel leaders, is now conducting legitimate political activity from Khartoum and is seeking to negotiate a compromise with the North. He has always reposed high hopes in Sayed Sadiq, and it remains to be seen whether an effective operating alliance can be formed between the two men now that the young Madhist leader has accepted political office.

Deng, however, is repudiated by the intransigent Southerners. Father

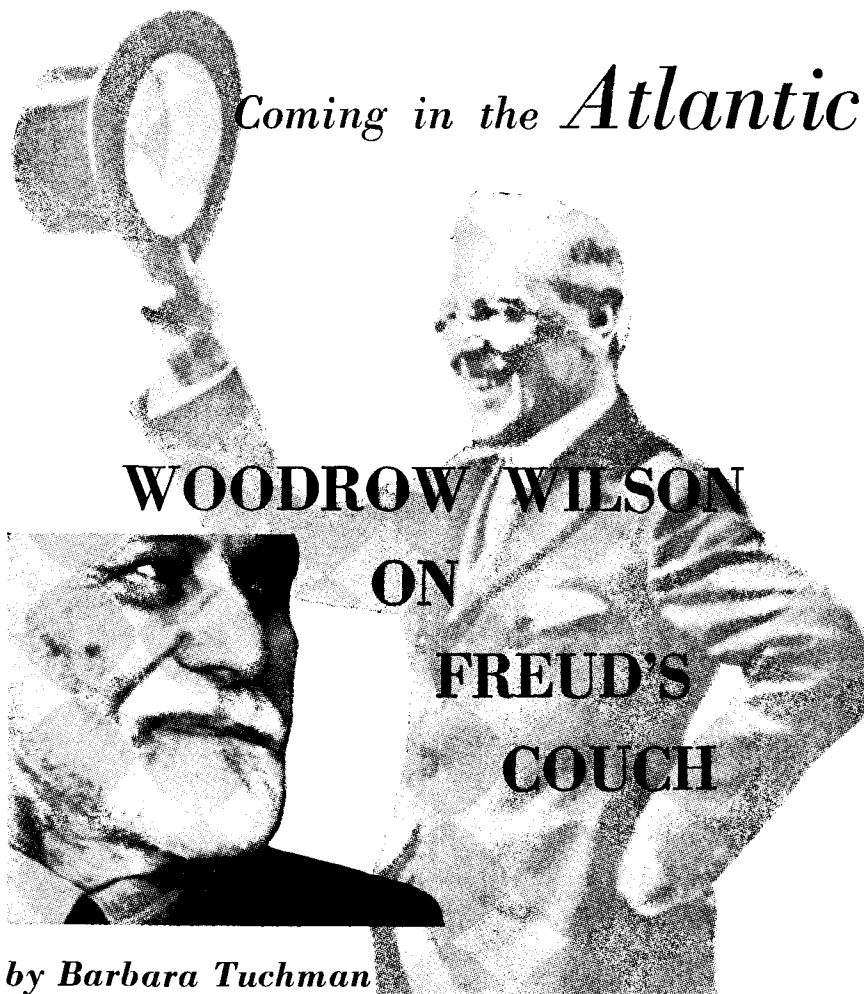
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by *Barbara Tuchman*

The accomplished author of *The Guns of August* and *The Proud Tower* discusses the last of Sigmund Freud's work to be published, a "psychological study" of President Wilson written in conjunction with William Bullitt in 1932 but withheld from publication until now. The book tells much about Freud as well as Wilson, and, says Mrs. Tuchman, raises the question: What can the Freudian method do for history?

When Is an Architect Not an Architect?

by *Hunter Lewis*

The sad but true story of J. George Stewart and the works he has wrought on Capitol Hill.

LLOYD GEORGE by *C. P. Snow*

Britain's leading politician-scientist-novelist presents an affectionate remembrance of the great radical.

And Among Other Features

Iris Origo on Ignazio Silone and his works

V. S. Pritchett on Dublin Gaol and *The Rising*

An *Atlantic* "First" story by Jib Fowles

Dan Wakefield on John Dos Passos

Report on the Sudan

Saturnino, for example, is given to saying in his melodious but unpromising tones that if the Northerners want to rule the South, they may in the end rule over the vegetation, but every single man, woman and child in the region will have first to be buried under the soil.

Nasser's UAR, which wields tremendous influence in Khartoum, is equally intransigent. Nasser, or another ruler of Egypt, needs to be able to count on friendly hands controlling the upper reaches of the Nile. Neither Cairo nor Khartoum prepared to contemplate what they believe would be a weak, nonviable new state on the upper Nile.

They argue that such a state would have to turn to the United States or Israel or some potential enemy of the UAR for massive financial and technical support, and that in return it might allow the Nile to be dammed at a crucial point where the precious water flows into Northern Sudan and Egypt.

Prime Minister Sadiq el Mahdi has determined to build a nation out of the disparate fragments of the Sudan. His courteous, conciliatory style, his intelligence, his celebrated ancestry and name, his freedom from the instinctive prejudice of many people in the North against Southerners are all in his favor. But being a Mahdi, he is a pious Muslim, and being an intellectual, he has convinced himself that a rational explanation of why an Islamic state would be like what someday dispel all objection on the part of educated Southerners.

Unfortunately, it seems inconceivable that the present generation of Southerners could ever see themselves as more than second-class citizens in a state which recognizes Islam as an official religion. The Southerners' fears are real. Northerners are much too optimistic when they suppose that those fears would be dispelled if the South just perceived that Sayed Sadiq el Mahdi is an enlightened man, and that as long as he is the ruler of Sudan, Islam will mean only what he says it means. The country's split transcends such nuances.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



The Marijuana Hoax

SIR:

For those who may feel that Allen Ginsberg's article ("The Great Marijuana Hoax," November *Atlantic*) needs translation into English, I offer one.

I. What he is against: The Marijuana Tax Act of 1937 (also opposers and nonusers of drugs — i.e., New York executives who watch TV, squares, congressmen, presidents, and governors on TV, unemotional newscasters, the rich, the military, the Mass Media, the Treasury Department, and the police and courts).

II. Why he is against it: Unfortunate results can be attributed directly to the law (i.e., persecution of the Negro, insanity, paranoid reactions to the "high," suppression of jazz, black markets, crime syndicates, crime waves, breakdown of law and order, gangsterism, police mania, hypocrisy, anxiety, national anxiety, mass brainwashing of the public, elaborate systems of plainclothesmen, police spies and stool pigeons, improper search and seizure).

III. What should we do about it: Repeal the law (also dismantle the Narcotics Bureau, start a congressional investigation into administrative and mass media bodies which perpetuated the hoax of the Dope Fiend, give money to all marijuana users who have been jailed, prepare a sociological study on the history and tactics of the Narcotics Bureau).

IV. Why should we do it: The most sensitive, enlightened members of society use marijuana (Shaivite worshippers in Calcutta, Yogi Shiva Himself, English professors at Benares University, all of India, Africa,

and the Arab world, a small proportion of nineteenth-century Paris and London respectables, John Sinclair, Ken Kesey, old gentlemen and peaceable youths in Morocco who pass the kif pipe and look at the sea, African sects, most of the major (best and most famous, too) poets, painters, musicians, cineasts, sculptors, actors, singers, and publishers in America and England, contributors to the *Anthology of New American Poetry*, and the Hall-Pack-Simpson anthology, "trustworthy" Narcotics Department plainclothesmen).

V. What does it have to offer: Deepened perceptions, a shift in consciousness from verbal symbols to "sensing phenomena" (pre-verbal feelings), increased "awareness of the mysterious ghastly universe of joy, pain, discovery, birth & death, the emptiness & awesomeness of its forms."

VI. When the law is repealed, what will the people find out: That public reality is also a hoax.

VII. What will they do then: Develop a new awareness to meet the new environment. (Marijuana is the catalyst for this new awareness. Actually, any natural event may be used as the catalyst, such as Love, death, dusk, or neon signs.)

VIII. What will the people be able to do with this new awareness: Recognize each other by "hairstyle, tone of voice, attitude to nature, and attitude to Civilization," hear "songs of . . . frankness and beauty" in the "air waves."

Not even *Brave New World* could beat that!

SHIRLEY COX
New York City

SIR:

Mr. Ginsberg holds out as the reward of marijuana smoking an "absorbing, occasionally microscopically minute engagement with sensing phenomena," plus such odd dividends as the ability to recognize dishonest politicians. The key to the ersatz nature of this instant aesthetic and intellectual vision is that only the person using the marijuana is convinced; unlike artistic or analytical vision, it cannot be communicated to the outside world.

To be taken in by such childish magic is as square as to accept uncritically our irrational laws relating to marijuana and to drugs in general

EDGAR VILLCHUR
Woodstock, N. Y.

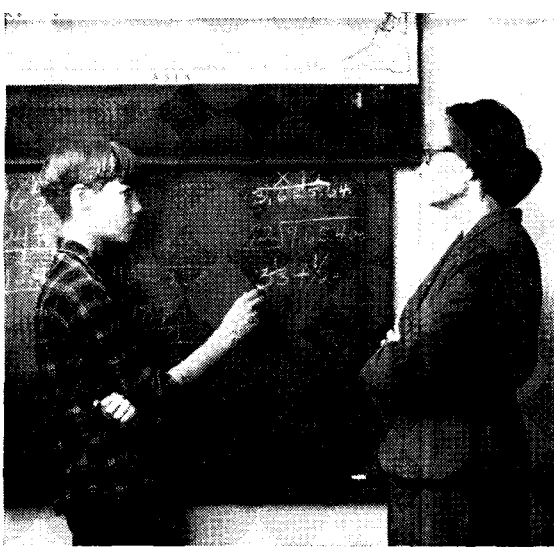
SIR:

Pot provides the alienated sensibility with a ready-made means of withdrawing from social engagement and social responsibility. While the rest of us struggle to impose some decent order on a chaotic world husbanding the shards of moral principle, gathering and sorting facts taxing our bemused rational faculties, Guru Ginsberg is content to absorb himself in a slow and "microscopically minute engagement with sensing phenomena." In my opinion, this practice, like the production of beat poetry, is effete, irresponsible, and wrong.

RICHARD M. JUDY
Marlboro, Vt.

SIR:

It is so shocking to think that the great *Atlantic Monthly* could drift so far away from idealism and mora



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REX STRICKLAND
Edmonds, Wash.

SIR:

Allen Ginsberg is certainly one of the greatest iconoclasts of our time, but more than that, he is one of those fortunate few who have achieved genuine moral rectitude devoid of hypocrisy.

His courage in making a principled stand on his beliefs — regardless of possible consequences — is worthy of the highest praise and admiration, as is the *Atlantic's* courage in publishing his article.

ROBERT M. MAYHEW
Calexico, Calif.

SIR:

What a magnificent mixture of anger and love Allen Ginsberg unleashed in his indictment of one of the most insidious frauds ever perpetrated upon the American people: the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937. Congratulations to the *Atlantic* for being enlightened enough to be enlightening.

TOM ROBBINS
Seattle, Wash.

Robert Frost, Man or Myth

SIR:

Well, I've just read Mr. James Dickey's most professionally written essay on "the real person behind the lore and sentiment that surround the figure of Robert Frost" ("Robert Frost, Man and Myth," November *Atlantic*). I've let him underscore what I'd already guessed: that the man's art was better than the man.

In the very same issue though, Mr. Peter Davison, commenting upon the power of the Russian poet Andrei Vosnesensky's poems, says: "They raise the haunting question: why has no American poet, with the single exception of Robert Frost, yet been able to elevate poetry into so central a place in his own scheme of things and in the imagination of his audience?"

Maybe the American poet next to do what Mr. Davison asks won't be a "university poet" or an "editor poet." Maybe he'll drink too much, like Poe; or throw himself off a ship, like Crane; or retire to his garden, like Emily Dickinson. Or maybe he'll just be a "fanatically selfish, egocentric, and at times dangerous man," like Robert Frost.

Whoever he is though, he'd better not write poems that reach the "average" reader. They'll get him for sure if he does that.

E. C. YAZZETTI
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

SIR:

So Robert Frost, the "fanatically selfish, egocentric, and at times dangerous man," has been exposed!

Shakespeare was wrong to bequeath to his wife the second-best bed; Dickinson was wrong to retreat from society to Amherst; and Frost should have been the image that people wanted him to be. But let us recognize that these facts are of minor importance and thank the Lord that He has given us men, not gods, whose words can brighten our lonely hours.

ELLEN K. WILSON
San Jose, Calif.

SIR:

Having just read James Dickey on Robert Frost, I find myself rising in indignation. Frost of course was no saint, and evidently was guilty, at one time or another, of most of the faults Mr. Dickey ascribes to him. But he could also be generous, and what really matters was his greatness as a poet.

This greatness Dickey admits — but how grudgingly! Pain, fear, and confusion were a part of it, but there was so much more. The humanity, the deep-felt tragedy, the lyricism of "The Death of the Hired Man"; the love expressed in "West-Running Brook," and many others; the feeling for nature — its working and its beauty; it is almost as if Mr. Dickey just couldn't stand the notion that a fallible human achieved so much, and is so admired for it.

GEORGE H. WOLFSON
Allendale, N. J.

SIR:

James Dickey has gone way out on a limb in supporting his premise that Robert Frost and his works are widely separated. Can a man and his writings be so far apart that none of the grace and wisdom of the poetry is part of the poet?

And have any of us, including Mr. Dickey, never shown ourselves as "small-minded, vindictive, ill-tempered, egotistic, cruel, and unforgiving"?

NANCY MCKEEVER GAINES
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Preventing Strikes

SIR:

Leland Hazard presents some stimulating thoughts about the subject of strikes ("Strikes and People," December *Atlantic*), and he makes an interesting suggestion in his proposal that a new federal agency, the Industrial Peace Commission, be created to recommend settlements in critical labor disputes.

However, since union members are showing an increasing tendency to reject contract settlements agreed upon by their negotiators, as Mr. Hazard points out, is it likely that they would accept the recommendations of a third-party commission? And as recent settlements have indicated, union negotiators themselves consider recommendations of third-party "fact finders" as only the starting point in their contract demands. Would a union view the recommendations of the commission any differently?

JAMES W. HUNT
*Labor Relations Manager,
United States Chamber of Commerce,
Washington, D. C.*

SIR:

The Industrial Peace Commission approach suggested by Mr. Hazard has much to recommend it as an alternative to compulsory arbitration.

The biggest hurdle, however, which I see for the successful operation of such a system is that of overcoming the imbalance in bargaining power in certain situations, conspicuously today in the construction industry. No procedure for ensuring industrial peace, and I would include compulsory arbitration in this category, is going to be effective if there is such a power imbalance between the parties that they can be reasonably safe in taking strike action, even though it may be in violation of the law.

ROY R. REYNOLD
*Director, Industrial Relations Planning
Kaiser Industries Corporation
Oakland, Calif.*

SIR:

As usual, Mr. Hazard has come up with an incisive analysis of a significant problem, and a thoughtful suggestion for dealing with it, free of any illusion that some ultimate "solution" is possible. I admit to being dubious that his proposal would have the results he hopes

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from it. My guess would be that his Industrial Peace Commission's recommendations would lose most of their influence after they had been flaunted by a few intransigent unions or "principled" employers. Nevertheless, the procedure he advocates, which has some kinship to other proposals advanced by reputable experts, is certainly worth serious consideration.

NEIL W. CHAMBERLAIN
*Department of Economics, Yale University
 New Haven, Conn.*

Marriage As a Social Problem

SIR:

There was some honesty in Mervyn Cadwallader's article ("Marriage As a Wretched Institution," November *Atlantic*). Out of his own experience, he testifies that the total exposure inherent to the marriage relationship "is probably always mutually destructive in the long run." In short, if we are honest with ourselves, we will acknowledge that the demand of integrity that marriage places upon us is too great in light of the phoniness that pervades our lives. Honest man!

But Mr. Cadwallader wants it both ways. Let's abolish the demands of marriage and retain its sweetness by making it a terminal arrangement — say, until what glow that might just after all be there has burned out. Ah, strange, how the phoniness of human life can lead one to such vast proposals for social change in order to justify one's weakness!

PAUL JERSILD
Decorah, Iowa

SIR:

In reference to Donald J. Cantor's provocative, if somewhat startling article, "The Right of Divorce," in the November issue, I would like to put in a word concerning the role of the well-qualified marriage counselor.

The crux of the matter seems to be in the author's words: "But the divorce trial itself serves no purpose as a means of determining whether or not the spouse who initiates the divorce proceeding has a substantial claim, because no one can judge the substantial quality of another person's subjective reactions."

Before the filing of a notice of intention to divorce, could not a criterion be stipulated that professional help had been sought and instigated?

Otherwise, would not many of the divorced parties take with them into any future union the same illusions and delusions which had made the previous marriage (or marriages) impossible?

MRS. DANIEL N. PARIS
Middletown, Conn.

"I, Personally . . ."

SIR:

Judith Rascoe's article, "For Garden Country: Rally on the Right," September *Atlantic*, is brilliantly witty, tongue-in-cheek, and a marvelous exposé of the type and character of American citizen who gives himself so wholly (or "holy," as Miss Rascoe probably would say) to such unreasoning and unreasonable causes as the John Birch Society. There is, however, nothing humorous about the John Birch Society — especially as it exists today, and in light of what is happening to our two-party system because of extreme-right-wing conservatives.

For example: I live in Newport Beach, Orange County, California. Because I am not a John Birch or an extreme-right-wing conservative, I am a citizen without a United States congressman or a state congressman, and I have only one United States senator. I am now without a governor. My congressman is James B. Utt — the "Operation Moccasin" James Utt, the Liberty Amendment advocate, the Support Your Local Police (who in turn will protect you from the Communists under your bed) Utt, the opponent of the United Nations — ad infinitum — need I say more?

My state senator is John Schmitz, who ran and won as a publicly announced John Birch Society member! One of my United States senators is George Murphy, former movie song and dance man who has refused to denounce the John Birch Society or disassociate himself from the extreme right. Ronald Reagan, newly elected governor of California, has also refused to denounce or decline heavy financial backing from members of the John Birch Society.

You can readily see how those of us who are opposed to extremism in any form cannot possibly take the John Birch Society as lightly or as humorously as Miss Rascoe does.

SYLVIA TEITELBAUM
Newport Beach, Calif.

Department of Corrections

SIR:

Horace Manges, counsel to A. E. Hotchner's publisher, dismisses in your November Repartee my criticism of the court's assumption that Mrs. Hemingway knew of Hotchner's plans for his book *Papa Hemingway* for three years without doing anything about them. "The fact is," Mr. Manges writes, "that Mr. Hotchner's affidavit before Justice Frank stated that Mrs. Hemingway knew about Mr. Hotchner's work on the book for three years (page 3). Mrs. Hemingway did not deny or contradict this statement in any papers before Justice Frank."

This would be, if true, a damaging point. But I prefer to believe Mrs. Hemingway, who reports that it is not true at all: she did indeed contradict the statement, formally, in her own affidavit before Justice Frank, who ignored that denial in his decision against her.

PHILIP YOUNG
University Park, Penn.

SIR:

Apropos Dr. Olav H. Alvig's letter in your November issue about my article, "The Emergency Ward," which appeared in the July *Atlantic*: I do not "encourage the public to run to the nearest hospitals." The public has decided this for themselves, usually, in agreement with their physicians or by being forced to do this by a) shortage of physicians or b) the unwillingness or inability of physicians to make house calls. Where does Dr. Alvig run when he needs medical help?

If Dr. Alvig can handle 65,000 patient visits of the type that come to our emergency ward in his "mid-dling family practice," seeing 175 patients per day (twelve-hour working day), then I say Dr. Alvig is not practicing medicine or even good magic, and thank God I am not one of his clientele.

JOHN H. KNOWLES, M.D.
General Director
Massachusetts General Hospital

SIR:

Thank you for publishing a portion of my letter (in the September *Atlantic*) concerning Edwin M. Schur's article on Dr. Szasz ("Psychiatrists Under Attack," June *Atlantic*).

However, the correct title of Szasz's book is *Psychiatric Justice*, not



Help Wanted: Child Hungry

KIM BOK SOON, KOREAN, AGE 6. One of six children. Father deserted family. Mother forced to give up all but two to live with relatives who cannot do more. Bok Soon, baby brother and mother live in one room in house of generous but poor neighbor. Mother peddles thread from door to door. Earns about 11¢ per day. Family hungry and destitute. Mother sick with despair for older children who live away and younger children she cannot feed and clothe. Help to Bok Soon means help to entire family.

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Psychiatric Injustice, as you have published. I appreciate the nice elucidation of the latent irony in the title, but I believe the slip was yours, not mine.

ALAN HOLDEN, M.D.
New York City

SIR:

The enjoyable article "*In Vinos Felicitas*" by Polly Redford (October *Atlantic*) seems to need a little help with its Latinity, which emboldens me to send you the following verse:

Others — *Atlantic's* not the last —
Have fractured Latin in the past.
Yet more *felicitas* would shine
Did solecism not thus decline
Vinos: O tempora! alack,
Both case and gender on the rack.
In vinis were *felicitas*
To pluralize the *veritas*.

MRS. F. MURRAY FORBES
Boston, Mass.

**We apologize for having allowed the
motto of the Wine and Food Society of
Chicago to appear as the title.**

— THE EDITOR

SIR:

Nevadans are a practical people with a demonstrated ability to reckon with the odds. Edward F. Sherman's "Nevada: The End of the Casino Era" (October *Atlantic*) is just one more painful reminder to us that the odds are against a measure of accuracy finding its way into an article dealing with the Silver State. Items:

1. There is no such thing as a Gambling Control Board in Nevada. It's the Gaming Control Board. It was not created during the term of Governor Grant Sawyer, but was the product of a Republican administration four years earlier.

2. Then Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy did *not* send a task force of agents into Nevada in 1962 — at least not the sixty or seventy he planned to dispatch at one time. During an emergency session with Kennedy during the Easter holiday, Governor Sawyer worked out a truce with Kennedy, whose ignorance of Nevada gaming control mechanisms shocked Sawyer.

3. Ruby Kolod (not Kalod as spelled) is far from a "major owner" of the Desert Inn, and Mrs. Warren (Judith) Bayley operates the smallest, not the largest, resort hotel and casino on the Las Vegas Strip.

JOE DIGLES
Las Vegas, Nev.

Mr. Sherman Replies:

SIR:

1. While a Gaming Control Board was created in 1955 under Republican Governor Charles Russell, it was a unit of the Nevada Tax Commission. In 1959 Governor Sawyer requested a complete overhaul of gaming control machinery by the legislature. The legislature established the Nevada Gaming Commission to regulate the industry, and the Gaming Control Board, with new powers and structure, as its audit, investigative, and enforcement arm.

2. FBI agents have testified in two recent court hearings that the FBI operated an elaborate wiretapping installation in Las Vegas in 1962 and 1963. The Nevada Gaming Commission, after hearings this August, also found that groups of federal agents were sent into the state pursuant to an investigation of gambling begun by Attorney General Kennedy. Reader Digles has apparently been confused by a statement in the Gaming Commission report that a 1961 Justice Department plan to deputize sixty-five agents for simultaneous raids on casinos was sidetracked after Governor Sawyer met with federal officials. This is probably where he obtained the numbers "sixty or seventy," which did not appear in my article. The fact that sixty-five agents were not deputized for a raid does not, of course, alter the fact that other task forces of federal agents were sent into Nevada under Attorney General Kennedy.

3. State records show that there were seventeen owners of the Desert Inn in 1963 when Ruby Kolod's office was wiretapped by the FBI, the five major owners being Wilber Clark (17.2 percent), Moe Dalitz, Morris Kleinman, and Samuel Tucker (13.2 percent each), and Ruby Kolod (13.1 percent). Mrs. Warren Bayley's Hacienda is one of the smallest of the fifteen or so luxury hotel-casinos on the Las Vegas Strip, but among the largest of Nevada's over three hundred casinos. Mrs. Bayley deserves mention because her late husband, Warren (Doc) Bayley, controlled more than 50 percent interest in two Las Vegas casinos, the Hacienda and the New Frontier, a rare occurrence in Las Vegas casino financing.

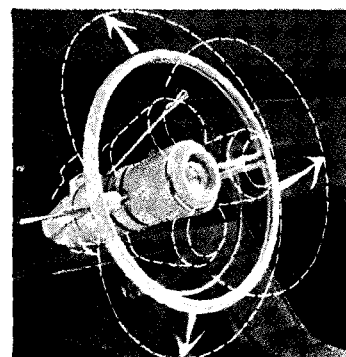
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New York City



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Go see Madras, a colorful, bustling city that boasts, among other things, the finest silk emporiums in all of India. (Only a strong man can resist bringing back his wife a few of the bright, gaily-colored sarees Madras is famous for.)

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a wild life sanctuary abounding in elephants, tigers, and wild boars. (Also visit with some of the handsomest people in the world.)

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For more information on what to do and see in India, see your travel agent, or write to: Government of India Tourist Office; New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Also in Canada.

GOD AND MAN IN THE SOUTH

BY MARSHALL FRADY

Marshall Frady has covered the Bible Belt for Georgia newspapers and for NEWSWEEK as a correspondent based in Atlanta. He was born in South Carolina twenty-six years ago, the son of a Baptist minister, and grew up and went to school in South Carolina and Georgia.

THROUGHOUT the anguished course of the Negro revolution in the South, one would frequently open the Monday morning paper to find a picture of a dozen or so funereal-faced deacons standing shoulder to shoulder on the steps of some small brick church, all of them bareheaded, squinting a little in the Sunday morning sunshine, mouths clamped tightly shut, arms unanimously folded (usually hiding their hands), their blank gazes fixed just an inch or two over the heads of a small delegation of Negroes clustered on the sidewalk below them. It was one of the more curious spectacles produced by the most profound domestic moral crisis of our time.

The South, the most thoroughly churched corner of our country, is a humid gospel region largely under the cultivation of the Southern Baptist Convention; with 34,000 churches and more than 10.5 million members, it is the nation's largest Protestant denomination. Here in the South the moral challenge of the post-1954 civil rights movement was mounted — and here it was for the most part ignored, sidestepped, and in some cases opposed by the churches of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Perhaps it would be adventurous to suggest that the massive failure of the church to respond to that

challenge directly precipitated the racial alienation in the movement today, an alienation dramatized by the new clash of black power and white backlash. But it is legitimate to ask of the South now not only the question, Whatever became of the moderates? but also, Where was the spirit of Christian brotherhood? Where was the Southern Baptist Convention?

True, the new black-power point of view suggests a basic deterioration of the moral terms of the movement itself — weary, bitter acceptance of the human condition as one of hopeless racial estrangement. But that disillusionment didn't spring full-born from the brow of Stokely Carmichael; it was a product of events. The dynamic of the movement during its classic decade was the moral presumption that there exists, however dimly, in every man, white or black, be he Bull Connor or Hoss Manucy or Sheriff Jim Clark, a certain sense of community with all other men. And therefore, this presumption held, no man can brutalize another without eventually wounding himself; indeed, a man can be vitally touched and even redeemed as a human being when his violence is met with love. The new strategy indicates a cynicism about the results of that experiment. And this disenchantment with the ethic of nonviolence arises directly out of the

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movement's experience in the South during the past ten years.

Throughout the civil rights struggle, the Southern church had rather the air of God in James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man*: "... within or behind or beyond his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails." As one Southern-born civil rights worker put it, "It was like trying to strike a match on a wet windowpane."

Of course, civil rights workers sometimes encountered more spirited moods in the church than just that of inertia. In Tuskegee, Alabama, on a fine Sabbath morning in the summer of 1965, a handful of young Negroes from Tuskegee Institute tried to climb the front steps of a venerable sanctuary on the square and were bulled back down to the sidewalk by a squad of deacons in a furious, silent skirmish which caused a minimum of static during the hymn-singing inside but left a number of the students bloodied.

More characteristic of the predominantly passive role of the Southern church in the ordeal of the last ten years has been the Americus, Georgia, experience. A litter of antique, homely buildings in the piny flatlands of southwest Georgia, Americus has long been noted for the special wickedness and durability of its racial strife. It began in 1958, with a ferocious series of fire-bombings and shotgunnings at an interracial farm on the outskirts, and they seemed to set a style of vicious directness that came to be called the "Americus approach." There is even a quaintness in Americus with regard to the standard civic sins: landlords of the Negro neighborhood are given to converting chicken sheds into five-unit apartment complexes, for which they charge four dollars a unit per week, offer no more elaborate toilet facilities than the yard out back, and simply remove the front door from a tenant's house when he falls behind in his rent.

Not surprisingly, Americus has been convulsed by a succession of civil rights demonstrations, the most serious coming in the summer of 1965. With what had become a finely honed community knack for instant outrage, a Negro woman who was a token candidate for justice of the peace was seized with three of her campaign workers while standing in a "white women only" voting line and clapped into jail for nine days. As Americus reeled through a delirium of demonstrations and blunderbuss arrests, a white youth was shot to death one evening as he stood on a street corner.

Typically, it was not the local church which finally emerged as the conscience of the town, but a solitary white layman — Warren Fortson, a member of the country club, a former member of the board of education, a county attorney, director of the Rotary Club, Sunday school superintendent;

a hulking rumples small-town lawyer whose brother was Georgia's secretary of state. But Fortson had long seemed a trifle gamy to residents of Americus; for one thing, he had defended Negro clients. Now, after the slaying of the white youth, he mounted an obviously hopeless campaign for the formation of a biracial council. He kept insisting, "I believe that the average person wants to be kind rather than unkind. I just believe it."

Fortson and his family found themselves isolated by the community within a week. Fortson's law practice withered away before his eyes. "All of a sudden," his wife remembers, "we were invisible." Before the end of the summer, he felt obliged to move to Atlanta.

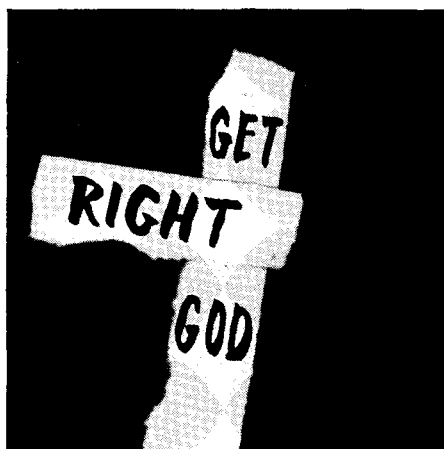
Fortson's notion that "the average person wants to be kind rather than unkind" was perhaps the most Christian sentiment heard in Americus in years. But he was afforded little company or comfort by the church. In fact, the church had a discreet hand in the ostracism of Fortson. He was dismissed, abruptly and without explanation, as a Sunday school teacher. And when a petition began circulating through the community demanding that Fortson be fired as county attorney, a little band of his friends mustered a petition asking that he be retained — but Fortson's minister refused to sign it.

About the only other way the church in Americus involved itself, from the violence at the interracial farm to the exile of Warren Fortson, was to turn away integrated delegations of whites and Negroes each time they appeared for Sunday worship.

At the leading Baptist church one Sunday morning during the 1965 summer demonstrations, while the minister inside was delivering himself of a sermon on grace and the need "for God's love to come into the hearts of all men," his deacons were poised on the steps outside in that stylized tableau barring an integrated group from the church. One of these deacons later assured friends, "We had what it took to keep them out." Whether he meant artillery or simply the number of deacons is uncertain, but one citizen who was at the church that morning said afterward, "I bet it was mighty uncomfortable, coming inside after they got those niggers to leave and having to sit down in the pews with those hard things in their hip pockets — and having to go down real slow so there wouldn't be a clunk." The rationale most popular throughout the South for all those Sunday morning church-step confrontations was "Those people didn't come to worship; they came to demonstrate."

Not far from Americus, there is one of those dwarfish wooden crosses with its apocalyptic warning seen along the highways of the South — tilted at the edge of red-clay ditches, mud-spattered among rusting soft-drink signs. These crosses, with a word lettered on each of their four sections, read "Get

Right With God.” Only someone or something has whacked off one arm of the cross near Americus, so that it now reads:



The Southern Baptist Convention exists as the folk church of the white South. This is so not only because of its pervasiveness, but because in most communities the Baptist congregations taken together usually make up a more democratic assembly than the congregations of the other churches — sun-scorched farm families, mild, dowdy bespectacled grocers, florid-faced used-car dealers, silent families of textile workers, the women thin and solemn, a few prosperous druggists, perhaps a couple of bank executives, and a doctor or two. The quarter of a Southern community where the Klan mentally flourishes — the quarter of tin roofs and dishwater-sour dirt yards and chinaberry trees and pigeon coops and power lines and pool halls and auto repair garages — is generally tilled by the gaunt, hard plow of the Pentecostal groups.

For an aspiring Southern politician to have been born a Baptist is considered one of those providential blessings like being born with a grits-and-gravy drawl; if he was born anything else, even Methodist or Presbyterian, he simply doesn't talk about it much — the political import of the other denominations ranges from irrelevant to ominous. But as dapper and urbane a politician as Georgia's ex-governor Carl Sanders has become the South's most conspicuous Baptist layman — he delivers sermons in his home church in Augusta.

Most Negro Baptists in the South belong either to the National Baptists Incorporated or to the National Baptists Unincorporated. Dr. Martin Luther King, who still insists he feels most comfortable as a Baptist because “there is a tradition of the creative use of protest and dissent in establishing right, and a principle of freedom, a lack of authoritarianism, that gives the church a self-corrective power,” is an American Baptist. So negligible, in fact, is the number of Negroes who are

Southern Baptists that the Convention has not even bothered to keep any statistics on them. “Negroes used to have membership,” allows a Southern Baptist official, “but they started setting up their own churches over a period of time from 1875 to 1900. It was their idea — but, of course, the convention didn't discourage them.”

Any indictment, then, of Christianity's posture in the South during the last ten years of moral crisis is inevitably an indictment of the Southern Baptist Church. The fact is that by its very structure — or studious lack of it, which is part of its character as a folk church — the Southern Baptist Convention has had the effect of reflecting and confirming local prejudices rather than challenging them. “Many prominent Baptist church members are still the owners of squalid shacks in which Negroes make their home and pay through the nose for the privilege,” says one young Baptist minister in South Carolina. “Obviously, these people see no relationship between their faith and their treatment of their fellowmen. And few are the pulpits that are going to risk an honest attempt to show this relationship.”

Invariably, those few ministers who take the risk are toppled from their pulpits. Last summer in Macon, Georgia, a Southern Baptist church located on the edge of Mercer University, a Southern Baptist campus, threw up one of those front-step blockades when some Negro students tried to enter for morning worship. The church's pastor, outraged, protested the ugly business and urged the church to adopt an open-door policy; the deacons promptly urged the church to dismiss the pastor. The Sunday morning in September when the vote was to be taken, a Ghanaian student at Mercer who had been converted by Southern Baptist missionaries was put in police custody by the deacons for seeking admittance to the morning service — and the congregation then voted to boot the minister.

The Southern Baptist “Convention” itself is not so much an organization as an event. It exists only while it is in session; the rest of the year, it is given up to a state of genial cooperative chaos. The assorted convention programs to which each church contributes — missions, publications, the seminary system — are administered by a small headquarters in Nashville, Tennessee, which is the only manifestation of a central convention structure that does not vanish after one furious, flaring week of life each year. Exercising more power than the general convention are the Baptist state conventions: for one thing, they are simply closer to the peculiar passions and paranoias of the individual churches. They also run the fifty-four Baptist colleges, which process, by way of the seminaries, the pastors to service those churches — earnest, affable young men who come off the farms and out of small

towns and the mill villages of the textile cities. But authority in the Southern Baptist Convention, in an extension of the fond Baptist tenet of the priesthood of every believer, ultimately rests with the individual church, and "nobody," sighs a Nashville official, "can tell 'em anything."

Actually, the cantankerous, institutionalized disarray of the Southern Baptist Church is offered both as an apology for its sluggishness in social involvement and as its genius and grandeur. "Of course, we can't operate as quickly and emphatically as authoritarian groups with central control," says a prominent Baptist figure in Atlanta, "but we operate more effectively, because we bring the people with us." More often, though, the people haul the church along with them. What could pass for the Southern Baptist establishment — the officials of its seminaries, the pastors of some of its largest churches, the headquarters in Nashville — is modestly assertive in its concern about the affairs of the world outside the sanctuary. It has managed, in the past, to provoke a certain amount of eloquent floundering at general convention sessions, with some sporting resolutions about justice and brotherhood, that vaguely resembled conscience-wrestling. But, since their convention resolutions amount to no more than simple expressions of opinion, binding on no congregation, those flounderingings have been academic, and they usually end in a kind of compounded impotence, with the rejection of the resolution anyway.

The church's detachment has been both structural and doctrinal. "When you come right down to it," a minister in a small South Carolina town told his congregation one Sunday morning recently, "there are only five things we Southern Baptists believe in. Number one, we believe in God as Father. Number two, the lordship of Christ. Number three, salvation through Christ. Number four, the Bible as our sole authority. And number five, the separation of church and state." That enumeration of beliefs is probably as close as one could come to defining the common interest that holds the 34,000 independent churches of the Southern Baptist Convention together, and why they have acted during the past decade as if the Negro revolution didn't really have anything to do with them.

If the Southern Baptist Convention serves as the folk church of the South, then the South's folk preacher would have to be Dr. Billy Graham, one of whose own pronouncements on the matter is "The church should not answer questions the people aren't asking. We've become advisers, social engineers, foreign policy experts, when we should be answering the questions of the soul. Christ taught that man must first be born again. That priority is found in the Great Commandment. We can't

get away from the Bible, or we're doomed." Former Southern Baptist Convention president Dr. Wayne Dehoney — who presides over one of the two First Baptist churches in Jackson, Tennessee, the other First Baptist Church being Negro — echoes this sentiment. "It has to be remembered that Jesus said, 'Ye must be born again!' This is the basic issue."

Nothing in the life of Jesus matters to the Southerner quite like his suffering and his death; it is perfectly matched to the Southern mystique, to the Southerner's tragic sentimentality. Religion to the Southern Baptist is a kind of romance surrounding Jesus. Christ is, in this religious sensibility, a figure of melancholy sweetness, with a tragic bearded face strikingly like those thin doomed faces of young Confederate officers that peer out of flecked tintypes. The poignancy of Jesus to the Southerner is that He consented to become human, that from the moment of His birth He was divinity crucified on a cross of flesh, and that He did all this — oh, unbearable sweetness! — for the sake "of a wretch like me." Nowhere is the Southern Jesus so clearly defined as in the simple theory and melodrama of the old hymns that most Southerners, and certainly most Southern Baptists, have heard in their youth at many a tent revival on the weedy outskirts of town: "I need Thee, O, I need Thee; every hour I need Thee . . . ! What can wash away my sins? Nothing but the blood of Jesus. What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus. Oh, precious is the flow that makes me white as snow; no other fount I know. . . . I come to the garden alone, while the dew is still on the roses, and the voice I hear, falling on my ear, the son of God discloses. And He walks with me, and He talks with me, and He tells me I am his own. . . . Oh, how I love Jesus, oh, how I love *Jeeessuss!* Oh, how I love Jesus, because He first loved me. . . ."

IT HAS been suggested that beginning with slavery, the Southern white man has over the centuries shown a particular weakness for being dehumanized by his property, that he is congenitally and irredeemably, in Faulkner's terms, Snopesian. Indeed, this indictment was delivered in general terms on a spring day two years ago in Jackson, Mississippi, by a bespectacled young Negro named Robert Moses, who had been the saintly genius of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee back in its earnest nonviolent days. Moses was paying a visit to an old friend, the Reverend Edward King, white chaplain at interracial Tougaloo College on the outskirts. He took the position that the white race as a whole was exhausted, that the

values and vitality of white society were bankrupt, and that therefore the Negro had nothing to gain from integration into white society; that white civilization would cave in on itself in twenty or thirty years; and that, finally, this would be the last conversation with a white man in which he would ever engage. And in fact, Moses' portrait of the white race suggests Faulkner's description of Ab Snopes in "Barn Burning": "without depth — a shape flat and bloodless as though cut from tin . . . harsh like tin and without heat like tin." The notion, not a new one in principle, is that having accumulated land and buildings and cars and leases and cash, and having invested so much energy and will and hope and calculation in that accumulation, and in the protection and increasing of it, the Southern white has actually *become* all those things. He is, in this interpretation, only the husk of a human being, he is possessed by his possessions: he has come to smell faintly of brass, of rust, of machine oil. Quite possibly, all peoples become Snopesian at a certain point in their cultural transition from the earth to the city, and the Southerner has simply been stranded at that point longer than most. The notion also holds that the Negro for all those centuries has had nothing but air and earth and water and the seasons, and himself and his kind; he has simply had nothing else to relate to or identify with, and he therefore knows, more intimately and immediately and nakedly, what being human means — what laughter and love and terror and pain and struggle mean.

Nowhere has the speculation about the death of God provoked more anxiety than in the Snopesian South. In Sunday morning sermons, in ripsnorting gospel messages on the radio, in the brief little television devotionals on weekday mornings, in ministers' addresses to grave civic club luncheons, in the religious columns in the Saturday newspapers, the disappearance of God is being debated with a fretful persistence, a preoccupation that approaches a kind of vast morbid twittering.

IRONICALLY, the civil rights movement was not only a profound moral experience but a dramatically religious one. What is happening today is something like the tidal ebbing of faith in Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach," a withdrawal to the naked shingles of anger. The prophets now scuttling over those shingles are the young activists like the leaders of SNCC — sardonic, implacable, believing in mute, pure, unequivocal action and in creating crises in which they may beautifully and sacredly act. They are empirical and inductive and spontaneous, essentially adolescent, somewhat nihilistic, with a furious impatience with systems and theories

and abstractions in general — and a contempt for words, which is why they usually come off so badly on television interviews. Though they are ruthlessly moral, they have become significant at a moment when the movement seems less moral than mechanistic. But even such activists as James Foreman and Stokely Carmichael admit that for the Negro masses in the South religion has been a necessary context for the movement.

Of course, the great, charismatic leader of the Negro revolution during its classic stage was Dr. Martin Luther King, most eminently a Southern Negro minister — as are his five horsemen, Williams, Bevel, Vivian, Shuttlesworth, and Abernathy. The whole sequence, from the bus boycott of Montgomery to the march on Selma, was conducted with the air of a revival camp meeting. If during the classic days of the movement, there was one classic occasion (already, a certain nostalgia is setting in about those days), it was the mass meeting. It would commence just after nightfall in a bleak wooden Mississippi church with light coming through its cracks like a shuttered lantern, a cluster of cars and pickup trucks parked quietly in a grove of scrub oaks outside, and a sound of singing in the darkness. Inside in the hot sanctuary would be a crowd of Negroes, some of the men still wearing the faded khakis and clay-caked brogans of their day in the fields behind their mules, the women in Sunday dresses, one or two wearing enameled straw hats with sprigs of starched organdy daisies. All the windows would be open to the sweet chirp of crickets outside, and paper fans would flutter over the rapt polished faces of cooks and tenant farmers and maids and sawmill hands and janitors, the dull wooden floor thumping under them like the heartbeat of their hope as they stomped and clapped and sang their way through new translations of the ancient yearning Negro spirituals.

The Reverend C. T. Vivian, one of King's aides, told me, "If you want to know the truth, brother, the movement has made a heap more Christians during the past ten years than the churches have." Actually, there were to be found at the edges of the Negro revolution in the South a number of young white Southerners who had been studying to become pastors before the South's racial anguish became so climactic, and whose consciences simply could not endure their churches' detachment. Usually associating themselves with foundations and government programs, they had the air of refugees: they tended to be profane and disheveled, and their tempers were ragged and raw. One of them, a bright, congenial young man who had studied for the Southern Baptist ministry at Wake Forest and earned his divinity degree, but who finally said farewell to the pulpit and joined a government program in Mississippi, explained last

summer, "Sure I feel like an apostate. There isn't a Southern Baptist church now that would have me, I know. But I consider myself still in the ministry, God damn it. *This* is my ministry as a Southern Baptist, I don't care what anybody says." *Still in the ministry, God damn it*: the loss of these earnest young men is one sobering toll exacted on the Southern church for its deafness to the moral appeal of the Negro struggle, for its decision to abstain from the moral conflict mounting about it.

WITH the white Southern church paralyzed during these ten years of deep urgency, it was inevitable that other religious parties would move into the vacuum. Selma, as magnificent a moment as it was, still was an aberration, sudden, accidental, and fleeting — and it is doubtful that there were ten ministers there from Southern churches. More persistent, in a way, has been the Delta Ministry, an expedition of solemn, moral-minded young theology students from the North who tend to think of their presence among Mississippi's Negroes in theological terms — "Man's relation to God, man's relation to man, it's all a theological problem." Something of a curiosity in the primitiveness of the Delta setting, the Ministry's young theologians, supported by the National Council of Churches, have been lingering there like mosquitoes of conscience since 1964, never quite able to strike up the rapport with local Negroes that most SNCC and Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party partisans enjoy, but trying hard anyway, for which they instantly became an object of acute suspicion by the white community of Mississippi.

Fred Lowry, thirty-one, a Yale Divinity graduate, explained to me last summer: "This is the gospel approach, isn't it — identification with the despised? It was Christ's approach, that's for sure, in the process of which he earned the alienation and hostility of the Pharisees. If people are dealing with vital matters of gospel, they just better go all the way. This is not a structural, institutionalized ministry, but a charismatic one. And that, after all, is how Christianity got started."

Finally, of course, there are those white ministers of conscience who remained in the Southern Baptist Church, and for them the past decade has been another kind of anguish — perhaps the loneliest kind. Isolated from civil rights workers in their communities, with a genuine and even passionate private identification with the Negro struggle, they have been men without a country, trying Sunday after Sunday to smuggle into the hearts of their congregations some sort of racial compassion, some sense of outrage and pity like their own, with

an endless series of sermons about brotherhood and God's universal love for mankind, aware all the time that the instant they drop their abstractions, they will most certainly lose their pulpits. In fact, the past ten years for them have been a kind of long unavailing ordeal of abstractions. Except for the quiet, timid, but dogged ministry of these men — and there are more of them in the South than one can estimate with any precision — the movement could have met with a lot more mayhem than it did. A Baptist minister in South Carolina said to me, "It's the only way I know of to reach these people. They can't be abandoned by everybody — somebody's got to stay with them, to try and get them to see it for themselves. And this is the only way I know how to do that."

There are now signs that leaders of the Southern church are coming to recognize that the final price of the church's indifference to the domestic crisis of our time will be a growing sense of irrelevancy. One Georgia Baptist leader laments what he calls a crisis of identity within his church: "We used to carry around the Baptist covenant in the back of all our hymnbooks, but I doubt if one Baptist out of a hundred could even find the thing for you now, much less tell you what it says." The pastor of the First Baptist Church in Augusta, Georgia, declares that his people have become "doctrinally illiterate." And a young South Carolina Baptist minister says that all "Southern Baptist" means to the average Baptist layman is "I ain't Catholic."

The irrelevancy of the Southern church during the Negro revolution has left a legacy of despair not only among Southern Baptists. John Morris heads the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity, a wildcat social action group within his church which has been only thinly tolerated by most Southern Episcopalians, and he frankly admits to "an ultimate pessimism" about the church's capacity to survive, much less lead, social change. Beefy, but with the fastidious air of an aristocrat embattled by vulgarity, Morris accompanied the body of one of his charges, Jonathan Daniels, back to Daniels' home in New Hampshire after the young seminarian was shotgunned to death two summers ago by a part-time deputy sheriff in Hayneville, Alabama. He remarked not long ago, "I'd just as soon see it all go down the drain, really. The reformation spirit is passé in the church; there's this hopeless gap of impotency between the pulpit and the pew." And, as Morris says, no matter how many motions and resolutions of concern are now passed by denominational bodies, it won't matter much anymore. "With the sword of Damocles hanging over us, maybe we'll start getting together more and more, doing more and more — but it'll always be too late."

REAPERS OF THE WATER

BY JAMES TATE

The nets newly tarred
and the family arranged
on deck — Mass has started.

The archbishop in
his golden
cope and tall miter, a resplendent

figure against an unwonted background, the darting
silver of water,
green and lavender

of the hyacinths, the slow
movement of occasional
boats. Incense floats

up and about the dripping gray
moss and the sound of the altar bell
rings out. Automatically all who have stayed

on their boats drop to their knees with the others
on shore. The prelate, next taking up his sermon,
recalls that the disciples of Christ were drawn

from the fishermen
of Galilee. Through
the night, at the lake, they cast in vain.

Then He told
them to try once more, and lo!
the nets came heavily loaded . . . Now

there will be days when
you, too, will
cast your nets without success — be not

discouraged; His all-seeing
eye will be
on you. And in the storm, when

your boat tosses like a thin
leaf, hold firm . . .
Who knows whose man will be next? Grand-mère

whose face describes how three of hers —
her husband and those two boys — had not returned,
now looks toward

her last son —
it is a matter of time.
The prelate dips his gold aspergillum

into the container of holy water
and lifts it high. As the white
and green boats

pass, the drops fall on the scrubbed
decks, on the nets, on the shoulders
of the nearest ones, and they move up

the long waterway.
The crowds watching and waving:
the Sea Dream, the Normandie,

the Barbara Coast, the Little Hot
Dog, the God
Bless America, the Madame of Q. —

racing past the last tendrils
of the warm pudding
that is Louisiana.

EXILES FROM THE AMERICAN DREAM

"The Junkie and the Cop"

by Bruce Jackson

In theory, drug addicts and narcotics detectives are bitter antagonists, but they move in the same covert milieus, work the same hours, speak the same language, and form a peculiar partnership in the way both are outcasts from the American mainstream. Mr. Jackson, a Junior Fellow at Harvard, spent several months observing their symbiotic relationship at firsthand. His "White-Collar Pill Party" appeared in the August ATLANTIC.

IN THE summer of 1966 I traveled around the country for a Cambridge research organization that had contracted with the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice to study certain problems having to do with drug abuse and control in this country. The main part of my job was talking with and observing at work a spectrum of participants: police, judges, doctors, administrators, addicts, pushers, ex-addicts, rehabilitation personnel, and so on. We found early in the study that none of the sets of figures purporting to tell the numbers of drug abusers and their relationship to the economy were much good, and that almost everyone had The Answer. We spent the summer getting as many points of view as we could, then tried to make sense of those that were sufficiently rational and to evaluate those that seemed worth it.

After the report was written, I realized that many of my blacks and whites had gone to problematical gray, the burden of increased knowledge. I realized also that part of that knowledge was of a kind outside the numbers and specifics that fill government reports and sociological journal articles; it is composed of pieces of information that do not array themselves in nice neat patterns; they do not form pretty theses or admit nice tabular or verbal conclusions — but somehow I cannot help feeling that they are in many ways more important, more

germane, than the figures and the charts. Art and science go around constructing and projecting coherences; the street does not think in coherences, it is just there.

An example: unlike police who deal with homicide or other major crimes, who have onetime or rare contact with their customers, the police who handle problems of morality rather than injury, crimes like prostitution and drug addiction, tend to develop a peculiar rapport with the people with whom they war. They do not deal in terms of single events, but in continuing relationships, some of which they must maintain in order to obtain information, others because there is no reason not to. This varies from city to city, but there is a clear level of consistency. The narcotics detective must live in the junkie's world, know his language, appreciate his pain; he may be — and often is — antagonistic to all of these, but he is rarely independent of them.

The sections that follow are from notes scribbled in police cars, in bars, on planes, on a beach, sitting in a park; they are some of those other pieces.

NEW YORK

Ray Viera is the larger, more volatile of the two. His hair is wavy with streaks of gray, and he tends to tap your shoulder when he is involved in a state-

ment. Burt Alvins is smaller, wiry; most of his head is a short gray-flecked crew cut. Burt negotiates the green Lark around some construction on F.D.R. Drive; it doesn't feel much like a police car.

"Everybody lives outside the city now," one of them says.

"Not everybody," I say.

"I mean all the cops and firemen I know. Except for a couple of young single guys. Everybody else is out on the Island or up in Westchester. It's going to be just the poor and the illegal left in New York. People are moving out in droves. They're not doing it to escape the taxes. Taxes are just as high out there. They're doing it to keep their children together."

They complain about court decisions. "We've become robots. We can't think, we're mechanical men."

"Everybody I know quits at twenty years to the day. It's not the job he dislikes, it's the handcuffing."

"A thing a normal person would consider suspicious a policeman can't consider suspicious because we're robots."

"I'd give a month's pay to bring Earl Warren here and give him the tour I'm giving you."

"There's legitimate people here. They're suffering, they're in jail."

I ask how to break through the hostility, what you do about the reputation for brutality.

"You just count the days you have left."

We drive along 118th Street. The area crawls with big-city specialties: numbers, junk, whores. Garbage piles up in back, between the houses. The garbage men can't get in there because the backs are locked, so the stuff mounts and mounts, and every once in a while they make an assault and get some of it out, chasing away rats as big and careless as dogs.

"We have to go see somebody."

"One of our informers," Ray says. "This guy's not stupid. He's intelligent. He's a nice guy. Wait till you see him though."

We enter a building just above Central Park. Someone lives on the first floor. The second, up the narrow dark stairway that is even darker after the bright sun, is vacant. All the doors are open; one is unhinged and lies flat in the room, as if something walked right in without bothering to stop. Another door hangs at a grotesque angle, the top hinge ripped off. More rubbish in there. A few empty bottles. We go up another flight, and Ray goes to Elmer's door. It is unlocked, and he eases it open slowly. Elmer is sitting on the bed, a blanket over his knees. "Anybody here?" Ray asks.

"No. I'm alone."

Ray waves us in. The room is about twelve by twelve. A big, old TV is on a bureau by the wall.

A new Sony is on another bureau, turned on to a talk show. Elmer tells us a prostitute friend bought it for him as a present.

"How are your legs, Elmer?" Ray asks.

Elmer moves the blanket from his thighs. On both are long running sores, about four or five inches long and a half inch or so wide; they look deep; something oozes.

"Jesus Christ," Burt says. "Why don't you let us get you in the hospital for a while?"

"Maybe next week."

"Those sores don't look so good."

"I can't go in this week. You know."

"How are your arms?"

"Feel a little better." He holds his forearms out and moves the fingers. A Popeye caricature: from the elbows up, the arms are the thin sticks of an old man; below the elbow, they are swollen like thighs. The fingers all look like oversize thumbs. Like his thighs, Elmer's arms are covered with scars that look like strip photos of the surface of the moon. There are too many of the dime- and quarter-size craters to count.

"This is Bruce, Elmer. He's a new man, and we're breaking him in."

Elmer looks up, noticing or acknowledging me for the first time. He nods and shrugs. They make a date to meet somewhere later in the week.

"You sure you don't want us to get you in a hospital, Elmer?" Ray asks.

Elmer says no.

For me, Ray asks, "Elmer, what you shooting now?"

"About eight bags."

"When did you start?"

"1955."

"And how old are you now?"

"Forty-eight."

There's a silence, directed to me. Elmer looks sixty-five or seventy, and they all know I'd thought him an old man. He folds the blanket over his thighs, and we go out. On the way, Burt gives Elmer a few bucks and says get some cigarettes.

Going down the stairs, Ray says, "If he tells you he's shooting eight bags, that means he's shooting twelve. That's sixty bucks a day. Seven days a week. Four hundred and twenty dollars a week. Almost what I make a month." Elmer, obviously, is in some business activities about which the police prefer not to ask.

Most New York addicts, I know, spend less than twenty dollars a day for narcotics. Few look as grim as Elmer. But enough do. And enough wind up dead because of infection or accidental overdose; many have TB. The physiological debilitation and destruction result from concomitants of drug taking: the junkie spends his money for drugs instead of food, his drugs are cut with quinine and

other chemicals that often do him considerable damage, and worst of all, the material he injects and the instruments he uses are so unsanitary that he constantly risks the kinds of infection that have scarred Elmer. The junk itself, so long as it does not exceed the addict's tolerance, is not really as physiologically harmful as cigarettes or alcohol, but the life style is vicious.

"Some of these guys," Burt says, "they get worse than Elmer. Ruin all the veins in the arms and legs, burn them out, and they shoot in the mouth. And when that goes, in the penis. Hurts like hell, they say, but they can find the vein."

I ask them if their visiting Elmer's apartment in daylight might not get him into trouble with other addicts. They say no, they spend a lot of time questioning addicts, most of whom are not informers, standard procedure.

"These people around here — they know who you are?"

"Sure, they know us. Even if they'd never seen us before, they'd know us. If you're white around here, you're either a bill collector or the Man. They maybe don't know which Man you are, but you're one of them."

"Or a trick looking for a whore," Burt says.

"You still get white tricks coming up here?"

"They'll always be coming up here."

We drive past a crap game. There are about fifty men standing around. Some of them yell.

They talk about Elmer. "I'm worried about him, Burt. Can't we get him into some hospital?"

"He doesn't want to go. We can't force him."

"Well, how about we get him some antibiotics for those sores? They're just awful."

"You have to have a prescription for that stuff."

"Maybe I can get somebody to let me have some."

"Heroin you can get; for penicillin you need a prescription."

We stop for a traffic light. A kid about five years old looks in the car, at me, says, "Fuck you, cop," and walks away.

WE SIT in the car by the 125th Street New York Central station. Two junkies they know hustle down 125th, counting money. We know where they are going, but there isn't sufficient cause to follow and arrest.

"I know what the courts are trying to do — protect the honest citizens. But you know something; in all the years we've been in this business, we've never hit one guy that was a square."

"The trouble with this job," Burt says, "is you take it home with you. We get together, and our wives say, why don't you talk about something else. They don't understand."

"You can't put it off at night," Ray says.

I look through their report book. They get two days off per week, but I notice that they work at least one, and sometimes both of them, either going out with an undercover agent or appearing in court. Many of the workdays run twelve to sixteen hours. I ask why they stick with it.

"I think it's a challenge," Burt says. "I like the work. But as my partner and I have told you a number of times, our hands are tied. To do this kind of a job I guess you have to have some dedication in you. It's a losing battle: for every one you arrest, there's five to take their place. But when you do make a good arrest, it can make the whole thing worthwhile."

I say something about Elmer.

"They ought to put a picture of him in the papers," Ray said. "Show some of these people."

"You could show them a picture of Elmer," Ray says. "Tomorrow they pick up a paper to see what the Giants did. That's it. As far as it goes."

Driving downtown we pass through Central Park. "It's like reverse shock treatment," Ray says. We see a spreading plume of black smoke over on the East Side, somewhere in the Eighties.

Burt: "Probably a junkie cooking up."

Ray: "Good-sized cooker."

And Burt: "You come back after a day off and hope maybe things are going to be a little different. Then it's not. There's still glass in the street. The same people."

HOUSTON

Morning in the Narcotics Squad room. Captain Jack Renois and Don McMannes are the only ones in. Hooker, the secretary, does things and fetches coffee. The detectives come in around 11:00 or 11:30 and wait for the phone calls from informers. Things come alive around noon, after the addicts get up. One of the detectives is selling a shotgun; it is passed around and admired.

A phone rings. An addict snitching on another addict. For money, for a break on a case. Or maybe just talking for a while. I begin to appreciate the odd symbiosis. The addicts and the cops move in the same world, live the same hours, wait for deals to happen on the same streets. One addict had said something to me the week before, complaining about the hassles he was always in, and one police official had complained to me this morning about the difficulty he had getting adequate funds and equipment. Both used exactly the same sentence: "We got to scuffle for every fucking thing."

Don comes back into the room; he had been on the phone for about thirty minutes. "He just wanted to talk for a while," he tells me. "Some-

body I arrested once.” The addicts sometimes call up officers, not to snitch or bitch, but just to talk to someone who understands. For them, no one appreciates their hassles and their world better than the cop, who is so close they don’t even consider him a square.

On Lieutenant Kennedy’s desk: “*FIAT JUSTITIA, RUAT CAELUM.*” And under it, in small letters, “Let justice be done, though the heavens may fall.” “I saw it a long time ago and I liked it and it’s been on my desk ever since,” he says. “A reminder, I guess.”

With one of the detectives, I go out to visit an informer. She is a slight pretty girl with dark eyes. Two children are in the house, and she says she can’t stay in the car talking for very long. She talks about Joey, with whom she lives, currently in jail needing bond. “They say that county farm’s a bad place. I don’t know. Maybe I’ll get him out.”

She used to be a good booster, but no more. Shoplifting has become too dangerous: “I got too many children now. Nobody to take care of them if I go to the joint.” A new connection had come by a few days ago and given her fifty dollars’ worth of narcotics without asking for money.

“How come?” asks the detective. “He want some trim?”

“I don’t know. Maybe. If Joey wasn’t there.” She tells us where the connection lives and who is with him, and the phone number.

“You hooked again?”

“No. I can’t afford it. I shoot all the dope I can get, though.”

“You high now?”

“No. I had two caps this morning. That’s all.”

Later the same day: riding with Mike Chavez and his partner, Charley. While Mike is at a phone booth, Charley tells me he has just been transferred into Narcotics from Vice. He says about every where he knows is on some kind of drugs, that whenever they broke into a prostitute’s apartment they found narcotics or pills.

“Did you ever file?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Wouldn’t stand up. Almost everything we would do is illegal. They know it, and we know it. Our job was mainly harassment. Make them uncomfortable enough to move on.” Later he tells me it is as hard to make a prostitution case as a narcotics case. A few weeks earlier in Harlem, a New York policeman had told me the same thing.

Mike comes back. “Anything?” Charley asks.

“No.”

Chavez has never taken the test for sergeant. Only one sergeant is permitted in the Narcotics unit, and if Chavez were promoted, he would be

forced to change assignments. He likes the work and is very good at it.

He tells me that the talk and newspaper articles about violent addicts are nonsense; what bothers him is the crime associated with addiction. I mention the six million or so alcoholics, and all the damage they do. Chavez pulls up to a booth to make another call. While he is gone, Charley tells me what I said is irrelevant. Chavez comes back and says, “Funny, what you were saying. They have a bar in that store, and I could see that every stool was occupied.” He says he would like to find some other way of handling the problem, but he doesn’t know one that would work. He shrugs and says it bothers him sometimes. “But I’m a policeman, you know.” He turns to Charley, sitting in the back, and says, “You got your gun?” “Yeah.”

I turn and see on the seat a .38 automatic. He tells me you need a holster for a revolver and everything bulges, but an automatic can be just tucked in the belt. I ask Mike if he has his.

“In the trunk.”

Later that night, Donny tells me they almost never need weapons. No Houston addict would draw on a detective because the addicts know the detectives aren’t going to shoot without a good reason. “Only time any of them ever does anything with a gun is to say, ‘I got a gun.’ I say, ‘Where?’ and he points, and I say, ‘Put it on the table,’ and he does. Or if he has one in his hand when we bust in, he just swings it around and hands it over. We all know each other.”

AUSTIN

I was in the homicide room of the police station waiting for Lieutenant Harvey Gann, the detective in charge of the Vice and Narcotics Squad. According to friends of mine in Houston and Huntsville, he is a very good policeman. Gann came in, laughing. He and his partner had just been out on a narcotics watch that didn’t work out. They were using an old pickup truck and had stopped for a red light when two women walked over, and one said, “You want to have a good time?”

“How much?”

“Ten and three.”

“What’s the three for?”

“The room, baby.”

Gann asked if the same applied for her friend and his friend. The other woman said yes. Gann noticed a tall Negro standing in a nearby doorway, and said, “Who’s he?”

“Just an old nothing sonofabitch that hangs around.”

Gann and his partner got out of the truck, took off their LBJ hats and lensless glasses.

"Goddamn, Lieutenant! It's you again!" The woman began laughing.

"You see," he told me, "I had arrested her four times before. And I put those hat and glasses right back on because we couldn't all fit in front, and I had to ride with them in the back of the pickup, and I'd be damned if I'd have anybody I know see me riding around town in a pickup truck with two old whores like that."

NEW YORK

The undercover man is late.

The two detectives, Al Koch and Ray Imp, lean against the phone booth they use for an office. The phone has an "Out of Order" sign on it that is phony. The two men are easily identifiable (one is about 6 feet 3 inches and has shocking red hair; the other is about 5 feet 10 inches and is shaped like a triangle but gives the feeling of a tank), and when they appear on the street, the dealers disappear, so they hover outside the Village perimeter, wait for a call from someone telling them a person they want to arrest is at a specific location, then go in and come out quickly.

The undercover man arrives at eight, an hour late. His name is Sam, and even though I know he is a police officer, I can't quite believe it — the first qualification of an undercover agent.

Al tells me it will be boring waiting with them. He suggests I go with Sam.

"But I know people in the Village."

"Do they know what you're doing in town?"

"No."

"OK. You go with him. They'll think he's just some beatnik friend of yours. We'll just be standing here until he calls anyhow. But take that notebook and cigar and pen out of your pocket."

I hand over my things and go away with Sam.

We walk to the Rienz, where we are to meet someone named Wilson, his informer. Wilson isn't there, and Sam curses him, saying he can't stand an unpunctual man. He tells me the statistics reporting 60,000 addicts in the United States are all wrong, there are hundreds of thousands of them. I must have looked incredulous because he says, "Yeah, man, I'm serious. Look around you. Half these people smoke weed."

"You don't get addicted to marijuana. They're not addicts."

"Goddamn right they are."

We walk down the street. Someone says hello to me, and I nod. Sam says, "I'll tell you who uses weed all the time: those folk singers. Bunch of addicts."

"Oh."

"You know any of those folk singers?"

"A few."

"They use weed."

We pass one place just as a four-man singing group is going in with their guitars. They pass in front of us. One of them sees me and waves; another says, "Hi, Bruce." I wave back. Sam looks at me queerly, then shrugs it off.

We go back to the Rienz and talk about Court decisions.

"Those bastards. What this country needs is a Hitler for a while. Get these people off the streets. Should have elected Goldwater; he'd have straightened that Court out. You know why I hate addicts?" I shake my head. "I'll tell you why: I got a nice wife, over on Staten Island. She never heard a dirty word in her life. A nice girl." He says it with finality. I don't make the connection, but I decide to let it ride; it is too early in the evening to reveal my opacity.

We watch the teen-age girls in their carefully considered outfits.

We go into a bar, and over a beer he talks about his work. "Shouldn't we talk about something else? Someone might be listening."

"Nah. Nobody's listening. Nobody listens here." I don't tell him that when I go into bars like this, I always eavesdrop. Constitutional.

We go up the street to get something to eat, but on the way meet Wilson, the informer. With him is another man, who wears khakis, a white T-shirt, and a yellow sport shirt open all the way except for the bottom button. Wilson, the informer, goes off to talk with Sam.

The man in the yellow shirt says to me, "Who you with?"

"Huh?"

"I said who you with?"

"What are you talking about?"

"It's OK, man, I'm undercover too."

"A city cop?"

"No," he says, shaking his head.

"FBN?"

"No."

"Who?"

"FDA." He pauses, maybe to see if I'm going to make a wisecrack. When I don't, he says, "You city?"

I shake my head.

"Federal?"

I shake my head.

"Then who are you undercover for?"

"I'm not a cop."

"Come on, man."

A thin effeminate man in his twenties lopes up the street, walking sine waves. "My consciousness has expanded, expanded!"

"Man, is he drunk," the FDA man says.

"It might be something else." The thin guy weaves back. "What you on, man?" I ask.

"Five days on, five days off."

"Off and on what?"

"LSD, psilocybin off days. Little junk to keep the heebies away." He bumps into the FDA man and pats the shoulder of his yellow shirt. "Ain't it a bitch when your family's square?"

"Your family square?"

"You don't *know*. My father is — [he names someone in city government whose name we know], and he is *square*."

On an off chance there's another celebrity with the same name, I ask, "Which — ?"

"You know which one."

"Come on."

He pulls out his wallet and shows us his collection of identification cards, credit cards, and licenses; they all say —, Jr. Sam joins us. I look for Wilson, the informer, but he has disappeared. Thin says his family is down on him because he uses drugs.

"What else?"

"Drugs and because of the homosexual business."

"Are you queer?"

"Maybe a little."

He says he can get, in quantity, marijuana and pills. Sam and the FDA man try to stare one another down: if Thin produces grass, he is Sam's; if he produces pills, he is FDA's. Thin weaves in and out of the street. He goes to peer in a car window.

"I thought he'd pat my gun when he was tapping my shoulder just now," FDA says.

"You wearing a gun?" Sam says.

"Yeah. You?"

"I got a little .25."

"Ah. I got my .38 service."

"That cannon. You're crazy. If you ask me, you're better off with nothing."

Thin swings back to the sidewalk. Wilson, the informer, returns and points at someone, and Sam says, "Oh, oh, there's my man," and goes off down Bleeker. FDA wanders away with Thin, talking hippy.

"Come on," Wilson, the informer, says. "We got to stick with Sam."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. Maybe he went into the park." We walk toward the park. "You new on the squad?"

"I'm not on the squad."

"Oho. A fed, huh?"

"What makes you think I'm a cop?"

"C'mon, man, it's OK. I'm an informer. We're all in this together. It's like I'm a half-cop, you know."

"Oh, all right, I'm working for the feds. But I'm not a cop. I'm a schoolteacher, and I'm doing a study."

"Hey, that's good. Say, what's your undercover name?"

"Bruce."

"What's your real name?"

"Bruce."

"You can't do that. You got to have an undercover name."

"I always use Bruce."

"OK, man, it's your *schtik*. We might meet someone, and I might have to introduce you or something. Where do you say you come from?"

"Cambridge."

"Come on, man, the Village is crawling with people from Cambridge."

"I *am* from Cambridge."

"Jesus Christ, man!"

We walk into Washington Square Park.

(Wilson stopped and talked with some characters he knew, and I stayed out of the light, which he seemed to appreciate. I knew several undercover agents had been exposed, "burned" in the argot, and badly beaten recently. I wondered what this nut was leading me into. I wondered what they were all leading themselves into. These people were so different from the cops uptown, the serious and competent Alvins and Viera, with whom I'd sat that afternoon in a car in the west Eighties, talking with an informer while pretty polished women and expensive fat ladies passed us by, seeing only four men in a car; that informer knew he was dead if he should be seen with us, and the conversation was serious. Here it seemed they'd adjusted to the madcap crowd, not only in appearance but in procedure, in thought. A crazy game world on both sides again, like Houston. But different.)

We walk on toward the arch. Wilson tells me he'd like to work for the FBI as an undercover man in the Communist Party. "They ever use people for anything like that?"

"I believe they have, on occasion."

"You think they'd hire me? It's not like I'm inexperienced. And I hate this amateur crap."

"I don't know."

"They wouldn't take me in the army. I would have been good in the army, but they wouldn't take me."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I'm an addict. Got a record. All that crap." He shrugs. "But I'd sure like to be an undercover man working on Commies. Man, I'm a natural. Who'd ever suspect?"

We spot Sam. Wilson and I sit next to him on the bench. Sam tells us where the suspect is sitting. Wilson gets up, grabs my arm, and says, "Come on, man."

"Where we going?"

We walk behind the public toilets to a phone booth, and I wonder again about the setups. If

even the police, who should know better, want to think I'm a cop, surely the other side would be willing to make the assumption. He calls the phone booth where Al and Ray wait. Wilson describes the suspect. "In the park, man, on Junkies' Row. Junkies' Row, I said." He hangs up, and we go back to watch the bust go down, but neither Sam nor the suspect is there. We rush out of the park, but see neither of them.

"You sit on that rail over there, and when Al comes by, you say, 'I don't know where the sonofabitch is.' Keep your head turned away. That way, if anyone is nearby, they'll think he asked you about someone and you wouldn't tell him anything; if no one is near, it won't look like you're talking to him at all. Everybody in the Village knows Al and Ray."

I sit on the rail, watching out of the corner of my eye for the two detectives to appear. I see them coming. As they near, I coolly turn away, waiting subtly to deliver my code message.

Several shoes stop in front of me, toes pointing my way. "Hey, Bruce," Al says. "Where'd they all go?"

"Shhh! We'll be spotted."

"Ah. Where'd they go?"

"Down McDougal."

They go down McDougal. I wait a tactful time, then follow. I see Al standing on the sidewalk across the street from Minetta's. I sit on a stoop about four doors away. Al comes over and sits next to me.

"Go away, Al. We'll be seen together." I feel as paranoid as a pusher.

"Ah, it's just the school kids. Nobody will notice."

A policeman with a walkie-talkie strapped to his body tells us to move on.

"In just a minute, officer," Al says. The policeman says make sure it's just a minute, and Al says we certainly will and thank you officer.

We watch the girls in their carefully considered outfits and the boys in their pageboys. "Bunch of kids," Al says. "Let's go back to the car."

"What if I get noticed walking with you?"

"Nah. Don't worry about it."

We walk back to the car.

After a while Ray comes with another detective, and we go back to the phone booth. It rings, and Ray answers. He listens for a moment, then sticks his head out. "Hey, Bruce: you're burned."

"I'm what?"

"You're burned. They saw you with Al, and they all know you're a cop."

"I'm not a cop."

"Tell them."

They all laugh. "Way it goes," one of them says.

It is almost 1 A.M., and the street is thinning as the action moves indoors and only the desperate are left. No business here. They adjust the "Out of Order" sign and decide to quit early for a change.

LOS ANGELES

Bill Sanderson and Jack White look like TV actors who are supposed to look like L.A. detectives: both are good-looking, young, bright detective sergeants; both have been attending college part-time and expect a degree this year; both have been on the police force for eight years, in narcotics for less than one year.

Like police everywhere, they complain about some of the Supreme Court decisions, but they do not seem to feel as hamstrung. It takes more work and more men, but still the jobs seem to get done. "I think the Supreme Court is trying to force the problems back on the community that created the problems," one of them says.

"I can see why some people go to heroin," the other says. "It is the ultimate: it puts you to sleep and keeps you awake."

In Watts, we stop at the intersection of Central and Vernon. Where a large drugstore used to be there is now a tremendous tent and a hand-painted sign: *You must see and hear Rev. Eugene Lewis. Evangelist who ministers like Christ.* Like the topless joints in San Francisco, Watts is one of those places visitors must see; one gets the same feeling of futility in both. White and Sanderson point out locations where they made interesting drug arrests, locations where they hope to make others, places where they were during the riot. We are supposed to be discussing narcotics, but during the early part of the afternoon it is the riot. They still do not understand it; no one seems to. The houses are a surprise to me: in the East it would be a lower-middle-class neighborhood in a residential town. Parks, lawns, some cars. If you don't have a car, I find out, it takes an impossible amount of time to get around out here. Still, it is so unlike Harlem. Had so overwhelming a riot occurred first in swelling and wretched Harlem, we might have dismissed what Watts said: a man could want and need more than a house.

Later, we have dinner in a Mexican restaurant around the corner from the temple Aimee Semple McPherson built; then we ride over to Hollywood. The radio gives Jack White a woman's phone number. The first phone booth cheats him out of two dimes, the second booth works.

White makes a date to meet her, and we race back to headquarters to pick up another car and some buy money. A lieutenant comes with us. We follow Jack to the bar, then drive down half a block and park in the shadows of a closed garage.

The lieutenant, just off vacation, says, "It gets harder and harder to generate enthusiasm for this kind of mess."

"Vacations do that," Bill says.

"It's not the vacation. Just getting a little tired of it."

After a while, Jack comes out of the bar with two women. One of them gets into the car with him, the other goes away. He U-turns and goes up the street, and we follow him at a distance.

Jack parks in front of an apartment house, and we park under a streetlamp fifty yards behind. There are three cars between us. With the light directly overhead, our car is not so suspicious: you can't see anyone inside unless you are quite close. I can't see anything in the other car, but Bill says Jack and the woman are still in it. He tells me they are probably arguing about whether or not Jack will be allowed to go inside with her. Jack isn't going to give her a chance to go out a back door with the money, and he wants to find out what apartment the man with the stash is in so we can move in later — if there is a man inside; it might be a phony deal.

It gets tense. If there is someone inside, there may be trouble: if Jack is recognized, he is unarmed and might not be near enough a window to call for help. We wait. Nothing moves in the car ahead, and after a while Bill wonders too. He gets out of our car, strolls down the block away from both cars, crosses in the dark somewhere below, walks up a side street, comes back down the opposite side, then retraces his steps. He gets back in. "They're still there."

Footsteps from down the block. A man approaches, reading a magazine in the dark. He slows down when he's under streetlamps, speeds up in the dark places between. He crosses directly in front of our car, his face buried in the magazine. "Now isn't that something," the lieutenant says. The man is reading *Startling Detective*.

More time passes. Jack's car lights up and U-turns, going back toward the bar. We duck, let it go a little bit, then do the same, going pretty fast. We come out of the U-turn, run a red light, and zip past a patrol car.

"Uh," I say.

"I guess they recognized me. Or the car," Bill says.

Jack is stopped at a red light a block ahead. He turns right, then stops in front of the bar. After a while the woman gets out and Jack drives away. We follow him and park both cars in a dark place.

He tells us the woman wouldn't let him come inside, and he refused to trust her with the money. "C'mon baby, take a chance," she said. "Everybody gets screwed sometimes in this business."

"Not me," he told her.

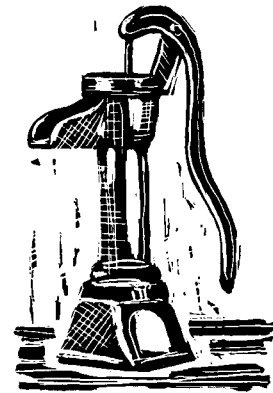
They tell me they've been having trouble nailing a couple of Cuban traffickers. The lieutenant says he liked the old days better. "I'd rather work a nice clean old Mexican dope peddler. You go boot his door in, take him down, and that's all there is to it."

I'll tell you something: it is not *just* a nitty-gritty world out there; it is a thing more unreal sometimes than the one we academics are usually accused of maintaining. You discover after a while that no one wears a white hat except the man who is talking to you right now; everyone spouts dogma except that single voice under that single white Stetson. Little Pavlovian mechanisms set junkies and cops in the same motions, day after day after day. The *élan* varies with the jurisdiction: in New York it is cold and faithless antagonism with exceptions, part of the general *Weltanschauung*; in Texas, where everyone has a gun, the policeman and criminal feel closer to one another.

It is little people, little, little people, playing out an ugly little game among themselves and taking it with precious and desperate seriousness, positing some lovely and fragile *élan* because both sides know that no one else in the world is willing to love them. Exiled from our American dream where everyman has his soporific and his weapon, the junkie and the cop find themselves bound to one another in one agonizing coil, and like Burton and Taylor in *Virginia Woolf*, they've learned the visceral lesson: people who bleed each other need each other.

THE POLIPOLLUTIONISTS

by John Kenneth Galbraith



Some have observed, through the smog, facets of a new crusade, but it is for Mr. Galbraith, the Harvard economist and former ambassador, to assemble the facts into this report on a growing movement in America.

MANY years ago, I was in Madras in India and fell into conversation one evening with the chief inspector of dairy products for the city. He had a serious complaint against the members of a technical assistance mission of the United States government which, not long before, had installed itself in town. They had undertaken to instruct the many small retailers who delivered milk in the city not to water their product. This was wholly impractical; all of these merchants knew that the only way to eke out an insufficient supply was to dilute it. And our people had undercut his own effort, extending over a decade or more, which was to persuade the peddlers to use clean water instead of whatever was available from the gutter, which in India can be rather dirty. In classroom lectures since, I have often cited this to illustrate the problems one encounters in cross-cultural adaptation and the unwillingness of even the most scientifically oriented people to rely on empirically established fact.

This illustration and similar ones drawn from closer to home, and my use of them in popular education, have had an unexpected result. They have brought me in touch with the pollutionist movement in the United States. At first tentatively and cautiously, and then with growing confidence, people have been writing to greet me as an understanding soul. A few have come in on surreptitious visits. All have the slightly furtive habits of an

oppressed minority. But all have the inner confidence born of the knowledge that, increasingly, they are a force in the society. They are people who think well of pollution and want to see it survive. They are deeply conscious of their present unpopularity — and they resent it. But they are gathering their forces and organizing. So far from being discouraged, they expect to win. I am in a position to say a few words about this movement. I want, above all, to correct the impression that pollution is a casual and spontaneous activity. On the contrary, it has deep and penetrating roots in the body politic.

In general, the pollutionists have much in common with the Communists as the latter are viewed by alert patriots, and to some extent, by J. Edgar Hoover. Avowed card-carrying members are not numerous; organizationwise they are not impressive. But supporting the small hard core of true believers is a great army of fellow travelers. They do the work. And there is reason to believe that they are growing in ideological commitment.

The pollutionists are represented over the entire country, but, as might be expected, they have their greatest concentration of power in Los Angeles and New York. It is here one finds the activists and thought leaders. The acknowledged head of the Los Angeles movement, a man who lives high on the hills between Hollywood and Glendale, defends the movement, first of all, on aesthetic grounds.

"If you haven't looked out over the top of the smog on an autumn morning with the whole city out of sight below," he commented not long ago, "you haven't seen what civilization can do." In the absence of the smog, he reminds his visitors, there would be nothing but the vast, dreary expanse of the city, an oppressive wasteland of neon lights, service stations, nutburger stands, and laundromats.

And much of the support for the smog comes, in fact, from those who think it conceals the city, although many insist that it also improves the appearance of the architecture. Some say that by not seeing the city hall they think less about the city government. The supporters of pollution in the City of the Angels are law-abiding citizens; they have every intention of conforming to laws requiring the control of pollution from automobile exhausts; they do not incline even to passive resistance. They do think that by having three automobiles instead of two, and driving each one twice as much, they can easily and lawfully neutralize even the best blow-by devices on their crankcases and have just as much smog as before.

In New York, many pollutionists also think that the Pan Am Building and Park Avenue are far better when seen through the smaze. But New Yorkers are much more inclined to take their stand in favor of the benefits from breathing polluted air. Life in the metropolis is difficult and hectic and rather alarming, and becomes, with the passage of time, ever more so. The sulphur dioxide addict reacts to the atmosphere as do the more experimentally inclined to LSD. More and more of them, indeed, refer to the New York air simply as "acid." They like Con Edison and frankly believe that any cleanup would serve only to prolong what, under the best of circumstances, is a miserable existence.

Air pollution is not, of course, the only thing that rallies the support of the pollutionists. There are chapters which support water pollution, roadside pollution, and even dirty streets. The Cuyahoga River, which runs past the Cleveland steel mills, was some time ago declared by the government to be a fire hazard. As a result local pollutionists now go to drop matches in the water and hold cigarette lighters to the surface. It is very exciting, and they love it.

On the desert roads in Arizona, as any recent visitor is aware, one sees the work of the disposable tissue pollutionists. This state was peopled by men and women from the more inclement parts of the United States. And while they are glad to get away from the cold winters, they miss the snow. The Kleenex billowing along the roadsides is nostalgically reminiscent of snowdrifts. The older people from Iowa and Minnesota especially are deeply touched. The people of Arizona take a very strong stand on behalf of roadside pollution. So do

Californians. In both states the pollutionists may even now be leading.

In Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, the pollution party reflects the hardheaded Yankee frugality of the natives. Once it was necessary to mow the weeds and grass and brush along the highways and country roads. This was a considerable expense. Now beer cans and disposable bottles are providing a thick glossy carpet beside the right-of-way. Soon only the odd toadstool will come through. It will hardly be worth bothering about.

The pollution movement is not static. On the contrary it has a high technical dynamic. At MIT, Cal Tech, the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, and the Manned Space Center in Houston, Texas, one encounters the cosmic pollutionists. They have the greatest vision of all — the pollution of space. When, in any one of these distinguished scientific centers, one sees a scholarly-looking man gazing into the heavens, it cannot be assumed that his interest is lunar, planetary, stellar, or even religious. Most likely he is thinking of the garbage he has helped to place in orbit.

Like most zealots, the pollutionists are mildly schismatic; they form factions and disagree amiably but vigorously. Much of the dispute turns on the limits, if any, to the constitutional right to express one's personality by discarding things wherever one damn well pleases. Speaking in New York last year, not long before he announced his candidacy for mayor, Mr. William F. Buckley, Jr., seemed to affirm the right of citizens to throw garbage out of the window, especially if John Lindsay happened to be passing by. The more libertarian pollutionists, as they call themselves, were delighted. Such are their numbers in New York, as the casual visitor can see for himself, that if Buckley had stood his ground, he would have been swept into office. But statesmanship assailed him; like many statesmen before him, he explained he had been misquoted. Many pollutionists oppose throwing organic garbage out the window. Mark Twain told in *Life on the Mississippi* how you could identify an old river hand: he did not allow the water of the great river to settle in the glass but stirred up the inch or two of sediment so as to get the full nutritive benefit. The same ritual is observed by the seagoing pollutionist cruising in Long Island Sound, Lake Erie, the Florida inland waters, or off the Manhattan sewers in the Hudson.

They have other pleasant customs. Thus they hold informal conventions and retreats at Niagara Falls. This awesome and now slightly yellowish cataract has a special, almost mystical meaning for pollutionists, much like that of Ripon for a Republican and Belmont, Massachusetts, for a Bircher. Once the mighty waters rejoiced only the eye and ear. Now they have something for the nose. Young

pollutionists have revived the custom of their grandparents and go to Niagara Falls for their honeymoon. They believe that any child conceived within sight and smell of the falls will be forever filthy.

The pollutionists face the future with confidence. However, they are naturally concerned with the problem of leadership. Few feel, as he and they both put it, that Lyndon Johnson is a man with whom they can go to the well. They do not trust Ladybird. But they haven't made up their minds about Robert Kennedy. He has youth on his side, and that is good. Too many older people have idealized, nostalgic, and impractical recollections of how things were before civilization arrived. But they have yet to check on one of his trips down a river to see what the children leave behind. The New Left is also young and looks promising, but some warn that its looks can be deceptive.

All members of the movement know Richard Nixon to be a fair-minded man who will weigh carefully the political advantages and disadvantages of a thing like pollution. And they know that he will take an earnest and principled stand on their behalf once they are really popular. But not before. Lester Maddox is still thought by some to be a comer, but he needs to broaden his base. He is identified with too narrow a concept of trash.

Until a short two years ago Barry Goldwater was the gray-white hope of the movement. All pollutionists dream of the day when a man can down a can or bottle of beer and let fly — with the container. As an avowed and militant opponent of government regulation, Barry, it was believed, could be counted upon to defend this basic freedom. Now the sophisticated pollutionists, who set the tone of the movement, are not so sure. Early this year, he lent his name to an effort to socialize Camelback Mountain, which abuts the Goldwater backyard. He wanted to turn it into a public park and thus prevent unsightly real estate development by the American free private-enterprise system. Such an aesthetic sense is naturally suspect — a man like that could come out against junkyards. Some now say that Barry may be a secret fellow traveler of Stewart Udall.

In fact, all members of the movement look forward to the day when their effort will attract a new and dynamic leader with an unqualified commitment to dirt. Nor is it likely that they will have long to wait. American cities, their empty lots, the highway approaches, the distant, distant countryside, the lakes and streams to the extent that they remain liquid, and the semisolid canopy over all bear visible, tangible, and frequently powerful testimony to the spirit that awaits only to be mobilized. Pollution may well be the nation's most broadly based and democratic effort.

READING LATE, IN WINTER

BY RICHARD TILLINGHAST

The lamp still buzzes;
Its dull fluorescent glare
Makes windows opaque
To the dance of flurried snow in the outside air.
Frozen branches crack,
The falling snow hisses
Groundward in the dark.
Inside I read
Cold-blooded Dante, climb the stubborn peak
Which surely soon must lead
To Beatrice,
Or I must give it up.
On a page of notes
I sketch an imaginary girl with eyes as deep
And crystal as the moats
Of Paradise,
Her forehead high and clear
As Beatrice's.
And I find all that I ever want to love there.
Other eyes and faces
Look straight at you
and are too definite.
I want the snow to stop and let the moon
Fill up the night.
And I want to run
Loup-garou —
Changing, screaming
Out over the snow,
Feel growing tooth and fingernail becoming
Bloody fang and claw.
I find myself running
Up the attic stairs
To the roof to throw
La Divina Commedia over the houses and stars
In a crestfallen vow
To leave home,
Books, everything.
I hear truck tires
Along empty highways droning their siren song
Of ultimate longs and fars.

viewpoint

Foreign Policy and the Crisis Mentality

by George McGovern

This comment by the junior senator from South Dakota inaugurates a new ATLANTIC feature.

In his *Crisis* papers of the American Revolution, Thomas Paine observed: "'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country."

Yet Paine was so fearful of the tendency of men to become indifferent or weary in times of crisis and conflict that he believed even panics produce "as much good as hurt."

If he were permitted to review our own time, he would doubtless conclude that the problem of maintaining a proper course between panic and complacency has taken on new dimensions, for the thirteen colonies which leveled their muskets against the established order have evolved into the world's mightiest power in a highly dangerous nuclear age. This is a responsibility which demands a rare capacity to distinguish between fundamental forces at work around the globe and localized crises of uncertain significance.

But there is a disturbing American tendency to overreact to certain ideological and military factors while overlooking issues of vastly greater relevance to our safety and well-being. A civil insurrection in Santo Domingo or Vietnam is dramatic, but what is its significance compared with such quiet challenges as the

proliferation of nuclear weapons, the surging of nationalism and social upheavals in the developing world, or the mounting crisis of hunger and population? What, too, is the relationship of the quality and strength of our own society to our position in the world? How will the world see us if we succeed in pacifying Vietnam but fail to pacify Chicago?

Many Americans, having grown impatient with the frustrations of the cold war, see each international tension as an urgent crisis calling for a direct and decisive attack on the enemy. Moreover, there must be no halfway measures: "Either get in or get out!" Those who suggest that there may be a proper limit to American power are branded as "neo-isolationists." A preference for the peacekeeping actions of the United Nations over a freewheeling unilateral interventionism is, for example, a sure sign of "neo-isolationism."

I believe that, in fact, we are in danger of seeing the isolationists of the 1920s and 1930s replaced by the neo-imperialists, who somehow imagine that the United States has a mandate to impose an American solution the world around. Those who see the United States in this role not only want U.S. police action in each trouble spot, but with decisive speed. The old isolationists and the new imperialists may be cut from the same cloth in that both look with disdain on the claims of the international community in contrast with the American way.

For example, the neo-imperialists' solution to the long, inconclusive struggle in Vietnam is a crushing military onslaught. They reject the outlook expressed not so long ago by General Maxwell Taylor when, as ambassador to Saigon, he said

that the issue there is "very largely a political, economic, and psychological problem." They would prefer the approach of former Senator Goldwater, who said of Vietnam: "I would turn to my Joint Chiefs of Staff and say: 'Fellows, we made the decision to win. Now it's your problem.'"

In this scheme of things, the Soviet Union and Mainland China are viewed not as major world powers with which we must live, but as diabolical conspiracies that sooner or later we must face in battle. The answer to other lesser threats, such as Fidel Castro, is the U.S. Marine Corps. If a political rebellion occurs in the Dominican Republic, send in American troops and worry about such international niceties as the UN and the OAS later. The answer to the Berlin problem is simple: "Tear down the wall."

There are doubtless many explanations for the crisis outlook.

For one thing, America is a comparatively new country that has been largely separated from the turmoil of world politics for most of our history. During the nineteenth century, we relied on the British to put out the fires that flared from time to time in out-of-the-way places. We were free to concentrate on the development of our own economy and institutions. Pulled into World War I by the course of events, we swung back to an even more ardent isolationist course in the 1920s and 1930s. It is thus not surprising that faced with a vastly greater international involvement after World War II, we have frequently overreacted to incidents that an older, more mature society would have regarded as "business as usual."

Second, many Americans have not assimilated a sense of the world's

diversity, nor do we look at events from an international vantage point. The older nations of Europe, steeped in the maelstrom of continental politics and with a century or more of colonial experience in every corner of the globe, have acquired a cosmopolitan view of the world. But when a political coup is attempted against an unpopular government in the Dominican Republic, or student rioting changes government policies in Japan, or De Gaulle seeks the leadership of Europe after liquidating hopeless French ventures in Asia and Africa, or a guerrilla movement threatens to bring down a much more generously armed American-backed regime in Saigon, we are unable to equate these events with our own experience. The revolution in mass communications instantly brings such developments into our living rooms, but there has been no corresponding increase in our capacity to evaluate the swift changes of our convulsive age.

Communist devils

A third explanation of our tendency to react strongly to events is the unique power of Communism (as a general menace) and of the Soviet Union or China or Cuba or North Vietnam (as the precise devil) to challenge a variety of deeply felt American dreams and values at their core. For the democratically oriented American public, these are evil forces which deny open political discussion, religious freedom, bona fide elections, and a framework of law and legal process. For those businessmen to whom a large portion of the world represents an essential area for expansion, Communism presents a dangerous challenge to capitalist ground rules. For Americans who dream of the United States exercising a dominant role in potentially unlimited areas of world development, to whom Theodore Roosevelt, and later, Henry Luce and others, have spoken, Moscow, Peking, Havana, and Hanoi are challenges to the American Century. And finally, for that sizable and vociferous minority whose views are premised on the assumption that conspiracies and dark alien powers sway world affairs — to whom the late Senator Joseph McCarthy was

the Angel Gabriel — Communist propaganda is tailor-made.

Thus, the American consensus against Communism — no matter the variety — is rooted in a very real set of challenges and denials. It is not easily dismissed as “hysteria.” Its deep traditional sources lead to an almost irresistible identification of any event related to Communism as a crisis, a dire and fundamental threat to basic values.

Our crisis tendency has been given additional force by the nature of our political leadership and our two-party political dialogue, especially since 1950.

In the years immediately following World War II, thanks to the leadership of men such as the late Senator Vandenberg, our foreign policy was conducted in a bipartisan manner largely free from political rancor and partisan duels. This was the period which launched the United Nations, the Marshall Plan, Point IV, and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

But with the triumph of Communism in China in 1949, the North Korean attack of 1950, and the breaking of our nuclear monopoly by the Soviet Union, the comparative confidence and calm of post-war American foreign policy were shattered. The first strains of the post-war world were beginning to wear on the American public even before the Korean conflict.

It was these cold-war tensions which set the stage for the poisoning of American political life by the late Senator McCarthy in the early 1950s. Many government officials and politicians still find it expedient to demonstrate their “Americanism” by frequent outbursts of rhetoric directed at the Communist enemy. The two political parties, having generally agreed on basic foreign policy objectives, wage a recurring battle over which party is taking the harder line against the Communists.

Fuel on the fire

Foreign policy, more mysterious and remote than domestic issues, is ideal grist for the political mill. The average citizen knows enough about social security to be somewhat invulnerable to loose charges against the program. But a prediction of disaster in the Caribbean based on

alleged evil in high places is beyond the capacity of our citizens to evaluate.

This kind of exercise has been a major cause of the crisis mentality. Having agreed for years on basic foreign policy assumptions and especially the containment of Communism, our political party leaders have found it necessary to devise other areas of combat. Each side knows that it must capitalize quickly on even inconsequential events lest the opposition do so first with telling political results. Politicians out of power have found it expedient to interpret each international incident as a mortal danger to the republic. Politicians in power must demonstrate that they are taking swift and forceful steps to save the nation from disaster.

No doubt the late President Kennedy benefited in the 1960 presidential campaign from the fact that Castro had come to power during a Republican Administration while at the same time the Russians were moving ahead of us in the missile race. Once in power, the new President was under pressure to take a hard, activist line on Cuba. Even after the nuclear showdown of October, 1962, when the Russian missiles were withdrawn from Cuba — a sensational cold-war victory for the United States — some politicians worked overtime to keep the crisis boiling. Any step to ease tensions was quickly branded as a softening of resolve.

American domestic political considerations have probably motivated our deepening involvement in Vietnam since the 1950s as much as any other factor. The Republicans accused the Democrats of “losing” China to the Communists in the 1940s; Secretary of State Dulles did not want to “lose” Southeast Asia in the 1950s and see the tables reversed. Whatever else was prudent, it was safest in terms of domestic politics to take a tough, militaristic stance toward revolutionary Asian leaders while embracing the comfortable old despotisms.

Looking back on the Bay of Tonkin incidents of August, 1964, one wonders if a crisis was manufactured by the Administration to justify a politically popular aerial reprisal against Hanoi backed by a strongly worded congressional resolution —

all of this at the beginning of a national election when Administration firmness was being questioned by the political challenger.

Again in February, 1965, American planes began bombing in both North and South Vietnam in response to a nighttime Viet Cong attack which killed several Americans in one of our barracks near Pleiku. Senator Goldwater had earned a "trigger-happy" label in 1964 for recommending the use of American bombers in Vietnam, but Administration spokesmen rationalized the bombing in 1965 by dramatic references to the Viet Cong's dastardly "sneak attack" — implying that enemy troops should attack only in broad daylight after a fair warning. Apparently our spokesmen had forgotten our schoolboy pride in George Washington's "sneak attack" on the British after he and his rebel forces stole across the Delaware River.

An American illusion

The meagerness of genuine discussion about fundamental issues and our tendency to magnify minor incidents have caused us to miss many opportunities for constructive new initiatives both at home and abroad. We have, for example, concentrated too heavily and too long on an all-out military response to the international challenge while neglecting the economic, political, and moral sources of our strength. Frequently we have confused means with ends and then argued about those means with all the passion ordinarily reserved for sacred principles. The crisis mentality and the emphasis on means always call for more and bigger weapons. The crisis addict becomes impatient when it is suggested that a nation's strength is measured as much by the quality of its schools, the health of its citizens, the vigor of its economy, and the treatment of minorities as by the size of its weapons. He lacks the perspective to realize that the steady, peaceful development of Asia, Africa, and Latin America is of far greater significance to American security than the political color of future regimes in Vietnam or in the Dominican Republic.

Foreign aid for underdeveloped countries is a favorite target of crisis-oriented citizens and legislators, who

are much more comfortable appropriating \$50 billion annually for arms than \$2 billion for economic development. The results of foreign aid are too slow to satisfy the mind dominated by a sense of crisis. Indeed, even an economic boycott (Cuba) or limited military action (Korea and Vietnam) is frustrating and unsatisfying to the crisis-prone individual, who would prefer to "clean up the mess" overnight.

Foreign aid bills have been presented to Congress year after year as a stopgap against the spread of Communism rather than as an investment in social and economic development. Poverty-stricken countries have been encouraged by shipment of American arms to build military machines as part of "the free world" defense against Communist aggression. But in the summer of 1965, Pakistan threw its American-supplied Patton tanks into war with India's American-supplied Sherman tanks. The final irony came when the Soviet Union, theoretically a potential target of the tanks, mediated an end to the war. This was scarcely a convincing demonstration of U.S. wisdom in determining other countries' needs.

While recognizing our responsibility to influence world affairs in the direction of peaceful development as best we can, we will do well to heed D. W. Brogan's warning of "the illusion of American omnipotence." There is a tendency for some Americans to assume that every distressing situation, no matter how remote, is the result of a failure on our part. During the late 1940s and early 1950s, we talked about "losing China," as though we had somehow been in command of China's destiny. But as Professor Brogan has reminded us, "A great many things happen in the world regardless of whether the American people wish them or not." For example, we ought to take every reasonable step to ensure the success of the Alliance for Progress and the defeat of Castroism in Latin America, but we must also recognize that the success of these efforts depends more on decisions that are made in Latin-American capitals than in Washington,

Furthermore, we must be willing to look at our own view of the world with at least as critical an eye as we apply to the views of others. Those

who have suggested that college students protesting our Vietnam policy should be automatically drafted are, in effect, calling for a moratorium on conscience and freedom. It would be ironic indeed to surrender liberty in America in the name of its advancement in Vietnam. Instead of intimidating the public dissenter, we ought to welcome his independence and give his views a careful hearing. Instead of promoting the government official who plays it safe by avoiding thoughts that might irritate his superiors, we ought to encourage intellectual integrity and moral courage as the most precious qualities of the public servant.

Stop, look, and listen

If we are to strengthen our position in the world, we must be willing to look carefully and critically at all foreign policy assumptions, including our present course in Southeast Asia and our insistence that the world's largest nation be excluded from the United Nations.

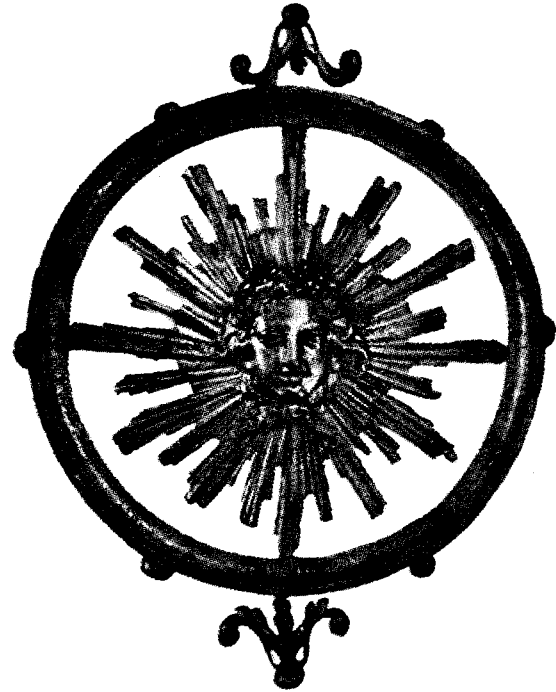
We can well afford to listen thoughtfully to the views of experienced leaders abroad, including General de Gaulle, despite his peculiar faculty for irritating Washington. The French successfully and gracefully terminated self-defeating campaigns in Southeast Asia and North Africa; in the process they might have gained certain insights that are worth our evaluation.

America has achieved a position of power and influence in the world that is unprecedented. We have often used that power generously and courageously, perhaps more than any other nation of our age. I have no doubt of our capacity to respond effectively to a genuine crisis that calls for vigorous and decisive action. I should like to believe that we will also develop a talent for discovering and responding rationally to the underlying forces at work in our time. But to those innumerable tensions, struggles, and incidents of the future that we neither can nor should control, I hope we will manifest a measure of Ralph Waldo Emerson's wisdom: "Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom."

BOOKS and MEN *The Gallic society of Versailles was divided into three parts, each of them here limned by ATLANTIC critic Louis Kronenberger.*

THE SETTING OF THE SUN KING

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER



THE reign, the court life, the personal and inviolable majesty of Louis XIV have attracted biographers in every age, and been steadily in demand among readers. This is not hard to account for: in addition to being the lengthiest of reigns, Louis's was the most resplendent; was the most scandalous as well as ceremonious of courts; and Louis himself was the grandest mannered as well as the most terrifying of monarchs. No other king, again, has had three ladies around the house who to this day are household names; nor presided over so many splendid establishments, from the Louvre, which he avoided, to the Versailles which he adored; and none either, that I know of, had so many famous writers- and artists-in-residence, whether as composers or historiographers or dramatists or diarists or chaplains or gardeners or tutors.

And now Nancy Mitford, whose writing has nicely mingled real French people — Voltaire, Madame de Pompadour — with fictional English ones, has paused to celebrate Louis, and turned back to his fabulous and rather monstrous world in *The Sun King*. Her book is not a from-the-cradle-to-the-grave biography, since it really begins with the King, in his early twenties, assuming absolute power at Mazarin's death; nor does it open a very wide window on history, since it deals hardly at all with Louis's place in the Europe of his time, and

very little more with his actual governing of France. The book is firmly centered in that most renowned of Louis's creations, Versailles; it begins, indeed, with his impulse to "create" it, and Versailles becomes not simply the scene of most of *The Sun King*, but very often its principal subject matter. It is court life that Miss Mitford perambulates, social history that she proffers — which is to say, palace duplicity in the very obvious sense of the word, palace domesticity in the not everywhere wholesome sense, palace promiscuity in the form of locked doors and lurking figures, not to mention matters of genealogy, precedence, protocol, to which it is hard to say whether Louis XIV or Miss Mitford attaches the greater importance. All this involves, of course, one of the most extraordinary casts of characters available in a single setting and period; and all this, on its own terms, is abundant sustenance enough and *sauce piquante* enough for a great feast of high life, swimming in anecdote about small disasters on great occasions, and flowing with gossip about the worst side of the Best People.

At a court of such magnitude it is a memory test to keep track of who's who, let alone of their grandmothers; and of vast help as well as genuine delight are the book's fine illustrations, many of them in superb color. These support Miss Mitford's own

Photo: Rapho Agence Photographique, Paris. From THE SUN KING, Harper & Row.

eye for scene and gifts of language, alternating close-ups with panoramas, grandees with gardens, period atmosphere with personal detail. With so long a reign to traverse and so large a company to keep in touch with, the fixedness of Versailles — which includes the many years it was building — proves a narrative blessing. To be sure, Louis, in addition to his military tours, was off on occasion to Marly or Meudon or Fontainebleau, though almost never to Paris, which he shunned; but these were excursions, progresses, whims of his, and it is Versailles that comes to mean home. Its being home links *The Sun King* with another recent and rewarding book, *At the Court of Versailles* (edited by Gilette Ziegler), the text annotating passages from the letters and memoirs of various observers of our fifty-year-long scene.

There is only one commanding actor of this scene: the King, despite monotonous quirks and magnificent competition, dwarfs everyone else. And in the end, there can be only one historian of it, much drawn upon here: the Duc de Saint-Simon, who, though prejudiced, long-winded, and a latecomer, is as essential to Louis and Versailles as is Boswell to Johnson (and who is also as peculiar a genius). But there is *not* just one Versailles. I count at least three: one a very grand spectacle; another, full of weird figures and sideshows; a third, all backstage grime and stealth.

We all know the glittering storybook Versailles: the stately ceremonial, the polished comedy of manners, the coroneted *chronique scandaleuse*. This is the Versailles of Miss Mitford's best pages and of almost all the book's illustrations. In it the King promenades and gives ear to courtiers; the King dines, alone but observed by multitudes; the King hunts: it is a diversion he loves. There are tournaments, garden parties, supper parties, masked balls, musicales. *At the Court of Versailles* records a grand week-long entertainment. By day, knights ride at full gallop, lance in hand, to unhook and carry off rings hanging from a stake; in the brilliantly lighted dusk, Lully advances at the head of a vast troupe marching in time with his new music; simultaneously, moving down a different avenue emerge The Four Seasons — Spring on a great Spanish horse, Summer on an elephant, Autumn on a camel, Winter on a bear. Later that week comes the famous *première* (and, for some time, *dernière*) of *Tartuffe*. So life proceeds, with an elaborate protocol governing every great, and almost every routine, occasion. People were shown civilities based on rank — those greeted or au-revoired at the Door, those offered an Armchair, those worthy of being seen off in their Coach. There were customs, too, that began with ladies arriving in their coach and in due course passing through a door; whether an armchair came next is less certain.

Such incidents are the commonplaces of Versailles and of a hundred historical novels; the attendant or subsequent scandals gave Versailles its small talk and made of it a whispering gallery. In all such presentations of *The King and I*, the star of Act I was Mademoiselle de La Vallière; of Act II, Madame de Montespan; of Act III, Madame de Maintenon. Much protocol, much *geste* obtained even here: so long as his Queen lived, the King always slept in her bed.

Contributing to the splendors of Versailles, but receiving little attention in *The Sun King*, were the artists Louis XIV patronized and domiciled, and their achievements in art. Just how much Louis cared for art, as distinguished from magnificent effects, is doubtful (though he genuinely liked music and plays). But he knew the worth of talent, and his Versailles boasts a blazing constellation of names. Molière and Racine helped write its plays, Bossuet preached its sermons, La Bruyère and Fénelon tutored its sons, Lully composed its music, Mansart was its architect, Le Nôtre its gardener. Nor was Saint-Simon its only distinguished chronicler: Madame de Sévigné and Madame de la Fayette were others. The paintings displayed at Versailles, by Giorgione, Mantegna, Raphael, Veronese, Poussin, and Rubens, now hang in the Louvre. And all this great spectacle was conducted on an unprecedentedly great scale: there "lived" at the palace some fifteen thousand people — standing, squatting, kneeling, bowing, bending forward, walking backward, but very seldom seated, in the presence of the King.

THERE is a second Versailles, where Old Masters give way to caricature, eulogy turns to jest, breeding to inbreeding, and noble personages appear as "characters." There is considerable petty malice here and considerable reason for it; and here, with his flair for gossip and eye for the grotesque, Saint-Simon is invaluable, though others contribute also. A puritan duke personally smashes all the "indecent" statues he inherits from a cardinal. A great lady, asked whether she recites the Lord's Prayer, says yes, all but the forgiving trespasses. As the King's brother expires, his widow shrieks at the top of her lungs: "No convent for me! Don't you talk to me about convents! I won't go to a convent!" Wives, for a joke, have other ladies impersonate them in bed; in deadly earnest, a madly ambitious courtier lies all night under the bed of Madame de Montespan and the King to find out what they think of him.

But such anecdotes cannot fully convey what an opulent madhouse or human menagerie Versailles could be. It is less an anecdote than a portraiture

that Saint-Simon excels, whether from among the living personages or from among the living freaks and monsters who enter and exit, re-enter and re-exit over thousands of pages. There is just space to sample Saint-Simon's obituary of the exalted Prince de Condé. No man, we are told, had more ability, or when he chose, was more discerning, noble, graceful. But none could be odder. He had four dinners waiting for him every day in four different houses. Once, entering the Maréchale de Noailles's bedroom as her bed was being made, he cried out, "Oh, the nice pretty bed, the nice pretty bed!", leapt upon it, rolled over and over in it, and climbed down apologizing that it was so clean and inviting, what else could he do? At one period, he thought he was a dog, and during the King's going-to-bed ceremonies, threw his head in the air and opened his mouth wide, imitating one. Late in life, he refused to eat, announcing that he was dead and that the dead do not eat. Fearing that if he didn't eat he *would* die, his doctors agreed that he was dead but insisted that the dead did sometimes eat, and produced a few such. The trick worked, but M. le Prince would eat only with these dead men and his doctor.

Yet, more perhaps than Louis's Versailles was ceremonial grandeur or idiot farce, it was something of a nightmare or a horror story. Under the jewels and furs and velvets might be found bodies hideous with sores; after the great dinners and suppers came ghastly paroxysms of pain; in the midst of life there was everywhere the specter of death. None of this is symbolic; it was actual, true. Even wearing a mask under a mask wasn't symbolic; it was a season's doubtless very useful vogue. There were genuine drawbacks to being highborn and rich. If, with 498 people attending the King's dinner table, or 1500 jets of water playing at Versailles, there was a good deal of Hollywood about it all, there was perhaps even more of hell. What it nowadays means to be sick, at Versailles was deemed good health. Everyone, from a gluttonous King down, regularly took gargantuan purges; whom one dined with might be spreading smallpox, whom one danced with might be wasted with cancer. In an age of fiendishly misguided medical theory, the rich, able to afford slews of doctors and doomed to die of their prescriptions, could be worse off than the poor. Almost every ailment meant constant bloodletting; almost any mishap could end in blood poisoning.

The King, moreover, who insisted that the Court attend him at Versailles, and was a past master at taking attendance, also insisted that women he liked attend him on his travels; and they, whether big with child or burning with fever, had to sit with him in his coach, could never nap, never refuse food, never relieve themselves, never

droop — "to feel sick," wrote Saint-Simon, "was an unforgivable sin." Hence even the one person Louis adored, his grandson's wife the Duchesse de Bourgogne, could be jogged into a miscarriage. She, moreover, along with three successive heirs to the throne — her father-in-law, her husband, and her son — died within eleven months of smallpox, measles, doctoring; and her younger son, but for his governess hiding him from the doctors, might never have lived to be Louis XV.

But hell at Versailles was not just a gruesome infirmary. Mischief, slander, conspiracy abounded. Poisoning was virtually the rage, from *poudres à heritage*, "medicine" to dispose of unwanted rich relations, to hospitality, from which magnificoes might die in agony, and for which great ladies were burned at the stake. But the very air was poisoned, with espionage, treachery, debauchery. Versailles boasted a whole titled homosexual society, with, right in the palace, princes "scurrying through the night." When Madame de Maintenon remonstrated with the King, he answered: "Am I to begin then with my own brother?" Even paying the King homage was a hazard. Louis, when young, attended an entertainment in his honor which proved so presumptuously grand that Louis's bread-and-butter letter was a *lettre de cachet*, locking up his host "perpetually" in a fortress. And Louis, when old, resentful of military disasters, remorseful for various misdeeds, and all too aware that the night cometh, could be more than ever, more harshly, more unaccountably, autocratic.

Louis the *man* is perhaps not too difficult to grasp, being, if monumentally large, relatively one dimensional. He was every inch, and in his every thought, a king, making of divine right a superb, often rather diabolical, role, and making *hubris* in other men seem like downright humility. He had a gimlet eye, a medieval mind, a Bourbon's memory; his rebukes could annihilate, his condescensions sometimes enchant. With matters spiritual he was not always at one. He thought that Christ's language should have been more upper class; and after a great military defeat, he said: "God seems to have forgotten all I have done for Him." War gave Louis a blazing noon — at forty he was lord of all Europe. It gave him equally a bloody sunset — a France exhausted and distressed. Women gave him lifelong pleasure and were his greatest weakness, whether from their being able to tempt or to manage him. His subjects' welfare gave him small concern: he refused to hear about millions of wretches who froze, or starved, or died like flies carrying out his vast building schemes. Late in life he made three extremely costly mistakes. He

revoked the Edict of Nantes, which drove half a million (many of them notable) Protestants into exile; he helped set his grandson on the throne of Spain, which, threatening the balance of power, beclouded any hopes of peace; and at the exiled James II's death, he recognized his son as James III of England, which let slip the dogs of war.

In viewing *le roi soleil*, Miss Mitford at times wears sunglasses, at other times rose-colored ones. She notes most of his failings, but glides — or, more accurately, hurries — over them, since it is the Grand Monarque, the master of Versailles, the company he keeps, the ladies he smiles on, the nobles he snubs, the festivities he graces, that attract and inspirit her. All this side of things Miss Mitford handles with decided vivacity, and much of the royal couch, *chaise percée*, and arsenic-in-the-soup side, too. Her book is wonderfully readable. But though the grandeurs it celebrates do not dim her wit, they let her sense of humor doze, and flatten out her sense of style. The royal misfortunes induce servant-girl-literature clichés. “One hopes,” writes Miss Mitford, “that the King found comfort [in his new chapel] in the trials that lay ahead”; or “The events of February 1712 are almost too heart-rending to relate.” On the other hand, the misfortunes of the King's subjects draw from Miss Mitford such dinner-party adjectives as “horrid” and “dreadful,” which are perhaps the only licensed upper-class words for referring to unspeakable torture or mass starvation. And, to Miss Mitford, Louis's story offers no fresher moral, if it offers that, than *vanitas vanitatum*, and no more stringent morality than when and with whom to be polite. She pronounces for Louis XIV as “perhaps

the most truly polite king who ever lived.” But contradictory evidence on his part aside, on this subject Miss Mitford is perhaps not altogether trustworthy, in view of that memorable Edict of Nancy some years ago, that the only possible response to any non-U phrase, such as a friendly “It was so nice meeting you,” is total silence. Whether or not supremely polite, Louis could show kingly control as when, to keep from thrashing a courtier he was furious with, he flung his cane out of the window.

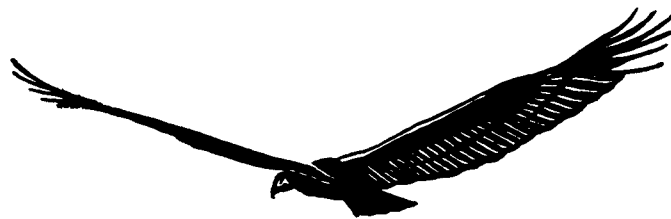
On the seamy side there is more material in *At the Court of Versailles* than in *The Sun King*, along with additional sidelights and details. But much derives from our great chronicler who for twenty-odd years shadowed the Sun King, and as it is with Saint-Simon that any writer on Louis and Versailles begins, so I think must any fully life-size account of them end. Not in Saint-Simon either do we get political history, but we do get the vast methodology of a whole society and way of life; here, indeed, one after another of La Rochefoucauld's worldly maxims turn to flesh and blood, breathe and whisper and walk about. No wonder Proust pored endlessly over Saint-Simon (finding in him, for that matter, such names as Mirepoix and Charlus). And Saint-Simon is more than a tireless chronicler; he has a great novelist's power of portrayal, and his blind spots, however many, fall far short of his perceptions. His name is ineffaceably stamped on the crowded scene he portrays; and his *Memoirs*, though of staggering length, will richly repay a little dipping into, say a couple of hundred pages in one place, and a couple of hundred more in another.

ATLANTIC “FIRSTS”

For twenty-one years the ATLANTIC has held out a special incentive to short-story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called Atlantic “Firsts” — short stories by unpublished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We are happy to announce the following prizewinners for 1966:

**First prize of \$750 awarded to
RUDOLPH WURLITZER
for “The Boiler Room”
in the March issue**

**Second prize of \$250 awarded to
JAMES FETLER
for “The Dust of Yuri Serafimovich”
in the June issue**



The Condor Passes

A Story by Shirley Ann Grau

A Southern writer who manages in her fiction to combine realism and symbolism with a touch of the poet, Shirley Ann Grau has been regarded as an author of considerable talent and brilliance since the publication of her first book of stories in 1955. The characters in the following story will appear in the new novel on which she is working, but the story is not a part of that novel.

IT WAS part of Stanley's job to open the greenhouse every morning. After the old man had taken his breakfast. It was part of Stanley's job to march formally along the slate-paved corridor that led from the west corner of the entrance hall, and throw open the double doors that led into the greenhouse itself. Then he had to scurry rapidly among the welter of pots and trees, while the cool tips of climbing orchids and the furry tips of chain trees brushed his neck. Straight to the birdcage. Check the birds — first the floor: remove any dead ones quickly. Before the old man came.

Next Stanley was to check the live birds — even more quickly now, because behind him he could hear the sound of the old man approaching. If any living bird looked sick or weak, Stanley had to reach out and grab it at once, snapping the neck in his fingers and stuffing the carcass out of sight. The old man must never in the course of a day see a bird die or flop about injured or unhealthy.

Sometimes — during the twelve years he had been a butler here — Stanley thought that they had arranged it this way just to make his job difficult. Why, for example, didn't they let him open the greenhouse doors before the old man came down to breakfast? There was plenty of time then, and there wouldn't be any of this last-minute business of disposing of the dead birds . . .

But it wasn't that way at all. Everything in the house had a fixed and ordered pattern. Unchangeable.

Exactly at seven thirty every morning, the old man came down in the elevator with Mr. Murphy, the white night nurse.

White . . . Stanley sniffed. White like me, maybe. Just because he's got blue eyes, it don't mean he's white. His grandma was a nigger, sure as anything. All you had to do was look at the hands on him, and the nails. It didn't mean nothing that he had blue eyes . . . Stanley thought: Anna's got blue eyes. I got to tell him this very day how I got a sister that's got blue eyes . . . See if that bugs him a little . . . Mister Murphy, you ever hear how many niggers got blue eyes . . .

But not now. Now was the morning routine. And the birdcage. It was a huge flattened watermelon-shaped affair made of reeds and straw.

It reached right up to the high ceiling and down to the flagstone floor. The old man's daughter, who had decorated this greenhouse, had told Stanley that it was a fish trap of the sort that Brazilian fishermen use.

Maybe it caught fish, Stanley thought, but it was hell on birds. They died by twos and threes, every day since it had been installed there four years ago. That made hundreds of birds in my hands, Stanley thought.

Only instead of taking the cage down, the old man's daughter kept restocking it. The pet shop in town sent out a new batch of birds every Wednesday afternoon. And if the old man noticed any difference in numbers according to the day of the week, he never said anything.

Finally, even the old man's daughter was convinced that it was not the fault of the birds but had something to do with her precious cage. So she found a man who knew about things like that. He came two days ago. A short bald man with thick glasses. Stanley watched while he emptied the cage and gave it a spray with some kind of powder and put in all new birds. Of a more resistant species, he said.

Resistant to what, Stanley wondered. Except maybe the old man . . . And there wasn't many people could do that, so what did you expect of a bird?

He looked on the floor of the cage. Nothing there. He studied the birds fluttering on their perches. Some of them were actually singing — he hadn't heard anything like that for quite a while. And even the silent ones looked all right. So maybe the little man with his powder had done some good. Stanley hoped so. He was tired of picking up the stiff bony bodies. Sometimes he didn't have time to toss the small things out the side door, he'd have to slip them into his pocket. And once, one bad day when four or five of them had died, he'd had to tuck one up under his sleeve. A smelly swollen one at that. They swelled up quick in the damp heat of the greenhouse, quicker than outside.

THIS morning there was nothing to toss out. Stanley drew a sigh of relief.

The rubber-tired wheels of the chair were very close. Stanley straightened up and stood properly, hands behind back, while the old man came in. Roberta, the downstairs maid, was pushing him, as she did every morning.

Stanley avoided her eyes, those yellow eyes like a cat's, always staring at him. As if he didn't have enough trouble without getting mixed up with that broad. Never enough. Not for her. And he

wasn't all that young anymore, and with a wife of his own at home . . . he just wasn't up to things like that.

Roberta wheeled the old man to his accustomed place. It was a cleared space like a room in the very center of the greenhouse, completely surrounded by ceiling-high greenery, completely hidden from everything except the low whine of the ventilating fan and the nervous trickle of the little fountain a few dozen feet away.

The old man held up his hand, silently, and listened a minute. Funny, old as he was, and crippled and bent, like last year's kernel in a mockernut, he could still hear.

He listened, and then nodded, his head trembling on his thin neck. "Thank you, Roberta," he said.

She left, as the routine said she was to do. But she cut across the space at such an angle that she was bound to cross Stanley's vision. She wiggled her rear under her tight white dress. She did not look over her shoulder. She did not need to.

Stanley kept his face straight, he'd had lots of practice. Jesus, he thought, with Fred the mailman wanting to lay her real bad these past two, three months . . . you always did find him in the kitchen, hanging around, delaying his route; he was lucky they hadn't caught him at that. Why didn't she take on Fred . . .

Stanley stood quietly, in a version of what they would have called parade rest in the army. Almost, but not quite.

The old man sat in his wheelchair, not moving, not saying anything. Just breathing.

Which was quite an effort for him, Stanley thought. Quite an effort.

He whistled and rattled, the phlegm in the back of his throat fluttered, the sinews on the side of his thin neck, the sinews like small snarled cords, moved slightly, tightening and then loosening. His eyes were closed, those old bright eyes, hooded like a bird's, and quick as a bird's too, flashing open to catch you watching.

Stanley did not look at the old man. He simply stood, wiggling his toes inside his black shoes to amuse himself. Thinking, in spite of everything, about Roberta. She had a cute ass, round and high . . .

The old man gargled and fluttered the steamy air through his lungs. The wet air, thick as a cloth, the heavy air, greasy as oil with all the flower and leaf scents on it.

Stanley no longer sweated profusely in the damp heat. When he first took this job — eleven, twelve years ago, he'd really forgotten just when — his shirts were always drenched with sweat when he was finished and came out of the greenhouse, and he'd have to walk around the kitchen with his coat off and his arms waving in the air like a

clipped chicken to dry himself off. Sometimes he would even go and stand directly in front of an air-conditioning vent, and let the cold dry air run over him until he had a fit of shivers and had to step away.

The heat in the greenhouse had bothered him once, and so had the smell, the heavy sweet flower smells, the dripping perfumes and musks. Flowers always reminded him of funerals. But he'd gotten used to it. After all, this was a good job. With only the old man in the house.

He was snoring loudly now, his square bony chin resting on the carefully knotted tie.

Soft rubber-soled steps and a faint starchy rustle — Miss Carter and her round white cap nodded to Stanley over a low green distance. That meant that Mr. Murphy, the night nurse, was gone. Miss Carter pulled back and disappeared, her reddish-blond hair fading against some reddish-blond orchids. She would wait in the hallway, reading the morning paper, the one the old man had glanced at during breakfast.

Same thing every morning . . . Stanley wiggled his toes. Big toe, second toe, third toe, fourth, fifth. Now, big toe alone, others flat and quiet. Now the little toe alone . . . No, no luck. Still couldn't do it.

That was how Stanley spent his waiting time, learning to move his toes separately. He would really practice later on, when he was off duty and barefoot. He could move the big toe alone, that was fine. But now he wanted to move the little one.

It had to move, he thought, it was a toe, like the others, it had to be movable, and he was going to train it. Only so far, it wasn't doing any good. If the little one moved, so did the others . . . He would have to keep practicing.

ABRUPTLY the old man woke up. The thin head lifted, the chin left the tie, which now had a small wet saliva spot on its smooth silk surface. His hand left the arm of the wheelchair and reached out.

Stanley came alive, suddenly. Thinking: the old man's morning naps are just about the same length, how does he know, must have a clock in his head . . .

Stanley got the cigar box — it was only a foot or two away on a little table, but the old man never actually reached over and took hold of it, he only waved toward it with his hand, and Stanley did the rest. He selected the cigar, slowly because the old man liked to watch. And he cut it, slowly too so the old man could see exactly how he was doing it. Then he tucked the cut end between the old man's thin blue-tinged lips.

Stanley lit it for him too, and put the silver lighter back on the table, noticing as he did that there were some spots of tarnish on its flat shiny surface. He would have to bring that back into the kitchen to be polished, before the old man's daughter came. She was a great housekeeper, and she prowled around her father's house, running her finger along the tops of the shower-curtain rods, and over the bulbs in lamps, opening cupboards and searching drawers.

The old man began to cough, the heavy aromatic smoke spilled from his lungs. Stanley, standing beside him, stretched out his left arm, stiffly. The old man bent forward against it, pressing against it with his thin bony chest, and coughed comfortably. His hands, which rested on his knees, did not move. His fingers, which held the cigar, did not loosen. When he was done, he rested silently against the arm. After a moment, Stanley straightened his arm gently, lifting him back into position. The coughing had given his face a little color. As Stanley watched, the pink drained off, and there was the usual putty color of old skin. Stanley took his arm away, the thin knotted hand lifted the cigar again, the old lungs filled. And emptied smoothly. No cough. Stanley stepped back, resumed his waiting, his toe exercising. The old man smoked quietly, and there was only the deep sound of his breathing.

They were both waiting for eight thirty, when, as he did every weekday, the old man's office manager would arrive for his day's orders.

Standing quietly, again practicing moving his toes, Stanley almost did not notice the black shadow that passed over the glass roof of the greenhouse. A bird, he thought, flying low, a black bird, and pretty big. A crow, he supposed, or some kind of hawk. There'd been a red-tailed hawk in the big pecan tree down at the road yesterday. It must be cruising about now, looking for breakfast.

And then Stanley noticed the old man. He was sitting up straight, he almost never did that. (Only once a long time ago — how long was that? Stanley thought. Eight years, when he had heard the news about his son-in-law.)

"Did you see that?" the old man asked. His thin crippled body was poised against the air.

"Yessuh," Stanley said soothingly, remembering that it was bad for the old man to get upset. "A big crow or that red-tailed hawk I been seeing around here."

The old man turned to look at him, and the bright eyes, hooded like a bird's himself, blinked at Stanley. "That was a condor. I didn't know they had them in this country. I never saw one before."

"Yessuh," Stanley said.

"Do you know what a condor is? Of course you wouldn't."

"Nosuh," Stanley said.

"We had them in San Isidro, had lots of them. Wasn't a day you didn't look up and see one of the damn big birds sailing over looking at you."

"Suh . . ." Stanley said dutifully, wondering if he should call the nurse now. Whenever the old man started thinking about his days in South America, he got upset.

"And the damn fool Indians, you could kill them before they'd work like a white man . . ."

Stanley thought: I'll give him maybe half a minute more, and then I'll call for Miss Carter.

But this time the old man slipped off the subject. "Long ago, boy" — his hand waved vaguely toward Stanley. "Gone too. Now I can't drink coffee; those days I used to chew up the beans in my teeth. Like an Indian. Carry a gun and shoot a man soon as a snake, and always looking over my shoulder for bandits . . . That's gone, boy."

The old man dropped his hand and rested, remembering quietly. Stanley decided he would not have to call Miss Carter.

"Yes," the old man said, so softly that Stanley had difficulty hearing him, "I had my time."

"Yessuh," Stanley said again. (The old man's daughter had told him, years ago, when he first took the job: Don't argue with him. Whatever he says, tell him yes. Whatever he says.)

"You wouldn't believe it now. You wouldn't believe the things if I told you. The things we did in San Isidro."

HE SOUNDED sorry, Stanley thought. And it would be hard to be old and crippled, with nobody to remember the things you remembered. For there wasn't anybody left from that time . . . Stanley had heard about it: The old man made his money in South America, fruit and coffee, people said. He'd gone down poor, and come back rich. He married then, a man already into middle age, and had his children late, and settled down to a peaceful life.

But that meant there'd be nobody who'd remember . . .

Stanley thought it would be hard, to be cut off like that. He and his wife now, they knew just exactly where they would go when they got old and too tired to work. They'd go back to Ocena Springs, Mississippi, and they'd live in the house that Stanley's mother now lived in, the house that they were keeping for their old age. They'd known everybody in that town since they were kids, and when they got very old and sick and the shell of their body sat loosely around them,

they wouldn't be alone. There'd be other people to sit on the porches with them and talk about things that had happened to them years before.

Like: the time they were playing hooky from school, fooling around back on the old shell road that went to the Spanish fort, way back of town, where you could hardly find the road for the palmettos that overgrew it, and the still unmoving air smelled musky from snakes. They'd gone off the road somehow, and one of them — Charlie Edwards, it was — stepped into a quicksand, and by the time they got to him and found a plank to reach to him, he was down to his waist in the stuff, he'd lost his pants and torn his shirt. And when his mama found out what he'd been doing that made him come home half naked, stripped like a willow that's been peeled, she was too frightened to give him the beating he deserved. "Don't you never forget," she screeched at them all, because Charlie was her only child and her husband gone, "don't you never forget what you done today. And how near you come to getting killed. Don't you never forget, not so long as you live."

They remembered all right, Stanley thought. His wife, Louise, she had been one of those kids, and every so often she'd say to him: "You remember that pit on the road to the old Spanish fort?" When they went to Ocena Springs, they'd find other people who remembered things like that. They wouldn't ever be alone, not the way the old man was. With just a lot of images in his mind and nobody really knowing what they were about . . .

Stanley heard the crisp footfall of Mr. Larsen, who was the old man's office manager. It would be exactly eight thirty. Mr. Larsen was never either late or early.

The old man might be crippled and weak and alone, but he still ran his own affairs. Stanley didn't know too much about that. He left just as soon as Mr. Larsen arrived, so he didn't hear what they were talking about, but he knew from Viola, the cook, who'd been in the house for twenty-five years, that the old man was mean and sharp and feisty in his business. "Don't you let that body of his fool you none," Viola would always say. "He can't run no races, nor things like that, and he'd be no good to a woman anymore, but there ain't nothing wrong with his mind, and he just sits in that hothouse of his thinking up ways to screw more people and make some more money." And when Stanley looked startled, as he did the first time he heard that, Viola just chuckled. "I reckon he is just about the smartest man God ever got around to making."

But she'd been there longer than anyone else, and she remembered back to the time when the old man's wife was still alive, and his children

were just married, back to the time before his strokes and paralysis.

Stanley left the greenhouse, closing the door behind him, moving from the warm moist air to the crispy cool dry air of the main part of the house, air that always smelled faintly of machine oil. They'd tried, but the servicemen had never been able to get that odor out of the air conditioner.

Miss Carter was sitting at her usual station in the hall; she dropped the newspaper. "Good morning, Stanley. How is he?"

"Same, I guess," Stanley said. "Feeble."

"More than yesterday?"

"No."

"Then it's a good day for him."

"Would you like me to bring you a cup of coffee?"

"No, thanks." She almost never accepted. "I'm just waiting to see if I'm needed, as usual."

Stanley went to the kitchen; he would get his own breakfast now. The room was empty. Viola must be off somewhere. Stanley hung his white coat carefully on the back of a chair. He poured himself a cup of coffee and shook out some corn-flakes into a bowl. He was eating that when Viola appeared. She was a short wide woman, not fat but very muscular. "How is he?"

"Same as yesterday," Stanley said, with his mouth full.

Viola clucked her tongue.

"You didn't expect no miracles?" Stanley teased her. "Nor anything like that?"

She sighed in answer.

MR. LARSEN left, and the old man's daughter arrived, as she did every single morning, weekends included, at ten o'clock. And the old man's daughter found the cigarette lighter with the spot of tarnish on it. She was so upset by this that she went through the house more carefully than ever, and insisted on taking all the linen out of the linen closet and looking it over, even the great initialed damask cloths that belonged to her mother and hadn't been used since those days. Of course she found that they were blotched by brown age spots, and so the whole staff spent the rest of the morning (while Miss Carter stayed with the old man) carrying the cloths to the backyard and stretching them on the grass in the full sun and spreading the brown age spots with a mixture of lemon juice and salt. And all this time the old man's daughter stood in the shade of the big oak tree and watched. By noon they were all tired, and so she went off to have lunch with her mother-in-law, as she did every day. She had always got on better with her in-laws than with her own father.

She kissed him good-bye. "See you tomorrow, Papa."

"Edna?" That was her mother-in-law's name. The old man asked as if he didn't know.

"Of course, Papa, I always have lunch there."

"Terrible woman."

"I'm going," the old man's daughter said hastily.

The old man said: "No wonder that fellow killed himself with a mother like that to drive him to it."

The old man's daughter turned her round middle-aged face to Stanley. In her eyes the old bewilderment at her husband's suicide. "Stanley," she said, trying to change the subject, "have you ever seen a father like this!"

"Don't involve the boy," the old man said.

A boy, Stanley thought, forty-six and I'm still a boy . . . And he felt a little rise of anger, white people were like that . . . But pretty soon it died away. The old man annoyed everybody, white and black alike. Look at his own daughter now, tears beginning in her eyes . . .

"I know you don't really mean that, Papa. See you tomorrow."

The old man said to Stanley with surprising strength in his voice: "Silly woman, married a horse's ass of a husband."

But Stanley remembered the day when he had brought the news of that suicide. When he had brought the phone to the greenhouse and plugged it into the jack and rolled the wheelchair up to it. And all the time the old man was grumbling, "What the hell is going on, what the hell do you think you're doing . . . I don't answer the phone, not in here, you can damn well take the message or they can come out here and tell me . . . and why for Chrissake are you looking like that? You look like you're ready to puke. What the hell is going on?"

And Stanley not saying anything, just slowly going about the business of putting the old man in contact with the instrument . . .

Stanley already knew the message, he had heard it. He had just refused to deliver it. "No, suh," he said firmly into the phone, "I couldn't tell him nothing like that. If you will hold on, suh, I will get him to the phone himself."

The old man took the receiver away from Stanley testily. "What the hell's going on?" he demanded into it.

Then he listened. His body stiffened, as if his spine would break. Stiffened and pulled away from the back of the chair, back arching like a bow. Just the way he did when one of his stroke attacks came. Stanley reached out to grab him, but something stopped his hand, and the old man's body stayed stiff and arched, but it didn't fall over or collapse. It just stayed there.

Finally he said to Stanley: "Take the phone

back where it belongs." Quietly. He settled back into the chair. That was all.

Eight years later the old man's widowed daughter said: "Stanley, will you carry that package to the car for me?"

And Stanley, understanding that she wanted a word with him privately, said: "Yes, ma'am."

They walked all the way to the front door before she asked: "Does he look all right to you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Not pale?"

"He's got his good days and his bad."

"Not complaining?"

"He don't ever complain."

"He looks sort of strange to me . . . How're the birds doing?"

"All alive this morning."

"Fine . . . I guess I will ask the doctor to come by."

And Stanley knew she meant the doctor for the old man, not the birds.

The old man was waiting for Stanley, bright hooded eyes in the wheelchair. "What were you two talking about?"

Stanley sighed silently. The old man always knew or he guessed correctly. So Stanley told him the truth. "She asked me if I thought you looked all right."

"Hah!"

"Said you had your good days and your bad ones."

The old man did not answer. He seemed to have gone back to sleep, and his hands on the arms of the chair were fastened like a bird's claws when it roosts.

THE old man had lunch and went to his nap. Stanley and Miss Carter stretched him out on the huge tester bed with the maroon velvet quilt, stretched him out dressed and all, tie still in place, and covered him with a light cotton blanket because it was summer and even the air-conditioned house was warm. The old man fell asleep at once. He seemed very sleepy, he had dozed through his lunch and hadn't eaten a thing.

"I'll ask the doctor about that when he comes," Miss Carter said, and then they went their separate ways. Miss Carter to have her own lunch and read in the upstairs sitting room, near the old man's door in case he should call out. Stanley down to the kitchen.

Roberta was there, Roberta with her tight high bottom and her smiling eyes. Like a cat's, he thought, eyes like a cat's. He did not want to spend his lunch avoiding her glance. "Just fix me a sandwich, Vi," he told the cook, "I'm going to lie down, I'm tired."

"You want company?" Roberta asked wickedly.

"And what you do if I say yes, little girl?"

"Don't you want to see?"

"No," he said, "I don't want nothing. Except I'm tired standing, and I want to sit down." He put the sandwich in a paper napkin and took a bottle of Coke out of the icebox. He ate his lunch sprawled out on the bed of the room that was called his, way back in the servants' wing of the house. His room, even though he had never lived there.

He was resting when the doorbell rang. He heard it clearly: one of the stations was at the end of the servants' corridor. He did not move. Roberta or Viola or Miss Carter would answer.

He supposed it was the doctor . . . For a moment Stanley had a picture of the big black hawk ringing the front doorbell. Like a comic-book illustration, that's what it was. Big black bird with a wing on the buzzer . . . And what had the old man called that hawk? A condor, or something like that . . . It wasn't like the old man to get mixed up in his facts, even sick as he was. But it wasn't like him to notice a bird either . . . Stanley finished the last swallow of his Coke. It was probably Dr. Andrews, a nice man, short and fat and cheery. Viola and Roberta thought he was courting the old man's daughter, and that they'd be getting married any day now, but Stanley wasn't so sure. The old man's daughter wasn't young anymore, and she wasn't ever very pretty, and even if she was rich, that wouldn't make too much difference. Then there was that bit about her late husband. And what man is going to like following to bed a man who took a shotgun and jammed it in his mouth . . . But Viola and Roberta swore that he would marry her anyway.

Stanley sighed. That was women for you. Always romantic, always looking for marriage and love. Seeing it everywhere.

Stanley reached out to the bedside table, felt around on the shelf, then turned completely over to see. Nothing. And only yesterday he had put four or five new comic books there. He was sure.

It would be Roberta again, Goddamn her. She was always taking them, and yelling at her did no good. He'd tried that.

"But, honey," she would say, "but honey, living in like I do, this quiet old house, just Mr. Murphy in the evenings, and he ain't talkative, you know, I get so bored I don't know what to do, and so I go looking for something to read, and when I see your books there I just know you wouldn't mind saving my life. After all, you live home, you got a lot to amuse you . . ."

Stanley sighed again. What could you do with a girl like that? Excepting maybe that he was a younger man . . . That was her trouble, part of

THIS MAN IS NOT SMILING

The headline you've just read is informationless. It tells you nothing you haven't already learned from looking at the picture.

If someone tells you your own name, he again transmits no information: you already know it. He doesn't resolve any uncertainty for you.

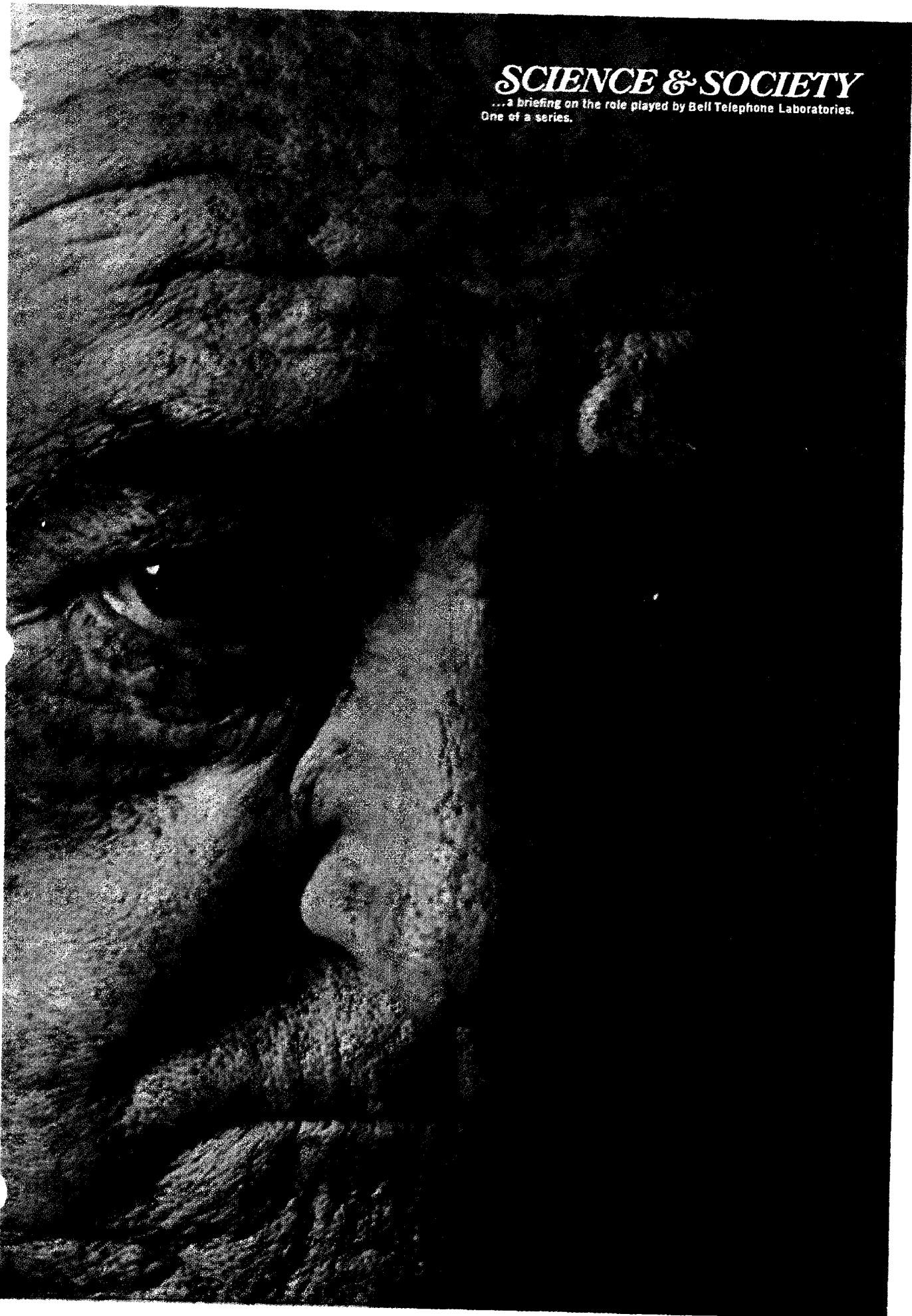
This idea—that whatever resolves uncertainty is information—was used by Dr. Claude E. Shannon during his years at Bell Telephone Laboratories to define and measure information for the first time in a way that was usable to scientists. Starting from such basic concepts, Shannon built a theory which has many applications to problems in communication and in other fields. In 1948, he published his classic paper, "A Mathematical Theory of Communication."

Before this there was no universal way of measuring the complexities of messages or the capabilities of circuits to transmit them. Shannon gave us a mathematical way of making such measurements in terms of simple yes-or-no choices—conveniently represented by binary digits, which Dr. John W. Tukey of Bell Labs and Princeton University named "bits."

As a result, we now have a benchmark. We know how much information a business machine, for example, can theoretically produce. We have a means for comparing this with the information of a telephone call or a television program. We have tools to help us design for high quality and high efficiency at the lowest possible cost.

Shannon's quantitative measurement of information is not only invaluable to the Bell System but to scientists and engineers the world over. It is exciting much interest among psychologists and workers in other fields in which information handling is so vital.





SCIENCE & SOCIETY

...a briefing on the role played by Bell Telephone Laboratories.
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it anyhow. In a house with no young men around all day. Just him, and he was old and getting older. And Jasper the gardener, he was old too and long past the age of chasing women. So it was no wonder the girl got bored. Maybe he'd better talk to her about Fred the mailman, he was a nice young guy now . . . But then again, maybe he'd better not. The less you talked about it with young girls like that, the better.

And Stanley rolled over on his back again, staring at the ceiling. Pity he wasn't young anymore. Time was, a girl like Roberta looked real good to him. But that time, he said to the wallpapered ceiling, wasn't now.

And then his bell started ringing, the servant call bell in its shiny chrome case beside the door. Oh, lord, he thought, what now?

They were impatient. The bell kept ringing. Somebody down in the pantry (where the house signal board was) was keeping his thumb pressed down on that button.

Stanley straightened his tie and put on his coat, and went out into the hall. He was refusing to be hurried. Somebody's nonsense. As he walked along the hall, heading for the back stairs, passing the doors of the other rooms in the servants' wing, he noticed that the bells in all of them were ringing. The house was afire or somebody had gone crazy. And clamped a hand down across the signal panel, buzzing every single button . . .

Stanley stomped down the stairs into the pantry. It was Viola all right. Viola standing there with her big hand over the signaling panel.

"OK," Stanley said. "OK . . . Stop ringing. Nobody's up there but me. You making enough noise to wake the dead."

And Viola spun around and stared at him, her heavy-lidded eyes fluttering. Then, with surprising speed for such a big woman, she darted through the swinging door into the kitchen and through the kitchen to the servants' dining room beyond. Stanley followed, half expecting to see flames and smoke.

Dr. Andrews was standing there, waiting. Stanley had the impression that they had been waiting for him. Viola flopped down at the table, her wide hips flaring over the wooden chair. Roberta was next to the window. She seemed to be backed up against the wall, as if she were afraid. She looked very pretty, Stanley admitted to himself. At least in that light.

And Fred came bouncing in the door, swinging the heavy sack to the floor. "Mailman!" he sang out cheerfully. And stopped.

Roberta said: "Fred, the old man's dead."

Before he took notice of what the words meant, Stanley thought: he's got it made, the lucky bastard. She never used that tone before, but now he's all fixed to make out.

Fred heard it too. There was just a flicker of understanding on his face.

Then Stanley heard the meaning of the words, and he heard himself say quietly: "Oh, my God."

Dr. Andrews nodded politely to Fred, but when he spoke, it was to Stanley. "I wanted to tell everyone at once . . . He was dead when I came. He died in his sleep I suppose."

"The cover wasn't even disturbed," Roberta said. Her usually husky voice was high and squeaky. "He didn't even move."

Fred's eyes glittered, and he smiled a comforting smile at her.

Damn the smug bastard, Stanley thought.

"Miss Carter is there now," Dr. Andrews said. "She'll stay. If the phone rings, she'll answer it. Don't any of you do it, understand? I'm going to tell his family personally, right now."

His family, Stanley thought. That is his daughter, so maybe there is some truth in the women's stories.

"Well," Stanley said into the silence. "Well . . ."

Fred said: "Looks like I walked into something. I didn't expect nothing like this."

And Viola put her head down on the table and began to cry.

Stanley went into the front of the house and up the wide polished stair. You could still smell the wax he'd used on the banister earlier in the morning. On the second floor, Miss Carter was at her station. Only this time she wasn't reading, as she usually was. She was sitting bolt upright, on guard.

Stanley wondered . . . Now she was waking a dead body, she couldn't read. But when she served a live one she could . . . But he'd stopped puzzling things like that a long time ago.

He went up to her, and she said in a whisper (why whisper, he thought again, we never did when he was alive?), "He looks so natural, he didn't even stir when he died. When the doctor went in I thought sure he was asleep . . . But he didn't look so good to me this morning."

Stanley didn't tell her any different. "I reckon that's why his daughter called the doctor."

Miss Carter sighed and fluttered the frizzy red hair at the top of her cap. "And he might been lying in there dead all the afternoon and us thinking he was just asleep."

"As soon dead one place as the other."

And he saw by the startled face that he'd said the wrong thing. So he added hastily, "Can I bring you anything? I mean, I know you can't leave, and I thought maybe I could bring you something, like a cup of tea."

She shook her head, and a pale redhead's face swung back and forth. "Do you want to look at him?"

"Maybe Viola would."

"Well, tell her to come right up, before they come."

Stanley was halfway down the stairs before he realized that "they" meant the undertakers.

MUCH later, when the long summer light was finally ending, Viola and Stanley stood on the back drive waiting for her husband to pick her up. It was over. The old man's daughter, with Dr. Andrews, had come and gone. Stanley had to admit that the old man's daughter looked more relieved than upset.

Viola rested her fat buttocks against a gatepost and sighed. Her eyes were red with weeping.

Directly over their heads were two lighted windows and a shadow that occasionally passed by them. Roberta had gone upstairs to fix her hair. Fred had promised to stop by tonight, after the house had quieted down. It was the last chance for a while. They'd be bringing the old man back tomorrow, there'd be a couple of days of wake and then the funeral. And a lot of work for the staff. But not tonight. Tonight the house would be empty and quiet. Mr. Murphy wouldn't be back, the old man had no more need for a night nurse. Roberta would be staying alone. Except for Fred, of course.

The old man sure set that up for him, Stanley thought. As much as if he'd arranged it. And Fred didn't even know it.

And Stanley said aloud: "You know what a condor is?"

Viola turned her head slightly from watching for her husband. "A what?"

"Just about the last thing the old man said was to ask if a black hawk was a condor."

"Yeah?" Viola pulled a handkerchief from the front of her dress and blew her nose loudly.

"I never heard of it, but that's what he asked about."

"You never can tell what they going to say." Viola folded the pink square carefully and tucked it away. "My papa now, when he was dying, the last thing he says is: 'There a fly on the ceiling. No, there two flies on the ceiling.' And then he died. So you can't tell what they going to say."

The night moths were beginning to come for the heavy opening flowers of the moonflower vine by the door. They bumped their dusty pollen-laden wings on the screen of the porch there.

"It's a bird," Stanley insisted. "Like a hawk."

"Red-tailed hawk in the big oak. Saw that yesterday."

"That's what I told him."

"Didn't believe you?"

"Said it was a condor."

"He was remembering, I guess." Viola rubbed at her swollen eyes. "Bet he was talking about the old times in San Isidro."

"Yeah," Stanley said.

"That was long before my time here," Viola said. "I used to hear him talk about it sometimes."

"How old you suppose he was?"

"Him? Way in his eighties somewhere."

Stanley lit a cigar. He had taken one out of the old man's humidor, and now he smoked it slowly, the way the old man would have.

"His?" Viola asked.

"Yeah."

"You know," Viola said, "kind of hard to think it's all over."

"Yeah," Stanley said. "You going to stay on and work for her?"

She had asked them to stay in a formal little speech, with Dr. Andrews standing at her side. "If you want to stay, your jobs will be here. You can go on just as you did before, without a change."

"You going to work for her?" Stanley repeated.

Viola shook her head. "I don't reckon I will. I been here nearly thirty years, and I reckon that's enough."

"I don't figure to stay," Stanley said. "I don't see much to staying." He puffed the cigar that had belonged to the old man. "I feel right bad about him. I didn't expect to feel so bad about him."

Viola didn't say anything.

"I wasn't really expecting him to die. You know, not today. Not with him talking about the old days in San Isidro and how he'd be carrying a gun ready to shoot anybody."

Then Viola's husband came. She shifted her weight wearily. "See you tomorrow."

"I'll be going along," Stanley said. But he didn't, not for a while. Not yet. He wasn't in any hurry. He hadn't called his wife to tell her the news, so he would have to go through all of that. She'd have to know every detail so she could pass it along to her sister first thing in the morning.

Stanley looked at the little red glow on the tip of his cigar. He was upset, no doubt of that. And he didn't know why. It was something he just couldn't put into words. Or into thoughts. He tried to come at it, but it twisted and slipped and faded away. Leaving just an echo where it had been.

Because he was restless and didn't quite know where he wanted to go, Stanley walked back through the darkened house, cool and smelling of polish and wax. Stanley crossed through the front hall, through the living room, through the second slate-floored hall and went into the greenhouse. It was too dark, he switched on a light by the door. Not nearly bright enough. But the only one out here, except for the fluorescent tubes over

the African violet plants . . . Stanley looked toward the north end of the greenhouse, and he could see the bluish glow.

The old man had loved those African violets. He'd inspected them every few days, measuring with his eye the size of the blooms . . . Would his daughter keep them now? Would she keep the greenhouse? Or even the house itself? Would it be sold and slip away and be painted another color and have different people living in it, people of no blood of the old man, who had built this thing of wood and brick and his energy and money . . .

Stanley wondered. Viola was quite sure that the old man's daughter would marry Dr. Andrews now. That the old man was the only thing standing in the way. That they would then move into this house, and it would go on that way. "Only thing," Viola said, "I'm thinking about her age. She's pushing forty, just about, and she's just about through with breeding. Kind of pity if she's too old."

Stanley wondered. Maybe so. Maybe not. Viola didn't know everything. She just knew a lot.

Stanley sat down in one of the iron chairs with the blue striped cushions, and looked at the spot where the old man's wheelchair always stood. He tried to imagine it standing there, imagine the old man sitting in it. And he had trouble with his memory. He couldn't quite bring it to focus. Like a jigsaw puzzle in a way. He just couldn't bring the color and the shapes of the pieces into line. It was there in his memory all right, only broken up and scattered. He couldn't seem to fit them together. Not now, not when he wanted to . . . Of course, he could go into the upstairs hall and look at the wheelchair and get that all settled and sorted out right, but that wasn't the whole thing. He couldn't fit the pieces of the old man together. He was dead now and gone. And he hadn't left behind anything, not even a clear image. Not anything.

Stanley looked around the shadowy greenhouse. He half expected to see a ghost or a spirit or some sort of sign in the tangle of light and shadow. Once he had believed in ghosts and once had seen them all the time. Ghosts in the shape of people he'd never met. Ghosts in the shape of old people he'd known who had died. Ghosts in the shapes of small animals, cats mostly, that purred and rubbed around his legs. Spirits in the shapes of dark shadows and light shadows. Of winds and voices out of a sunny blue sky.

So he would not have been too surprised if he'd seen something of the old man in the dark greenhouse.

But he didn't. He looked and he looked. There wasn't anything.

Not even that, Stanley thought. There wasn't even that left. It was like the condor that the old man had seen in the red-tailed hawk. He'd seen it, and nobody else had.

The condors and the mountains and the shooting and the anger and the murders — all the things that the old man had left in his memory, keeping them green and fresh and alive until the day he died. All those things were gone now. He'd taken them with him.

Stanley tried again, staring at the spot where the old man used to sit, trying with his thought to make him appear, make him come back from wherever he was.

And it wasn't any use. He was just gone.

Stanley stood up and left the greenhouse, walked through the empty rooms. Empty except for Roberta. And he shivered. You're getting old, he told himself. Sitting in the dark and not even trying a good-looking piece of strange like Roberta. Once upon a time you'd tried all the broads . . . just like the old man, he thought abruptly. And stopped. He hadn't thought of himself as like the old man, not in any way. But there it was.

He felt in his pocket to be sure that he had the house keys. Under his searching fingers the skin of his leg prickled and twitched. Jumpy, he thought.

He went through the house, making sure the lights were turned off, all the lights except the one in the hall and the one in the kitchen. Then he went out, carefully locking the door behind him.

A warm night, bright and clear. Sweet-smelling and heavy with jasmine and calycanthus and sweet olive. Dead man's bush, the old people called it.

He'd go home now, Stanley thought, and he would tell his wife all the things that had happened during the day, and he would bear with her impatience at his delay. And after a while they would go out on their porch to drink beer and talk about one thing or another. And pretty soon they'd be thinking back to the time in Ocena Springs when they were children together. She was always very good at remembering, far more than he was. But when she'd reminded him, then he'd recall whatever it was she was talking about, and he'd know what it had been like and how it had felt and smelled and tasted. All the things of that time years ago in Mississippi when they were children.

They'd sit late into the night, and he'd get over the creepy feeling that he had right now. She was a good woman, and with her and her talk he could remember all sorts of things. And with her he wouldn't be lonely.

Roberta would have company tonight too. As Stanley left, he saw Fred's car turning into the drive.

PORNOGRAPHY AND THE NEW EXPRESSION

by Richard Schechner

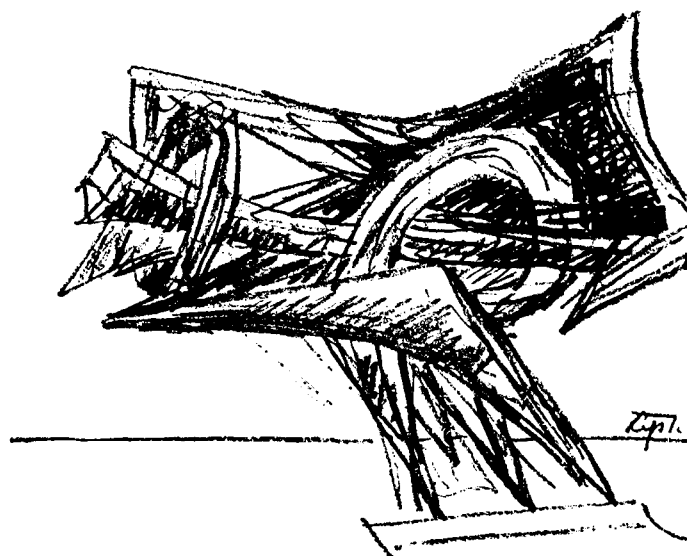
THE first question is, Why such a fuss? Sex has been with us since the start, and art nearly that long. They have always been intertwined, sometimes openly and graphically, and more recently, in a variety of covert ways. Every society has sought to regulate both sexuality and artistic expression, and to a degree, each has succeeded. Freedom, so called, is nothing other than an agreement on *what* to suppress. It becomes a social issue only when opinion diverges. But it is always an artistic issue because the artistic impulse — to play, expose, and invent — is deeply opposed to the state's urge to conserve and control. We are terribly bothered today because our regulatory systems, our behavior, our expressions, and our tastes are neither harmonious nor static. The problem cuts deep and involves tensions between perception and conception, expression and repression, civilization and its discontented masses. We have always been encouraged to make love *and* war; but to make love *instead* of war undercuts the social structure at an intolerably basic level. Such mad fantasies have usually been relegated to religions, where they are neutralized by the Church Militant.

Everyone knows the new expression, but no one knows what to do about it: the "Now" movements among Negroes, students, New Leftists, and artists; "God is dead" theology, existential man, automation, electric circuitry, and ontological insecurity; suburban and campus sex (paired and grouped), *Playboy* "sophistication," film nudity. The symptoms of change, exploration, explosion, and implosion are so clear and self-contradictory that one is at a loss to organize them coherently. One wonders if rational discussion suits these phenomena at all. Good is mixed with bad, but standards are so variable that few people can agree on what is good or bad. Previously easy distinctions between the arts and between art and life have blurred. Ann Halprin's dancers act, John Cage's music is visual, and the USCO Group's paintings perform. The synesthesia Utopians dreamed of is upon us with disarming repercussions. One need not accept Yeats's happy dread to understand him:

Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.

It is not the first time.

In *Understanding Media*, Marshall McLuhan suggests that our literary, individualized culture is



An atavistic, cohesive, and participatory "revolution of the flesh" is the new expression, and in the view of Richard Schechner, volatile editor of the TULANE DRAMA REVIEW, this revolution threatens to transform our theater, politics, literature, and virtually all other forms of cultural expression. The author studied at Cornell and Johns Hopkins before accepting a teaching and editing post at Tulane University.

Sketch by Seymour Lipton.

being tribalized. By that he means that “commitment and participation” are replacing “point of view” as the criteria for evaluating experience. He credits electric circuitry and the media flowing from it — TV, computers, stereo, telephone, telegraph, and so forth — for the “implosive” revolution which has converted the world, in Buckminster Fuller’s phrase, into a “global village.” McLuhan urges us to disregard the messages sent by these media; his compelling slogan is “the medium is the message.” As the storing and exchange of information become the major human activity, the quality and intensity of life change. The sequential organization of perceptions that is the basis for a literary *view* of the world yields to a multifocused, many-faceted *participation* in the world. Things no longer come to us one after another, as on the printed page, the assembly line, or in logical thought. They arrive at once, helter-skelter, as a set of organically interrelated phenomena, like a traffic circle or a problem in topological mathematics. One can certainly connect McLuhan’s observations with Freud and Einstein. Psychoanalysis and the General Theory of Relativity are both “in depth” grasps of experienced reality. Neither Freud nor Einstein was as interested in mapping as in exploring laws of transformation and relation. As these complicated and sophisticated ideas percolate through our culture, the result is a rejection of classical abstraction (understanding experience by reducing it to other terms) and an urge to “get with it” — to exist inside a situation.

In America, nothing has accelerated this change in context more than TV. According to McLuhan, the TV image is “cool.” The tiny dots which are the picture do not provide us with all the information necessary to make figures out of the sensory material. We must participate in the image, constructing out of its thousands of dots the contours of the picture. McLuhan argues that this high degree of participation in *making* the TV image involves our tactile, rather than our visual, sense: “The TV image in fostering a passion for depth involvement in every aspect of experience . . . is, above all, an extension of the sense of touch, which involves maximal interplay of all the senses.” We don’t so much “watch” TV as “do” TV. A child who receives his perceptual training in front of the video tube is one who is anxious to participate in the world. As he matures, he will not make the usual distinctions between life and art, politics and poetics. The specializations of the industrial world — essentially an eighteenth- and nineteenth-century world — are replaced by the generalized electric circuit. And rather than be aghast at Berkeley rebels who mess in the administration of the multi-versity, or civil rights marchers who occupy private property, we should recognize that these crossovers

from learning to doing and from “mine and yours” to “ours” are the natural consequences of a world in which there is less and less distinction between categories that once formed the very basis of our grasp of reality. In McLuhan’s words:

Perhaps it is not very contradictory that when a medium becomes a means of depth experience the old categories of “classical” and “popular” or of “highbrow” and “lowbrow” no longer obtain.

TV affects our perceptions in still another way. TV offers instant, dramatic, and illogical change. The popular idea of “turning on” refers to more than marijuana or LSD: it is an approach to living that takes its metaphorical cue from TV. The inert tube which is consciousness can be switched into any one of many channels, and these channels can be easily intermixed. And consciousness can do what TV can’t — play several experiences simultaneously. The classic rule “each in its own place” now reads “everything in any place.”

If one can see the brutal dogs on the streets of Selma and drink Budweiser at home in the same instant, then one can go to Selma and participate personally in someone else’s drama, making it one’s own, while at home others are watching you and drinking beer. Not only are we able to construct conceptual wholes from perceptual fragments, but we are able to move into the center of what we have made. Traditional lags and gaps are healed. Instant communication leads to rapid transportation, both internally and externally. The age-old dream of no wait between impulse and act is today’s reality.

However, the freedom thus achieved is largely illusory. More body conscious, certainly more socially aware than preceding generations, we discover, nonetheless, that the real gaps and lags are built into the human being. Each element of free activity and expression becomes, automatically, an awesome test of our ability to make use of it. A tension is quickly established between a possible and inviting mobility and a stubborn, inborn immobility. Despite TV, and every other prompt and aid, most people sit at home watching someone else’s drama. But the awareness that it is possible to go to Selma, or around the corner, or deep inside oneself, is very unsettling.

I think it is from this tension between opportunity and inborn stubbornness — the unique psychic configuration of each individual — that the new expression, including pornography, emerges. A real space has opened up between what we are permitted, even encouraged, to do and what we are. The attempts to fill this space fall as much to fantasy as to real projects. Like the patient on the couch who when told by his analyst to say whatever comes into his head finds he can’t say anything, we,

as a society and as individuals, fall back into silence or fantasy. Instead of participating, we flee from real involvement and consume, as we go, *The Story of O* and the *Playboy* "philosophy."

Loosed by an image-happy society, a giant bulk of submerged material has surfaced. New work that could not find a commercial sponsor ten years ago is now sought by publishers, film-makers, and stage producers. And classic work long suppressed is now openly sold. We are beginning to understand the difference between masturbatory and celebratory sex; and it may not be long before phallic art becomes as openly popular in our culture as it was in Golden-Age Greece. The attention given sadomasochistic work is both a compensation for the long suppression and an indication that we are far from comfortable with our new liberality.

George Steiner, in an article in *Encounter*, deplored our interest in Sade and his cohorts, both past and present. Steiner suggested a causal link between literary sadism and its horrible actuality in Nazi Germany. However, Steiner, like so many others, confuses two symptoms for a symptom and its cause. The spate of sadistic writing in pre-Hitler Germany was not a cause of the Gestapo, but an indication that such impulses were there. The iron discipline of the Nazis translated these impulses into facts. Suppressing the literature would have had no effect on the underlying causes of both literature and Nazism. In fact, the literature probably served for a time as a safety valve. Our own pornography is to be condemned because it takes a cheap and totally athletic view of sexual experience. But one ought to look at such pornography the way Freud looked at dirty jokes:

What these jokes whisper may be said aloud: that the wishes and desires of men have a right to make themselves acceptable alongside of exacting and ruthless morality. And in our days it has been said in forceful and stirring sentences that this morality is only a selfish regulation laid down by the few who are rich and powerful and who can satisfy their wishes at any time without any postponement. So long as the art of healing has not gone further in making our life safe and so long as social arrangements do no more to make it more enjoyable, so long will it be impossible to stifle the voice within us that rebels against the demands of morality.

The answer is not suppression, but the elimination of that "ruthless morality" which drives people to desperate satisfaction. Pornography — and I include in this category everything from dirty pictures to *The Story of O* — is not a release from inhibitions, but a function of them. Surely we should not, as we have done, outlaw these repressive mechanisms. But neither should we admire them as examples of free expression. They are nothing other than the means by which repressive consciousness keeps a restless psyche in tow. And Freud

is accurate when he suggests that our consciousness is repressive because of conditioning made necessary by a social order concerned primarily with productivity. Pornography, whether open or underground, is an important weapon in the arsenal of social control. It does not, as Steiner suggests, lead to activity; its tendency is the opposite. The challenge that electric circuitry presents to this control is real. An expressive society would have need for neither pornography nor oppressive controls. Replacing them would be celebratory sexual art and expression: the phallic dances of the Greeks, the promiscuity of Elizabethan England.

THE submerged material now available falls into two classes: stuff that uses *words* once thought obscene; works that show *scenes* that once were taboo. Although related, the distinction between verbal and scenic expression is a crucial index. For a long time the community's efforts were concentrated against those naughty "Anglo-Saxon" words. This nineteenth-century fight (which continues today in many backwaters) was one of propriety, of "decency" in its social sense. The images which these words conjured up were simply not to be thought, certainly not to be expressed. This was the result of a sexual segregation in which women were property to be used but not exposed to their uses. Once females became something other than chattel, the verbal taboos were soon to go. Not entirely, of course; the producers of the film version of Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* had to buck industry pressure to cut the dirty words. As for the plot, no one cared.

But propriety and decency as understood a generation ago (the "dirty little secret" D. H. Lawrence abhorred) are no longer the major issue. We now see things in scenic terms: scope rather than point, and relation rather than incident, form our opinions. And it is the divergent attitudes toward scenic sexuality that I find most interesting. There is a hierarchy in our tolerance, and this seems to say a good deal about us and our art.

Literature is the most free, filmic representation next, and stage presentation last. One can tell everything in a novel, and the writer need have no fear about how graphic his description might be. One can suggest the same things in a film, but one rarely sees anything more than sexual foreplay and a pair of naked bodies afterward. The "bold" orgasm scene in *A Stranger Knocks* was of course a fraud. Even the twilight nudie and sex films are timid, concentrating on voyeurism. On stage one dare do nothing more than kiss. A seemingly strange variation is that one can buy records which appear to be accurate simulations (or realities?) of

the *sounds* of lovemaking. And the texts of many popular songs are so obviously coital that one wonders how they get on the radio and are sold openly to pre-teens. The fact is that our sexuality is still understood as something visual. The ear is attuned only to catch the "dirty" words; any recorded sentence without them, no matter how suggestive, simply slips by.

The same visual hierarchy applies to nudity. A novelist can describe naked people with as much detail as his words can muster. In films one can show a naked female (but not all of her: the genitals are off limits). On stage, except in specialized nightclub strip shows, nudity is taboo. Last fall I saw *Poor Bitos* at the Theater of the Living Arts in Philadelphia. It was an excellent production. In one scene, a character had a breast exposed. The lobby talk — as one might expect — centered on that passing detail. But this same audience (including me) would go home and read *The Story of O* and *Candy* or see *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* at the movies without a second thought.

This hierarchy of tolerance seems related both to the degree and kind of involvement expected of the reader and viewer. The reader selects his own style of reading; he can put the book down, pick it up, go fast or slow. He is always alone, in a one-to-one relationship to the author. He need tell no one how he felt, or if he felt. The reading experience is therefore the paradigm of secret pleasure; it is an organic relation to an inanimate object. That there are few taboos here is no surprise.

The movie-and-theater-goer is part of a group. But the most important fact about this group is not its largest unit — the entire audience — but its nuclear units — the "families" of viewers. Book reviewers are sent one copy of the book; film and theater reviewers are always given *two* tickets. It is assumed that the film and stage experience is one which we naturally share with a few others who are emotionally close to us. Many of these nuclear groups make up a single audience; and the relationship of performers to audience is not one-to-one — as is usually supposed — but performers to small groups to larger, inclusive group. Why don't we go to the movies and theater as individuals? Why does it seem natural to insulate ourselves from the whole audience by means of the nuclear group?

The scenic experience is more explosive and empathetic than reading. The energies generated by a film or play, and the rhythms vibrating between performers and audience *in toto*, are counterbalanced by the restraints inherent in the nuclear group. As a whole audience we are encouraged to participate in the performance; as part of the "family" we are warned against complete participation. A compromise emerges as a rigid set of audience conventions: applause, laughter, tears,

and coughs are all the physical response permitted. But in a tribal performance, the family, like the individual, is drawn into the larger group; active and total participation is not infrequent. This participation is often orgiastic — a frenzied communally sanctioned release from strict authority.

In our culture we bring the family with us to the movies or theater, and even our wildest dramas, say *Lear* and *The Balcony*, are essentially reassuring and passive as we produce them. Were we to go to the movies or theater as individuals, surrendering the protective envelope of the family, our drama would rapidly become sexualized and orgiastic. A play like Peter Weiss's *Marat/Sade*, as it was produced by the Royal Shakespeare Company, is moving in this direction. But scenic taboos continue in the theater (less in film) because letting go would be too dangerous: the performance which has traditionally included actors and audience would soon become, as in a tribal dance, one unified activity.

There are some reasons, too, why theater has more taboos than film. The movie-goer has no control over the rhythm of what he sees. The projector runs on its predetermined schedule. The viewer has to adjust his perceptual rhythm to what he is seeing, and he is constantly reminded that the film is an abstraction. Even as he is engaged by the pictures, he is disengaged by the form of the film and its steady, mechanical unfolding. Film-makers turn this to their advantage, using montage, camera angle, and distance to make the perceptual "reality" of film other than the reality of life. But each effort to make the film less abstract is drawn from the abstract nature of filming: a set of machines that permit editing and dozens of other techniques. And because film art is more abstract than theater, it is also more sexually permissive. No matter how torrid the love scene, we never feel concerned for the actor. The masterful thing about film is that the actor vanishes into the character, and the character is always (at least perceptually) a fiction, an abstraction.

The unique thing about theater, of course, is that the actors are *there*. They never vanish into their characters. Like the Christian God who is three-in-one, every actor is two-in-one. It is this double existence that gives him his authenticity as actor. His role in our theater is not very different from that of his primitive counterpart, who is at once dancer and god. Little overt sexuality is permitted on stage because the audience knows that what happens to the character *also* happens to the actor. One can understand why physical violence is feigned on stage: there are obligations to tomorrow's performance. But why not have nudity and lovemaking? It cannot simply be that human sexual response is an undependable mechanism. The Greeks, who accepted both sexuality and

nudity in public life, maintained a strict decorum in their tragedies. It is that stage performance is always on the verge of tumbling from art back into life. Overt and graphic sexuality would destroy the aesthetic fabric of any performance. How then did Aristophanes manage the love pranks of *Lysistrata*? Aristophanic drama is farce and celebration in a combination that we have lost touch with. Filled with regard for the family, schooled in Renaissance humanism, we are not up to the phallic play of Aristophanes. And it is only within a framework of celebration that sexuality can be both graphic and aesthetic.

Celebratory theater is returning to our culture in some Happenings. Many of these events are designed to obliterate distinctions between life and art. Once performers are no longer concerned about maintaining their double identities, and audiences accept the invitation to participate in the performance, almost anything can happen. Carolee Schneemann describes her goals in *Meat Joy* this way:

My kinetic theatre provides for an intensification of all faculties simultaneously . . . a mobile, tactile event into which the eye leads the body. . . . I assume that senses crave sources of maximum information. . . . *Meat Joy*, a shifting vision now, relating Artaud, McClure, and French Butcher Shops . . . acting and viewing space interchanged. I see several girls whose gestures develop from a tactile, bodily relationship to individual men and to a mass of meat slices.

Meat Joy is an orgiastic Happening linking butcher's beef and women with the phallic meat. Nude or nearly nude bodies are painted, intertwined, and frolicked with. At once intimate and impersonal, it typifies that strange combination of participation and irony that marks much of the new theater. In some Happenings it is difficult to say whether one is attending a performance or a party. Even in more formal works, orgiastic and celebratory material is included within disciplined frameworks, giving the effect of a performance mosaic, some parts of which are expansive and inclusive while others resemble traditional theater.

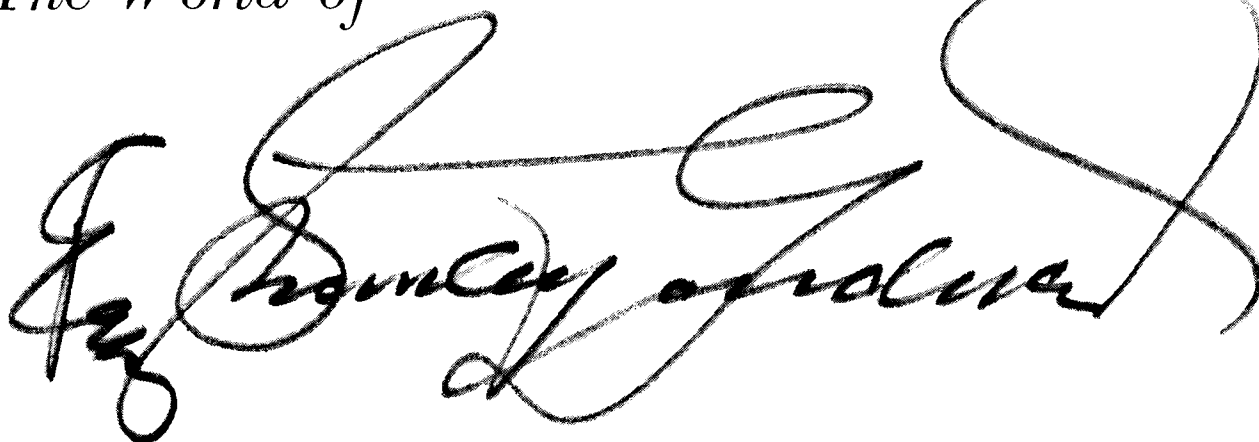
Contemporary theater, in fact, has been affected by the new expression. Jack Gelber's *The Connection*, Kenneth H. Brown's *The Brig*, and Megan Terry's *Viet Rock* are probably the three most important new American plays of the last ten years. (I would add Robert Lowell's *Benito Cereno* to that list — and Lowell's theme, if not his style, is related to my discussion.) Maintaining the scenic taboos, these three plays nevertheless engulf our consciousness, blurring the usual distinctions between performance and reality, audience and stage. Far from being Pirandellian exercises, these plays move in the opposite direction. Pirandello

wished to pose insoluble problems: he was the intellectual *par excellence*. Gelber, Brown, and Terry work rather to make their solutions so unavoidable that they fold the audience into the play. Thus, junk is everywhere, white lines are for crossing, and this ruthless war is our open-eyed choice. The productions of *The Connection*, *The Brig*, and *Viet Rock* — the first two plays done by the Living Theater and the last by the Open Theater, the successor to the Living Theater in New York — cannot be separated from the plays: the act of writing is so joined to the act of doing that the two become one. The "writer" no longer exists in such a scheme; the craft of making a play becomes a participatory game which involves all the artists and technicians of the theater and the audience.

Surely Happenings, and some of off-Broadway theater, are not art, if judged by traditional criteria. But changes in form elicit changes in criteria. The strategies of Berkeley students and Negro marchers are not traditional modes of academic behavior or political maneuver in the United States. But the Free Speech Movement, the civil rights movement, and new directions in the performing arts are related. They are all *participating* forms which value involvement more than "style." This demand for "getting with it" links all the varieties of the new expression.

In *Marat/Sade*, the Marquis speaks of the "revolution of the flesh," which, he says, "will make all your other revolutions seem like prison mutinies." This atavistic, cohesive, and participatory revolution is the new expression. The upheaval has barely begun, and if it ever truly gets moving, we may wish we were safe with Sade in his asylum. The new expression seems pornographic and obscene only when it threatens our sexual taboos. That this is frequent is an index of how much both old and new have invested in sexuality. The least interesting part of the new expression is its literature. At best, publication of new, sexy titles and the reissuing of classics are efforts to *keep up* with change. But Maurice Girodias is hardly Dionysus, and the boldest text is tame in the World of Murray the K. The new expression is a public event, a dramatic shift in scene and context. That is what makes it so disquieting. A society which has been indoors, repressive, and individually protestant is becoming outdoors, expressive, and tribally catholic. And we are never quite certain whether the noise we hear is authentic or merely one more role added to our endless repertory. When authentic, the new expression rejects the sequential logic of print for the simultaneous tumult of experience. We are beginning to see that to "make love, not war" is to go to war against most of what our culture asks of us. The decision in that conflict is not yet clear.

The World of



by Charles W. Morton

Was Erle Stanley Gardner, the world's most widely read living mystery writer, a Chinese in an earlier incarnation? This and other aspects of the life and times of Mr. Gardner are here presented in amiable detail by the ATLANTIC's associate editor.

FACTS about Erle Stanley Gardner, creator of the Perry Mason stories, are never quite up to date. Like Gardner himself, the statistics of his writing won't hold still long enough to settle in any particular area. Yesterday's peak becomes a mere way station en route to greater heights, just as the summer he sets out to spend "relaxing" at his camp in the Pacific Northwest is soon including a safari into remote Mexico, a fishing trip by houseboat on the Sacramento Delta waters, a brief supervisory interval at his ranch near Temecula, California, and a week or two of business negotiations at his Palm Springs house.

Wherever he goes, Gardner keeps on with his daily stint of the writing that has made him probably the most widely read of all living authors. Now in his seventies, he continues to produce as abundantly and successfully as ever: his 1966 output consisted of two travel books, one Donald Lam—Bertha Cool mystery, the series he writes under the pseudonym A. A. Fair, and one Perry Mason. The total sales of his books — 130 titles in all — at the year's end stand at some 165 million copies, and the current rate remains steady at 20,000 copies a day. He has been translated into 21 languages, and the 292 one-hour Perry Mason television shows bring in revenues from all over the world, and will continue to do so through new outlets and as reruns

for many years to come. When the series completed its ninth year and new productions ceased in June, 1966, *Variety* estimated that Raymond Burr, an actor, had been earning about \$1 million annually from his role as Perry Mason, which should indicate fairly substantial TV rewards for Gardner, who was, after all, the creator-proprietor of the whole enterprise.

"The dollar volume of my one-man fiction factory is gigantic," says Gardner. "The profits are enormous." He pauses, as if for a courtroom emphasis, before concluding in his stentorian tones, "And the taxes are astronomical."

Unlike some occupants of the higher income brackets, Gardner is not at all aggrieved about taxes. "I don't mind," he says, "if the government gets more than anybody else of what I earn, and it wouldn't do me any good if I did. But I can't stand petty squabbles. I hate paper work, so I tell my accountants never to claim deductions they aren't absolutely sure of. If they are going to make a mistake, let them make it against me. I haven't the time to bicker about details."

Keeping abreast of the details in Gardner's way of life is full-time work for a large and extraordinarily devoted staff. Aside from fuel, stores, and water, one of his archaeological expeditions into Baja California may require the use of eight or ten

types of vehicle: airplanes, helicopters, and all sorts of wheeled carriers for rough cross-country travel, some of them specially made for his own distinctive requirements. His several homes are maintained in readiness for occupancy at all times, with ink in the inkwells, food in the freezers, and clothing in the closets. The photographic equipment and supplies in his own quarters at the Rancho del Paisano in Temecula, his principal base, would be a respectable inventory for many a retailer. His wife and married daughter live in a home of their own, and it would be fair to say that simply being a participating member of the Gardner establishment is an occupation in itself, taking precedence over all else. "My wife and I," says Gardner, "have an amicable separation. She likes to live in Oakland, where her relatives are and where my daughter lives with the two grandchildren. Once or twice a month I go up and we have a family luncheon and get-together, and I keep good friends with my wife. I was never cut out to be a husband living in a house anywhere; I particularly dislike living in a city."

Gardner's success with his fiction undoubtedly lies in the real-life quality of his characters and their problems, for which he can draw on his own dazzling accomplishments as a trial lawyer, but his background in other fields is remarkable. So many varied interests are usually for the dabbler, but Gardner is an all-or-nothing man of great curiosity, stubbornness, and intellectual power, and above all, a perfectionist. He could have distinguished himself as a criminologist, penologist, businessman, lay psychologist, photographer, naturalist, hunter and guide, or rancher. Gardner would have made an excellent chief of police, for he is an authority on police work, but his sympathy for the underdog — the small malefactor on whom society pins so much of its own miscellaneous guilt — would hardly square with such a function. He is an ardent conservationist, detests those who leave litter on a campsite, and always carries on his trips into the wilderness a device for crushing tin cans, which are then buried too deep to be dug up by animals. He speaks passable Spanish and enough Cantonese to be able to order a complicated Chinese dinner by telephone, with much *politesse* included in the conversation. By temperament Gardner is restless, a romantic, an adventurer, something of a mystic, anthropomorphic, hospitable, generous, impulsive, an unselfconscious original given to abrupt and often disconcerting decisions, a hard worker, a rare combination of idealism and sophistication, and interested more than in anything else in the individual human being, whoever he may be. His love of the outdoor life and the wilderness finds him spending most of his time west of the Sierra, and he harbors, although he would deny

any such prejudice, the prickly distrust of the Californian toward "the East."

"He refers to us as 'you people back there,'" says Helen King, the editor at William Morrow Company, Gardner's publishers, "as if the East were encased in amber *circa* 1942."

GARDNER was born in Malden, Massachusetts, the son of a mining engineer, whose occupation gave him a much-traveled childhood and schooling in Massachusetts, Oregon, and California. While he was a high school student in Palo Alto, he held down a part-time job as a typist in a law office, and he took on a similar full-time job, at twenty dollars a month, in Willows, California, after his graduation.

Gardner's only venture into the higher learning was brief, at Valparaiso University in Indiana. "I learned more law there," he recalls, "in a period of three or four weeks than I ever learned anywhere in anything like the same amount of time." This was partly through his liking for one of the law professors and partly through his misadventures with another member of the faculty, which nearly landed him in jail.

The university had no athletic facilities, and Gardner wanted to keep up with his boxing, at which he was better than average, by sparring with other students in his third-floor room. The hubbub was noticeable downstairs, but Gardner refused to defer to the professor in charge of the building and give up his exercises. "We tried to box without moving our feet," he recalls. "The experiment was only partially successful."

What became Gardner's first experience in legal matters as applied to himself began one night when the professor stormed into Gardner's room. "He said he was a boxer himself and ordered everybody out," says Gardner, "but one of the students refused to go unless I told him to, contending that it was my room." The professor tried to throw the student out, but failed ignominiously. "His knowledge of boxing," says Gardner, "did not include anything that was practical. It was quite a shambles."

With the thought of beating the professor to the next move, Gardner and the student went to town and tried to swear out a warrant for the professor's arrest on the ground that he had been the aggressor. On an earlier night the other students in the dormitory had gone on a bottle-smashing rampage in the corridors. Gardner had stayed out of the rumpus and even tried to persuade the others to give up their plan for a demonstration.

"The authorities, I think, blamed me for the whole thing," his story goes on, "because I had

been something of a ringleader in the short time I was there. I understand they had a warrant out for my arrest alleging criminal conspiracy. I did some rapid thinking.

"If I had ever taken the stand in my own behalf, I would have had either to commit perjury or to admit that the ringleaders had asked me to participate in the bottle smashing. Once I had admitted that, I would be asked for their names. I would either have had to break the code or be guilty of contempt of court.

"At that point I decided to get the hell out of Valparaiso for good. I am sorry I couldn't have stayed. The university virtually owned the town of Valparaiso, and if they had decided they wanted me in jail, I probably would have gone to jail, or perhaps to prison, regardless of what the real facts might have been.

"So, I ducked the cops who were trying to serve the warrant. I caught a train to Chicago and left for Eugene, Oregon. I dodged the sheriff there, who was looking for me on telegraphed instructions from Valparaiso. I went out to the railroad camp and worked on railroad construction, a place so tough that no deputy sheriff would come anywhere near it. I worked there until the thing blew over, and then went back to studying law in law offices."

Many years later the university invited Gardner to be the principal speaker at some major occasion concerning its law school. Knowing that he would be unable to bring himself to go and not to tell the story of his bout with the authorities, he declined.

Gardner's energetic practice of law began with his admission to the California bar at age twenty-one, and in 1923 he suddenly disclosed to himself and the world his talent for writing fiction for pulp magazines. His productivity was so great and his stories so original that he was soon very much the master of his own affairs. "I was a small-time lawyer in a small town," says Gardner, "and I couldn't see any real future in it. When my third year of selling stories brought me in \$28,000, I saw that here was work that I liked, and I could take it with me and live the way I wanted to live anywhere in the world."

After some nine years of spare-time writing and practicing law, Gardner gave up his legal work altogether in the early thirties. He was in reality anything but a small-time lawyer. He was fond of nosing about in odd statutes rarely applied to ordinary cases; he was especially capable as a cross-examiner and at anticipating the tactics of his opponents; and he became celebrated for the novelty — and success — of his courtroom performances, usually as defense counsel for some friendless and penniless offender.

"I have built up a law practice," Gardner wrote his father in the early days of his career, "in which

I am dealing with large numbers of clients of all classes — except the upper and middle class." He became the hero of the California Chinese, whose status at the time was a cut below even that of the Mexicans, and his fees as their legal champion tided him over several lean intervals.

Many of the Perry Mason stories were taken directly from Gardner's courtroom successes, and his practice was soon including middle- and upper-class clients as his reputation grew.

It was inevitable that Gardner would win most of his cases. He exuded assurance and self-confidence in any situation. The resonant, carrying quality of his voice and his succinct manner of speech would hold the attention of even the dullest juror, and his presentation was so well prepared as to make opposing positions seem rickety indeed.

Stocky, powerfully built, with regular features, ruddy outdoor coloring, a penetrating gaze through the large round lenses of his spectacles, careless in his dress, Gardner has always given the impression — a quite valid one — of pent-up energy under firm control. There was nothing of the matinee idol in his appearance to alarm the jurors, who found it easy to regard him as one of themselves. The hostile witness could rarely remain insouciant under Gardner's questioning and was soon worrying about worse to come unless Gardner, a master of histrionism, was amiably coaxing him along in a fabrication too absurd to need demolition. Always underlying these techniques was Gardner's tireless rummaging through the law-books for just the right precedent to fit his client's needs.

The more spectacular of Gardner's feats were recounted by the late Alva Johnston in an article, "The Case of Erle Stanley Gardner," published by the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1946 and by Morrow as a small book a year later, a circumstance that eventually took Gardner into a new activity in behalf of the underdog, a department established in *Argosy* magazine and titled "The Court of Last Resort."

THE Case of Erle Stanley Gardner," which had made much of Gardner's quixotic willingness to defend the penniless and friendless whom he thought unjustly accused, brought him a flood of mail from prisoners and their relatives. To a man under the death sentence or serving a long prison term, the idea of help from a phenomenally successful lawyer who would work for nothing was attractive. "Just about every hopeless case in the United States was dumped on me," says Gardner. Most of the appeals were typical of what prisoners call "the bum beef," plainly without merit, but a few of them got under Gardner's skin.

On a camping trip in Baja California with his old friend Harry Steeger, publisher of *Argosy* and some thirty other magazines, Gardner laid out the problem: what could be done for the innocent man who was wrongfully convicted of a serious crime? It was unlikely that an outsider, however expert, could put the whole machinery of criminal jurisprudence into reverse simply by reason of believing in the innocence of one whom a jury had found guilty. Police, prosecutors, and the courts are jealous of their responsibilities, and the jury trial is supposed in itself to ensure justice to the defendant.

Reopening a criminal case that had already gone all the way through the prescribed legal channels was a battle against inertia, delay, heavy expenses, and the natural reluctance of the authorities to admit that they had done a terrible injustice to an innocent, even blameless, citizen. If an individual tried to reopen such cases, it would be easy to brush him aside as a publicity hunter, a sensationalist. Gardner and Steeger agreed that a small committee or board of the right sort would be necessary: they would have to be experts, well known and respected, and sufficiently well off to serve without pay and be beyond any need of personal gain from the project. *Argosy* would bear the expense of investigations and report in its pages how the project fared.

Gardner estimates that trial judges and juries are right 90 percent of the time, perhaps even 95 percent. In almost every case, two witnesses tell opposing stories. "The judge or the jury tries to tell who is lying," Gardner writes. "Sometimes a graceful, artistic liar gets the nod. A judge isn't infallible.

"So our Court of Last Resort offered something new, an opportunity for the public to take a real interest in the cases of men who had been wrongfully convicted. The public is seldom interested in law, but it is always interested in justice."

Gardner's book *The Court of Last Resort*, published in 1952 by William Sloane Associates and reprinted by Pocket Books in an enlarged edition in 1954, is a remarkable handbook on criminal jurisprudence and penology, made appallingly real by the cases themselves, full of extraordinary insights on the part of its author into human behavior, the ennobling as well as the destructive. What might sound like an easy generalization is the distillate, coming from Gardner, of all but unique firsthand experience. If he is writing about a prison chaplain or a parole board, an institution for juveniles, or the menus in a penitentiary, he knows not only the facts of his subject but also the developments that made them what they are. A circumstance whose cause and origins are unexplained is intolerable to Gardner.

Gardner carried on with the Court of Last Resort for about fourteen or fifteen years. Pressure of his own work caused him to give up his association with it in the early sixties. He believes, on balance, that the effort was justified. Much was learned, and Gardner became more convinced than ever that some review of the facts in a case should be systematically available, just as the appellate courts now review errors of law. If no errors of law occurred, the case is closed and at any rate hard to reopen, even if nightmarish errors of fact are discovered later on. One remedy, Gardner feels, would be creation of a board in each state with power to review the facts if an error had been made. His book makes other proposals for the improvement of standards of proof, an upgrading of police work into a substantial and honorable career, supplying competent public defenders to penniless defendants, and a system of trained medical examiners to investigate and make full reports on all suspicious deaths.

"We were not trying to make a statistical showing," Gardner says reflectively, "but we did help in saving the lives and freedom of several innocent men. I think we interested the public in a state of affairs previously more or less unknown to it."

WHEN Gardner began writing for the pulp magazines in 1923, the market for books of mystery fiction was narrow and relatively unrewarding to the author. Willis Kingsley Wing, the New York literary agent who has represented Gardner in his magazine and radio dealings for almost thirty years, sums up the economics of the field:

"At the time there were few 'general' pulps: *Short Stories*, *Argosy*, *Blue Book*, *Redbook*, *Peoples*, *Munsey's*, *Adventure*, and one or two others. Each offered diversity, such as adventure, sea, war, historical adventure, Western, some detective and mystery stories, and science fiction. A few pulps offered only one type of story, among them *Detective Fiction Weekly*, *Black Mask*, *Western Story*, and *Ranch Romances*. In the general pulps, the mystery or detective action story came to be somewhat standardized on, so to speak, the conservative side. There was keen competition, and the rates showed it. *Adventure* was paying as high as ten cents a word to its top writers. Most of the others were getting by with rates of one to two cents. If an author could dream up a sixty-thousand word serial and sell it, he could buy some time for speculative writing for *Collier's* or the *Saturday Evening Post* or even aim at book publication.

"Books did not make much money in their original form, and there were only two reprinters, A. L. Burt and Blue Ribbon, and later Garden City en-

tered this field. They all used the plates of the original publishers. The books were hardbound and sold at one dollar, mainly through department stores.

"Erle was handled at the first stage of his writing career by Robert Thomas Hardy, who had all the good pulp writers. I am sure Bob Hardy had his eye more on the pulps for his pulp writers and the slick magazines for those who were up to it than on the book publishers. The magazine machinery ground furiously and fast; whoever wanted to make good as a writer kept his editors well supplied with his stuff. This all began to change in the early thirties, and some two hundred and fifty new mystery and suspense titles were issued in hard covers by 1939."

One of the widest popular misconceptions about Gardner is that the output of his "fiction factory" is the work of a writing staff. Nothing could be further from the fact, for the notion fails to take into account his incredible productivity: in one month in 1932, according to Alva Johnston, he turned out 224,000 words while still working two days a week at his law practice, and his first Perry Mason novel, *The Case of the Velvet Claws*, was dictated in that same year in three and a half days.

Velvet Claws was turned down by several publishers before it reached acceptance by Thayer Hobson at Morrow. Despite his own ten years of success as a pulp writer before that, Gardner counts Hobson as his discoverer and patron. "Once his respect has been given to his editor or his publisher," says Willis Wing, "Gardner is easily the most loyal of men."

Some years before Hobson retired from Morrow, Thayer Hobson and Company was formed and acquired all Gardner book rights. The company became agents for his British and foreign rights, licensing book rights to Morrow in the United States and to other publishers abroad. Hobson lives today on his ranch at Comfort in west Texas, where he breeds registered Appaloosas.

How much advice Gardner ever needed is debatable. What he lacked in urban sophistication he made up for with his inventiveness and quickness to learn. Hobson is credited with guiding him into specializing in a character rather than trying to turn out new characters in a new locale in each book, as most of his contemporaries were doing. Hobson felt that faced with a large output of book-length mystery fiction, the booksellers would find it best to go along with an author who stuck to a major character, made no basic change in the situation of the character, and produced novels about him with regularity. While others were erratic in production, as the comparatively short list of Dashiell Hammett books indicates, shifting their setting and experimenting with new charac-

ters, Hobson pressed Gardner to standardize his work with Perry Mason, even to the extent of using the same unchanging title formula for each story.

Neither of the principals foresaw the dimensions that Perry Mason would eventually attain. Something over twenty years ago Gardner was trying to explain why he had launched the Bertha Cool-Donald Lam series under the pseudonym A. A. Fair. His thirty or forty titles up to that time had sold around thirty-five million copies, but Gardner was hunting for a change, partly to stimulate his own production and partly as protection against a decline in Perry's following. His feeling at the moment seemed to be that Perry's clock was running down.

"It's like this," he said. "You create a character and some more to go with him. You invent situations for those characters. And you write thirty-five books about those characters and their situations, and you might be said, in a sense, to have skimmed the cream from those characters."

Perry proved to have been not even at his half-way mark on the occasion of these misgivings. He was a radio hero, sponsored uninterruptedly by Procter & Gamble for thirteen years, and he became so solid a TV property that Gardner was unable to spend the time necessary to start Bertha Cool and Donald Lam on their television career, as he has long wanted to do. "I'm in the position of competing with myself," he complained, a couple of years before the Perry Mason series came to what may be a temporary end. The newer characters, whose cream is still far from skimmed, will inevitably reach the TV screen, once casting problems are resolved and the right actress can be found to play Bertha Cool: middle-aged, overweight, greedy, unscrupulous, smart but not quite smart enough—the durable foil for Donald's seemingly guileless youthfulness and his encyclopedic knowledge of the law and everything else.

Helen King, who has been at Morrow for many years, says that although Gardner is a perfectionist, he is easier, up to a point, to work with than writers of less consequence.

"But when it comes to an honest difference of opinion," says Miss King, "it is rather like two determined dogs over one bone. We're still tugging at several after all these years."

"One case in point is Bertha Cool. She is rough and tough, and to me, a thoroughly amusing character. But on occasion she is too profane—certainly for the school lists—and you'd think a suggestion to cut one 'sonofabitch' meant vitiating her whole character. I've a file the length of *War and Peace* to prove it."

Gardner, who is "Uncle Erle" to himself and his friends, is equally unbudgeable on the timing of

his characters' doings, according to Miss King: "'Uncle Erle,' we'll say, 'it has to be later than that for Perry Mason to have discovered the body, run into Tragg, interviewed two suspects, and flown to Las Vegas and back. It'd take him that long to get to the airport.'

"'Dammit,' thunders Uncle Erle, 'you people back there will ruin my story. One thing Perry Mason has is *pace*, and if you go having him crawl from one thing to the other, there won't be any more Perry Masons because nobody will read them.'

"Come to think of it," Miss King continues, "at the rate Gardner moves, Perry's pace must seem snail-like to him. A telephone call might reach him at the ranch one day, but the next he may be at his hideout in Washington State or hunting lost mines in the American desert."

INTRINSIC quality is a perfectly good reason for the success of Gardner's books. A Dane or an Australian or a Czech can pick up any one of them and find himself at grips with a plausible tangle of legal and human problems, well stocked with action and tension, all guided to an unforeseeable denouement by the dependably triumphant Perry Mason (or Donald Lam).

Early on in the Perry Mason series—say at about the twentieth title—the public began to sense that Gardner was a prodigy. His rate of output alone was unique, causing one school of critics to decide that stories produced in such quantity were necessarily no more than average and to take a generally ho-hum-another-Gardner tone in their reviews. No such attitude was taken by the mass circulation weeklies, whose editors, forever sampling and responding to "reader-reaction," were publishing Perry Mason with eagerness—by no means all that Gardner could write of him but as much as a formula of fairly well assorted contents for their magazines would permit. The fact was that Perry simply did not begin to sag as he approached middle age: one of his adventures continued to prove just as readable as its predecessors. An addict of mystery fiction who had never read a Gardner book could reasonably say on going through any Perry Mason story, no matter when it was written, that he had enjoyed it and would welcome another. If a newcomer had achieved a half dozen books in a series of comparable virtues, he would certainly have been acclaimed as one to watch, possibly as a new champion in the making.

An unknown number of Gardner titles have been pirated overseas. A piracy suit in his behalf is still going on in the Mexican courts after five

years. A new Mexican copyright law has brought that situation under control, and Gardner is among the first authors to have all his books under legal protection there. Piracy in India, often with titles, names of characters, and locales changed, was widespread, but a new contract with a Madras publisher will doubtless bring an end to that. "We still receive," reports Henriette Gelber, who is in charge of Gardner's foreign rights at Morrow, "about one hopeful letter a week from individuals in India requesting permission to translate one—or all—of the Perry Mason books into Hindi, Tamil, Gujarati, Malayalam, Urdu, Telugu, Kannada, or Bengali." A considerable quantity of Gardner in English-language editions is exported from the United States and England to other countries, especially Sweden. An American traveler tells of a Czech railroad porter who recently refused a tip because he had been given a Perry Mason paperback.

In American editions alone, seventy-four of Gardner's titles have crossed the million mark in sales, twenty-two have exceeded two million, and two three million. Overseas sales give him a phenomenal audience, as the following list of his foreign publications suggests. His books are published in England, Australia, Czechoslovakia (in Czech and Slovak), Denmark, Holland, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Israel (in Hebrew and Rumanian), Hungary, India (in Tamil), Italy, Japan, Yugoslavia, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Brazil, Spain, Mexico, Argentina, and Sweden.

Television is still fairly new in some other parts of the world, and Perry Mason's foreign sales have yet to feel its full invigoration. There can be no doubt that the 292 one-hour shows on prime time have already made Perry Mason one of the most celebrated fiction characters of modern times in the United States. The effect on book sales cannot be precisely measured, but the same degree of exposure has sold a wondrous amount of everything else. Perry is far more famous than Gardner, while one suspects that if Raymond Burr were to appear today on the streets in almost any world capital, he would be engulfed in a mob of prospective clients.

ABOUT halfway up the side of a small mountain are the buildings of the thousand-acre Rancho del Paisano, in a grove of live oaks affording solid shade from the hot desert sun. The trees, whose vast and twisting limbs indicate their great age, are forever shedding from their dark green abundance quantities of small leaves that have turned dry. It is characteristic of Gardner's standard of maintenance that the first visible activity around the place of a morning is a complete sweepup by

a Mexican worker on the ranch, so that one sees, on strolling from a guesthouse over to breakfast in the main house, nary a dead leaf but only the tidying marks of the broom on the bone-dry gravelly soil. It is all so neat, like a newly raked bluestone driveway, that one hesitates to leave a footprint on it.

Temecula, which at this writing is little more than a four-corners hamlet, will doubtless be a city with traffic lights and a park department in the near future, so sprightly is the tempo of the Southern California developers. It is visible from Gardner's ranch, across a few miles of intervening desert and dry wash, but it consists of hardly enough to be seen, a dot on the map more or less equidistant from San Diego and Los Angeles, some forty miles from the coast.

Gardner's only near neighbors are an aged Indian couple with a tiny ranch, on which they just manage to subsist. The Vail Ranch, a 91,000-acre old-style cattle outfit across the road from the Rancho del Paisano, was sold recently to developers for \$21 million, and this has already given Gardner more of a shut-in feeling than he can comfortably tolerate. Save for a few cleared fields and pastures on the Vail property, the whole countryside is rough desert as far as one can see, a pale green varied by wild lilac and mustard and flowers in the spring and a buckskin gray-tan the rest of the year.

Most of the main house on Gardner's ranch is taken up by a living room, handsomely and comfortably furnished in a deceptively casual-looking Western manner, with much good leather and natural wood finish, and giving an impression of a sunny spaciousness. Its assortment of newspapers and periodicals laid out on a vast low table would suffice for the library of a good club. The principal window commands a vista sweeping from the coastal mountains in the west, through the desert to the north, to higher and more distant reaches in the east. The western horizon is hazy, which could result to some extent from the warm desert temperatures meeting the cooler airs of the coast, but Gardner gloomily attributes this to the spread of metropolitan smog. Almost any day now he will be forced to pack up and flee, he seems to feel, if the embrace of creeping civilization is to be evaded, although one doubts that an equivalent of the Rancho del Paisano could be created anywhere else in the world.

Everything about the ranch represents the carefully contrived fulfillment of some pertinent want on the part of the owner. It all works perfectly and apparently without human effort. Meals seem magically to serve themselves on the long refectory table at one side of the living room, a stout and immaculately polished piece of furniture

which, like everything else in the room, is made to withstand hard use for another century or two. The guesthouses, partly hidden from one another in the grove of live oaks, are each equipped with reading matter, bar supplies and a thermos bucket of ice, and electric heaters against the morning chill. A typical Gardner invitation to a friend some years ago went like this: "Come whenever you can, stay as long as you like. If I have to be away for a time, don't let that make any difference. Use any one of the cars that you want and drive it to wherever you are bound for when you leave. When you are through with it, leave it in a parking lot and mail me the ticket, and I'll send someone in to bring it back."

Difficulty in finding domestic help for so isolated a location has cut down the number of Gardner's guests in recent years, but the hospitality of the ranch is undiminished. Gardner eats and drinks moderately, worries about his weight, and leads an unbelievably active life for a man of any age. He gets up with the dawn, dictates for two or three hours on a tape recorder, and sits down to breakfast around 8:30 or 9:00 with any guests who may be on the ranch. The meals are handsomely presented and simple — simple, that is, in the sense of the aphorism that So-and-so is a man of simple tastes: all he wants is the best of everything.

A short distance below the main house is the office building, where Gardner's secretariat — six or seven full-time workers who take care of correspondence and voluminous files and records — are stationed. The quality and completeness of the business information relating to the "fiction factory" would approximate that of a large, well-managed corporation.

The backbone of the secretarial organization consists of three sisters: Jean Bethell, Ruth "Honey" Moore, and Peggy Downs. These three sisters were Gardner's secretaries when he was in the law business, took a great interest in his writing career, and when he left the law, came with him. Honey runs the financial details, the books and office staff. Peggy has charge of the files and the ranch and dogs when Jean and Gardner are away. Owing to the efficiency of the three sisters, he can put his hand on any document and just about any letter that he has received during the past thirty years. "The detail work these girls do is astonishing," he says.

Opening at random one of the ledgers on his overseas publications, one finds under the heading "Italy" four single-spaced pages listing dates, titles, and various editions of Gardner books in Italian. The ledger pages are beautifully laid out, and one imagines that a smudge or erasure anywhere would cause the whole volume to be

scrapped for a new unblemished production. The headings for Japan, Germany, and other lands are similarly comprehensive and neat.

Gardner naps briefly in the early afternoon. While he is at the ranch, he does his work in a separate building containing his own office, whose contents would take several pages to catalogue, a room crammed with memorabilia of all sorts — Oriental, Indian, Western, including the mounted horns of a Texas dogie measuring six feet three inches from tip to tip. An adjoining room houses his cameras and photographic supplies, still another his guns. He usually carries in his pocket, on the ranch, a snub-nosed .38 Smith and Wesson revolver, which he can produce with astonishing suddenness, but he stopped hunting game with a rifle many years ago on the ground that it gave the game no real sporting chance. He took up archery, at which he became good enough to hit thrown targets, and he has killed specimens of all the big game of North America with the bow and arrow, but his only pursuit of animals today is with the camera.

Gardner is especially proud of a black metallic bowl, kept on an ebony stand of its own near his desk. Of ancient Oriental workmanship, the bowl gives off a delicate humming sound when rubbed in a circular motion, an effect which Gardner believes can become hypnotic if protracted. He is leaving his papers and books to the library of the University of Texas, where his office will be duplicated, with all its contents in their present position. His own shelves contain several thousand volumes, including many scarce items of Western Americana and an extensive law library.

Termination of the Perry Mason TV series has reduced the tension of Gardner's line of communications between Hollywood and wherever he happens to be. But the only easing off Gardner allowed himself after the series stopped was to give up working nights. Otherwise his day is as busy as ever: on reaching his Palm Springs house late one afternoon, having already carried on his before-breakfast dictation, with long-distance telephoning and correspondence occupying him through midday, followed by a 70 mph drive across the desert from the ranch, Gardner was immediately at his desk recording, microphone in hand, barking out a segment of *Traps Need Fresh Bait*, a next A. A. Fair title. Three quarters of an hour later Gardner sat down with his guests and enjoyed a whiskey or two before they all departed for dinner at a tiny Chinese restaurant fifteen miles out of town.

Gardner rarely travels anywhere without Jean Bethell, chief of the secretaries, and usually with one or two more, and he is almost always accompanied by Sam Hicks, manager of the Rancho

del Paisano, himself a fictionlike character whose accomplishments would seem overdrawn in the context of any novel. The arrival of this entourage at a New York or Boston hotel is a marvelously entertaining scene of instant-everything: porters rushing in and out with typewriters, tape recorders, and miscellaneous luggage; room service setting up a table of drinks; telephones sounding simultaneously in two or three rooms; more room service popping in with sandwiches and coffee, bellboys with mail and newspapers; and Gardner, never the man to waste a moment of his waking hours, welcoming his first guests precisely on the dot of his arrival time.

JEAN BETHELL is often taken to be the prototype of Della Street, the indispensable secretary-strategist of Perry Mason's office, but Della could hardly survive a weekend of Jean's ordinary round. Of life on the Delta, Helen King writes:

"It is considered camping out, in the sense that there is no household or secretarial staff, the way there is at the ranch. Jean does most of the cooking in addition to her usual executive secretarial duties. She is the only woman in the world who can drop a frying pan, pick up the telephone, take down the conversation between Erle and the caller, and five minutes later have a perfect breakfast on the table: no overcooked eggs or burnt toast or boiled over coffee."

Gardner's chief secretary is slim, alert, and tireless; she is indeed the executive responsible for enabling Gardner to live and work the way he wants to. Like Della Street, she is the instant secretary, but her cooking goes far beyond breakfasts, and she can put a superb dinner on the table, if some kitchen crisis arises, without the rest of the company even being aware that it was she who did all the work from start to finish. Details of travel reservations, household accounts, business and social engagements, correspondence, and the never-ending output of the fiction factory — all proceed smoothly under her direction, as does the team play by the rest of the secretariat, a remarkably capable group. Gardner likes to regard himself as a meat-and-potatoes sort of man whose surroundings are stripped down to Spartan essentials, a view that might almost be believable, so subtle is Jean's taste in the accessories of good living. She has worked for Gardner for a quarter century or more, gone along on even his toughest trips into the wilds, and her reaction as a reader of a Perry Mason story in the making has always carried great weight with Gardner.

Sam Hicks looks after everything in the Gardner establishments except what Jean and the secretaries



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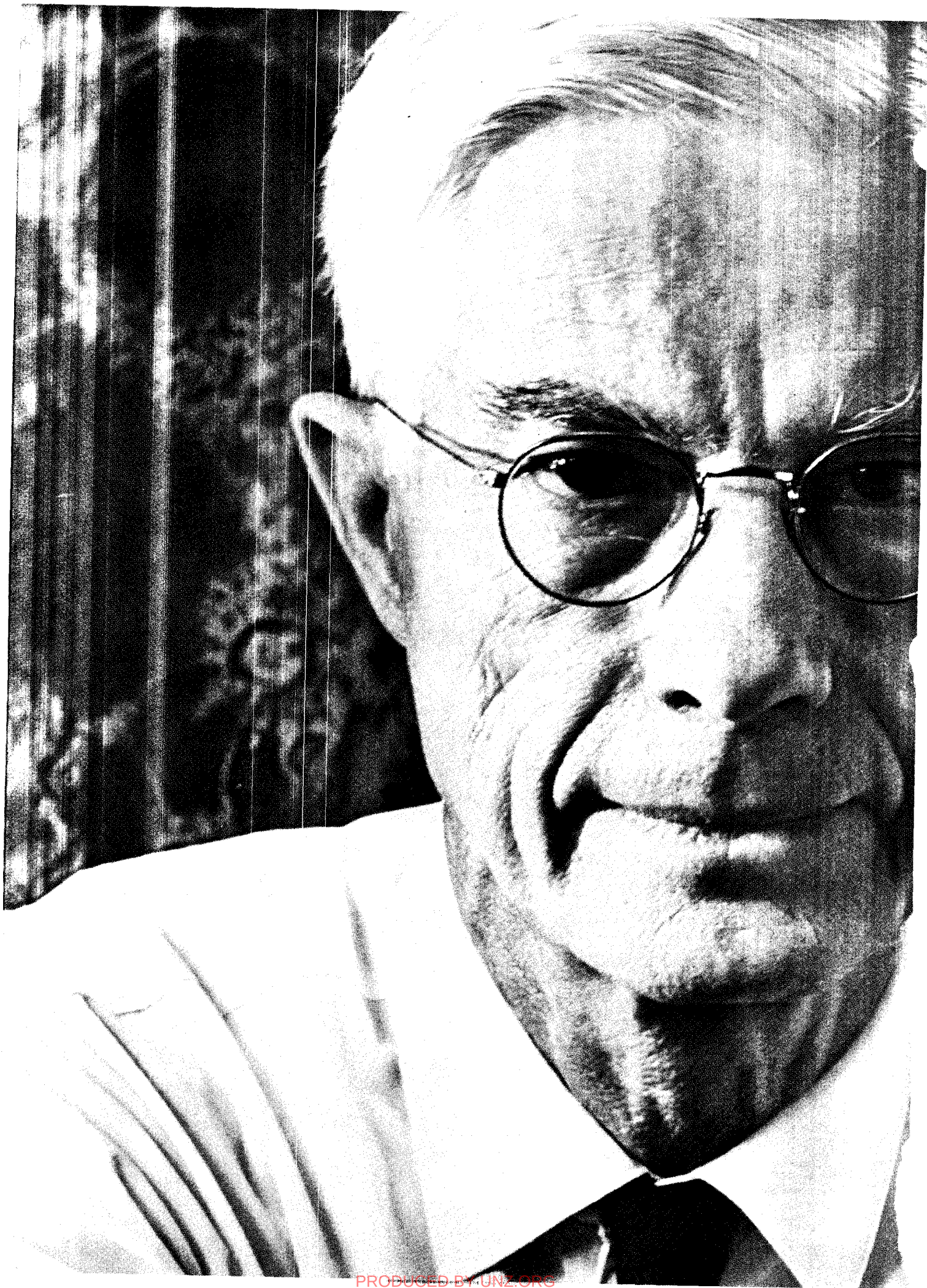
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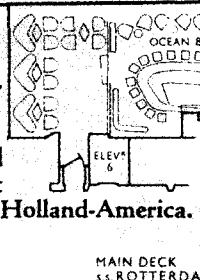
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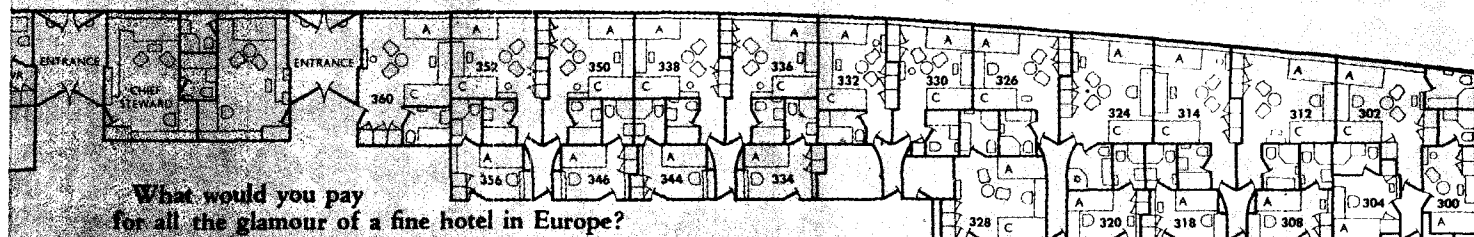
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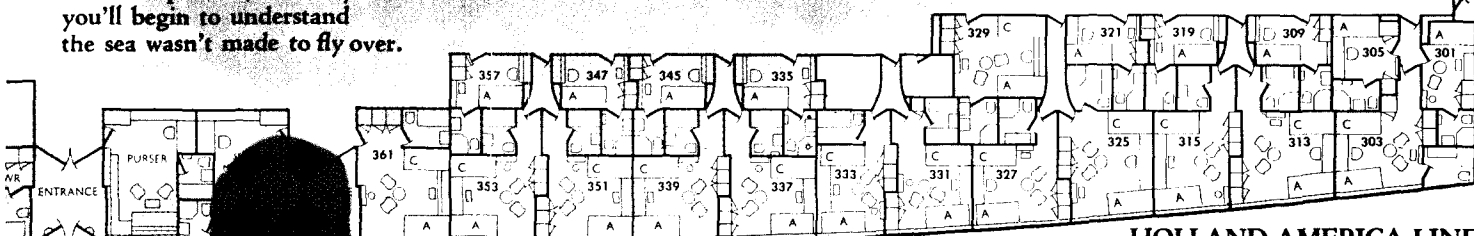


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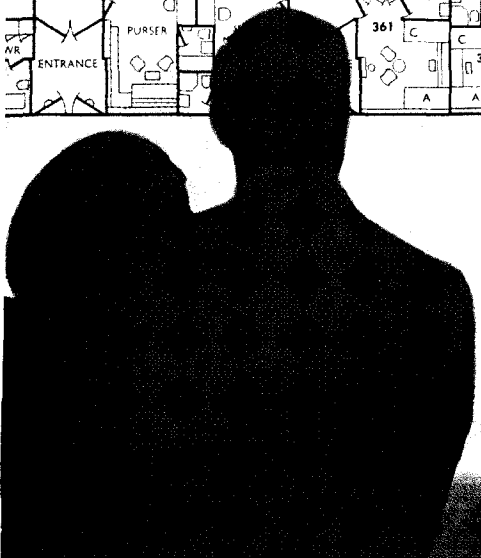
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take care of. He is unmistakably the Westerner — hunter, horse wrangler, mountaineer — in appearance tall, broad-shouldered, with a small waist, a steady blue eye, very quick and light on his feet. Sam weighs about 200 pounds, with no spare flesh at all, a powerful figure, but so well proportioned that one does not quite realize how big he is until shaking hands with him, when the other person's hand simply disappears and is lost to sight in Sam's hospitable grasp. Sam was employed by the post office department to deliver the mails on skis, a winter service he rendered near the little town of Bondurant, Wyoming, where he was born and grew up. Now in mid-forties, he lives with his wife, Ruby, and their four children in a house of their own on the Rancho del Paisano. Gardner thinks Sam is the greatest elk hunter of the West, and one gets the impression that breaking out a trail with a dogsled would still be an easy day's work for him.

Sam was working for his father's hunting and camping outfit, Ralph Hicks and Sons, when he first met Gardner on an elk hunt in 1946. They went out together again a few years later, and Sam came to the ranch in 1951 to stay and become Gardner's trusted friend and right-hand man. Soft-spoken and unfailingly good company, he often serves with Jean as a kind of co-host. At sundown on a chilly afternoon Sam likes to take orders for hot cocoa, which he serves in huge cups with the words, glazed into their side, "California Demi-tasse." The cocoa is thin, neither bitter nor sweet, delicious, and with a full-bodied flavor which proves to come from a hearty addition of bourbon whiskey.

Gardner has written at some length in his travel books about his conversations with animals. He is especially susceptible to stray or injured creatures, and any dog, starving and down on his luck, who stops by at the ranch is invited to settle in and make himself comfortable for the rest of his days. There are three such in residence at this time — small, nondescript, shrewd, all with the gay tail and the somewhat officious air of mutt-dom in general. They pay close attention to anything Gardner says, but like most servants of the mighty, they tend to snobbishness toward others. Save for an occasional halfhearted lunge at a quail taking a dust bath in the road, they are usually sunning themselves or enjoying the air conditioning inside. There is still a huge enclosure at the ranch — too luxurious to be called a cage — that Gardner provided for a pet chipmunk some years ago. The chipmunk had the run of the ranch and used the enclosure as a sort of private preserve and stronghold; it eventually died of old age.

A coyote used to annoy Gardner by howling

every night near his bedroom. Nothing seemed to deter it, until one night Gardner switched on his tape recorder for ten minutes, and then turned the playback up to full volume. The shock of what must have seemed to be his *Doppelgänger* was too much for the coyote, who went away and was never heard again.

Long stays in the wilderness have given Gardner an intimate knowledge of all North American game, but he is also an authority on "lost" mines and mineral rights as a result of his early law practice, and on the extraordinary remains left in Baja California by primitive man. Wall paintings in one of the caves discovered by Gardner in an isolated canyon depicted hunters who, in comparison with the animals in the painting, must have been around nine feet tall; he is still speculating on the possibility that a family of phenomenally tall brothers on a remote ranch a couple of hundred miles away from the cave might have descended from the same tribe that executed the murals.

The caves and rock paintings at a site called San Borjita had been visited by several explorers, but the largest of the nine new finds, called Gardner Cave, contains 136 figures of human beings and animals, which Gardner has described in detail in his book *The Hidden Heart of Baja*. A discovery of such importance could constitute a career for many a professional, but Gardner's private satisfaction, one suspects, comes from viewing it as the outcome of long and arduous detective work: piecing together legends, gossip, superstitions, and fragments of fact gleaned in an almost uninhabited region, deciding where to concentrate the search, and finally locating the cave by helicopter and coming down for an on-the-spot recording of its wonders.

For the present, while Perry Mason is not in production, Gardner still tries to find time for all that he would like to do before getting into the Donald Lam-Bertha Cool involvement. No one who knows him expects him to slack off into anything like leisure, but new books, travels, business affairs, and the obligations of hospitality inherent in his work all keep him hustling from one day to the next.

A Chinese told Gardner years ago that he had undoubtedly been a Chinese in an earlier incarnation. The idea appealed to Gardner, giving him an abiding interest in the subject of reincarnation, and he often muses on what this person or that might have been in a previous life. This once led a friend, who was enjoying the pleasures of the Rancho del Paisano, to ask what he would like to be in his next reincarnation.

Gardner meditated the question with lawyerlike deliberation. "I think I'd like to be," he replied wistfully, "a guest at the Erle Stanley Gardner ranch."

THE EAGLES OF KAZAKHSTAN



by Eugene S. Staples

As cultural counselor in the United States Embassy in Moscow from 1961 to 1964, Mr. Staples had considerable opportunity to travel and observe in the Soviet Union. He is now an associate director of the Ford Foundation.

WALK by the Volga in the heat of early summer. The meadowlands are carpeted with blue and yellow wild flowers. Where birch groves rim the quiet inlets, reflected trees dance gravely and blend in the water with the banks and the sky and the clouds: green, blue, gray, then green again. “*Zelyennaya pora*,” murmur the Russians, “the green time.” In the heart of the afternoon, peasants stretch out face down on the cool grass, or turn toward the sun and reach up as though to pull it down to the meadow.

Narrow your eyes against the sun and listen. Through the breeze you can almost hear and see Mongol horsemen cutting across the meadow on their shaggy ponies. They laugh and shout in triumph in their cruel language. They raise their swords and strike. How good to shed blood in the bright sun! How satisfying to tread the neck of the vanquished!

What dreams, what racial memories have formed the Russians? Against an immensity of steppe, forests, and marsh, they appear late in history, rough, black figures plodding toward a destiny that, like a golden dome caught in the flat light of the Northern sunset, gleams on a far horizon. Their way has been like no other: it is a wedding of the Byzantine Christ, an Asiatic court, a French style, the German philosophy.

“Moskva, Moskva,” cry Chekhov’s heroines, like women evoking the names of their lovers. In the

old capital, ruined churches along the Moscow River recall the magnificent semi-Asiatic Czars, returning from battle against Mongols or Poles, brilliant in red velvet, black furs, green jade, mounted on white horses. Behold the Caesar of all the Russians!

In Pushkin’s St. Petersburg, stone palaces and bridges are suspended in the misty air and water. Pushkin wrote: “Before the young capital, old Moscow faded, like a widow in mourning before a new Czarina . . . I love you, creation of Peter, I love your thoughtful nights.” The Baltic, the Neva, and the sky become indivisible in the white nights, infused with light. Hollow-cheeked ballerinas leap exquisitely as, breathless in admiration, time pauses. Beneath the pilings and the stone molders the dust of uncounted serfs who died building Peter’s dream. Utopia is not a new concept among the Russians.

A classic Ideal, a Purpose, a teleology dominate Russian history, Abram Tertz (Andrei Sinyavsky) observed in his essay “On Socialist Realism.” Comparing the nineteenth-century “negative” hero of Russian literature with the “positive” hero of the eighteenth century and the twentieth-century Communists, he quotes an eighteenth-century poet, Derzhavin:

. . . Listen, O astounded Europe,
To the exploits of these Russians.
People, know and understand,

Drawing from FOLK AND FESTIVAL COSTUME OF THE WORLD. Courtesy Charles Scribner’s Sons. Copyright © 1965, by R. Turner Wilcox.

Believe ye that with us is God:
 Believe that, aided by His hand
 A single Russian can defeat
 All your abysmal evil forces. . . .

A contemporary Soviet poet, Alexander Prokofiev:

There is no country like vast Russia,
 No flowers grow as bright as ours,
 Great is our people, free and deathless,
 Our proud, eternal Russian people. . . .
 They made Russia and they raised her
 To heights of stars and crests of time.

The Russians in history have pursued not happiness, but perfection. The Czars who enthralled Russia's heart were those who demanded the highest degree in perfection, the ultimate in sacrifice. Ivan and Peter each killed his own son. Stalin, who killed his millions, is moved now from the honored place beside Lenin to lie in less hallowed ground below the Kremlin wall. But the peasants and workers who stand silently and gaze at Stalin's grave know why they are there. They will not thus pay homage to a Khrushchev or a Brezhnev.

1825

Soviet Communists like to trace revolutionary roots back to the Decembrists, army officers inspired by the French Revolution who, upon Nicholas I's accession to the throne after Alexander I's death, rebelled unsuccessfully in St. Petersburg. A current Soviet version of Griboedov's nineteenth-century comedy *Gore of Uma, Woe From Wit*, which describes the disastrous consequences of a Western education in St. Petersburg society, superimposes a *tableau vivant* of the Decembrists, gazing toward the sunrise, as prologue and epilogue. The sunrise is bad Soviet art; it is sound propaganda.

Visiting Russia in 1839, the Marquis de Custine quoted in his journal an eyewitness account of the aftermath of the Decembrist plot: "The Emperor Nicholas condemned the five principal leaders of the plot to death. It was decided to hang them at two o'clock in the morning on the glacis of the citadel at the edge of a twenty-five-foot moat. The condemned men were stationed on a bench a few feet high under the gallows. All preparations for the punishment finished, Count Tchernichev, charged by his master with presiding at the execution, began his function as chief of the executioners by giving the agreed signal. The drums beat, and the bench was withdrawn from under the feet of the criminals. Instantly three of the ropes break; two of the released victims fall to the bottom of the moat, the third is stopped on the bluff. The people who had been permitted to watch this lugubrious scene are excited; their hearts beat with joy and gratitude in thinking that the Emperor had taken

this means of reconciling the rights of humanity with the obligations of policy. But Count Tchernichev has the roll of the drums continue. The executioners descend to the moat, pick up two of the victims, one of whom has his legs broken and the other his jawbone shattered. They assist the prisoners in resuming their places under the gallows and reattach the ropes around their necks. But while the third criminal, having remained intact, submits to the same operation, this doomed man collects all his forces, and with heroic fury, cries out in such a manner as to make himself heard in spite of the drums: 'Unhappy land where they do not even know how to hang a man.' He had been the soul of the conspiracy; his name was Pestel."

1924

It is commonly assumed in the West that Hitler and Stalin invented the modern concentration camp. But as Mihajlo Mihajlov, the Yugoslav writer, pointed out in his book *A Moscow Summer*, it is the Russian Bolsheviks under Lenin who deserve this distinction. The difference is a significant one. All the post-Stalin rulers of Russia claim Stalin's camps to have been a perversion of Leninism. For his accuracy, Mihajlov was sentenced to imprisonment by a Yugoslav court.

Life and death in the early Soviet camps near Archangel are described in a little-known book, *Letters From Russian Prisons*, published in 1925 by Albert and Charles Boni. An American diplomat, Peter Bridges, writing about this book recently in the *Foreign Service Journal*, recalled that its sponsors, the International Committee for Political Prisoners, included Jane Addams, Clarence Darrow, Felix Frankfurter, Norman Thomas, Eugene V. Debs, W. E. B. DuBois, and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.

Among the political prisoners at the Solovetsky Monastery in the White Sea were Kronstadt men, the flower of Lenin's revolutionary navy. At the Kronstadt fortress in the Gulf of Finland in 1921, the garrison rose bloodily and unsuccessfully against Lenin's dictatorial rule, on their lips a cry for a democratic Soviet system. Of 5000 Kronstadt sailors in the Archangel camps, 1500 had survived after a year. There were other prisoners at the Solovetsky Monastery of course: White Russian soldiers from Wrangel's army, and some Cheka agents following their victims to a living death.

A Solovetsky prisoner wrote in 1924: "The spirit of old Asiatic Muscovy reigned here from the very beginning . . . amid altogether different surroundings. But it is the same spirit. The crosses were removed from the church steeples, the walls of the church were denuded, the icons painted over; in place of saints, portraits of Lenin, Trotsky, and Marx were drawn; and instead of texts from the

Bible, the mottoes of the Russian Communist Party appeared. . . . The old monastery, which served as an atrocious prison in former days, has now become altogether an inferno. The prisoners live in the most intolerable conditions, amidst terrible crowding, hunger, cold, and are forced to do hard labor. . . . The emaciated, exhausted, half-starved men are unable to complete their tasks. Then their rations are cut down and they are . . . condemned to slow death. . . .”

1966

“We did not want salvation for ourselves,” wrote Tertz, “but for all of humanity. Instead of sentimental sighs, individual perfection, and amateur dramatics for the benefit of the hungry, we set about to correct the universe according to the best of models, the shining model of the Purpose which we approached ever more closely.

“So that prisons should vanish forever, we built new prisons. So that all frontiers should fall, we surrounded ourselves with a Chinese Wall. So that work should become a rest and a pleasure, we introduced forced labor. So that not one drop of blood be shed anymore, we killed and killed and killed. . . .

“O Lord, O Lord — pardon us our sins.”

While Tertz was on trial in Moscow, before being sentenced to seven years at hard labor in a prison camp, he is reported to have said, “In the whole history of literature, I know of no criminal trial like this one, even of authors who also published abroad, and in a sharply critical way at that. I do not wish to make any comparisons between my case and those of other people, but am I right in believing that Soviet citizens are supposed to be equal before the law?”

MOUNTAINS floated in an Asiatic sky. The sun retreated, achingly far away. A Kazakh herdsman, booted and jacketed in sheepskin, wild as his animals, stopped me, and in barely intelligible Russian asked where the market was. I walked him a block toward the square.

Sun-warmed in black cotton-quilt coats and breeches, happy Kazakhs shouted and pummeled each other in the ancient confusion of the marketplace, paved now prosaically with crumbling Soviet concrete. Their coats smelled of the orange dust of the desert. An acrid, heady scent of dried peppers pricked delightfully inside one’s nose. The herdsman grunted and left without ceremony.

Earlier, I had eaten the ceremonial apples with the mayor. A city, Communist, bureaucrat, successful, politician Kazakh, the mayor looked at me

with distaste and said: “No, we have not had any trouble on the Chinese border.”

“Even *Pravda* in Moscow has written about the border problems.”

“Ah, yes,” he said. “But there are no problems with the Kazakhs.” The mayor was short and tough. He had black hair, brown skin, high cheekbones, slant eyes. In addition to knowing nothing about the Chinese border, he said he knew nothing about horses.

“Kazakhs still ride horses, do they not?” I demanded. “We had hoped to see horses out here. In America we think of Kazakhs as great horsemen.” The mayor laughed without amusement.

“Back there,” he said, languidly waving a stubby hand toward the mountains. “Please have an apple.” The great red apples were piled in glass bowls on the green felt table.

“Do you know that ‘Alma-Ata’ means ‘Father of Apples’?” he asked. I said I knew. I really could not eat any more apples. They were a foot in diameter.

I had in fact seen some horsemen the day before in the mountains outside the city where a road winds up from Alma-Ata along a wooded ridge. Larches and aspen were turning red and gold in the Dionysian air. A stream splashed far below us. Up the road came three Kazakh horsemen, the only ones I saw in Kazakhstan. They wore fur hats, sheepskin jackets, and boots, and their saddle bags bulged with supplies. They went by at a slow trot up the mountain toward China.

Kazakhs rode with Genghis Khan. They were extraordinarily fine horsemen. Later, when they fought the Kalmucks over grazing land, they abducted so many Kalmuck women that Kazakhs today look Mongolian rather than Turkic. For centuries the Kazakhs fought the Russians. During Stalin’s collectivization, so many Kazakhs died that the Kazakh population fell from 3,717,000 in 1926 to 3,098,764 in 1939. Slavs became the dominant race in Kazakhstan.

The Kazakhs never believed much in towns, and Alma-Ata is Russian, a frontier post built in 1854 in the valley under the great semicircle of the Tien Shan Range. It is a pleasant town — the old part — wide, regular streets with low, cool houses set back from the dust of the street. One looks at Tashkent and Alma-Ata and Poona and Delhi and remembers how Russian and British imperial power flowed in a slow, high tide across Central Asia a hundred years ago. The frontier towns of the foreign conquerors were remarkably alike, although the British provided more luxury. The British are gone now from Central Asia. The Soviet Russians remain, imperial heirs of an imperial past, a mixed blessing.

The Soviets have ringed old Alma-Ata with huge

tasteless apartment blocks. As in every capital of a Soviet Republic, they have erected an opera house—where the only opera in the Kazakh language is painfully performed before giggling Kazakhs and incredulous foreigners—a university, and a Park of Rest and Culture.

At the park entrance a poster said that “Great Durov” would show his trained animals at the zoo at three o’clock. The Alma-Ata Zoo is on a wooded hill in the park; below it, open to the sky, is a small arena with benches for spectators. I sat down with a dozen or so impassive Kazakhs and a quartet of Russian soldiers and their girls.

Shortly after three, a wild-looking blond youth bounded through the arena doors, and in response to shouts from behind the door, arranged the props. A sweet-faced Russian woman peered out, surveyed the audience, and disappeared. A loud-speaker assailed our ears with a march. Durov the Great entered.

Durov was what Russians call *plotny*—“solid like a beam.” He wore striped blue trousers, a dirty red coat with gold epaulets and loops, and black leather boots. His long hair and mustache had been blond. He sprang to the center of the ring, bowed deeply, regarded us with glittering eyes, and began:

“Dear friends,” he said, using the classical *druzhyia* rather than the Soviet *tovarishi* (“comrades”), “you are about to see a demonstration of the magic of the spirit. The bear will lie down with the lamb. The goat will walk with the wolf. The chicken will know its brother the fox. When love rules the world, all living beings are brothers.”

Durov danced ponderously around the ring half speaking, half chanting, bending his back and slowly raising and lowering his paws like a great blond bear.

The door opened, and a fox fled in. It popped up on a stand. The sweet-faced woman brought in a chicken and set it down on the stand; it hopped twice and jumped on the fox’s back.

“Behold the power of the spirit,” cried Durov, dancing around the animals.

When chicken greets fox as brother,
And fears among animals no other,
Then man can hope that peace will rule,
In spite of his propensity to be a fool.

Durov, chanting about *duraki* (“fools”), was speaking in verse. He swayed and sang his way, mad and sinister, about the ring, which gradually filled with parakeets, a donkey, squirrels, a goat, a horse, a wolf, and finally, an enormous and fearsome bear. Durov’s animals had achieved the state of brotherly love so prized in the Soviet Union: they lived in terror of Durov.

“Aaaarrh,” growled Durov. “This is the fiercest of them all. The most dangerous animal in the

world—the great Russian brown bear.” The mighty beast rumbled and shambled toward Durov, who snarled back and cuffed the bear lightly. “Watch him lie down with the lamb.” The woman brought the lamb, and the bear and the lamb lay down together in the sand.

We lolled half-hypnotized in the delicate autumn sunlight. I had an irrelevant feeling the Kazakhs would have eaten all the animals, including the horse. The Russian soldiers concentrated on making their girls.

Durov sang his farewell poem and dismissed both animals and us. We clapped dispiritedly and left. Purple light spilled over the peaks of the Tien Shan. A chilly wind blew down from the high snowfields. I walked idly toward the exit. Through my musings I started awake to an urgent small screaming issuing from a row of cages.

I turned the corner and came face to face with the eagles of Kazakhstan. Six cages full, an awful flock, these ferocious birds that soar the mountain thermals of Asia from Sinkiang to the Caspian had fallen into captivity. It was feeding time. Into the eagles’ cages the keepers had just loosed the day’s portion of live rabbits.

The great birds, beaks and claws bloodied, stood glaring into nothing. White rabbits crouched in the corners of the cramped cages twitching and eating clover. Whenever a rabbit strayed from the corner, an eagle half leaped, half swooped across the cage and caught the rabbit with a nonchalant fist. The screaming began as the eagle clenched its fists to squeeze the tiny body, then began to pluck the fur. Occasionally, an eagle became bored or distracted. Then his half-dead prey flopped screaming, crippled and bloody, across the cage.

As we watched in the magenta light, a young Russian seized a rabbit that had escaped from the cage, petted it, and stuffed it back through the bars. A girl began to weep loudly. Her companion, cigarette dangling from his lips, said: “*Shto ty?*” (“You, what’s the matter with you?”) The girl said, in tears, “But how can they do this?”

A man came up suddenly behind us. Raising his arms like an angry prophet, he shouted:

“*Ah, shto Vyi, shto Vyi! A Vyi tozhe plakali kagda nas dushili.*” (“Ah, you, what’s the matter with you! And did you also cry when they were strangling us?”) It was Durov, the mad animal trainer. He waited while a rabbit shrieked, his eyes staring without seeing, and strode off. I watched a moment longer, then wandered off after Durov into the bloody sunset.

Mother Russia, sanguinary Russia, Holy Russia, land of tears. Did you weep, cried Durov? Did you weep when they were strangling us?

A VISIT WITH ARGENTINA'S BORGES

The works of Argentina's Jorge Luis Borges were known to but a few in North America when, five years ago, he won with Samuel Beckett the Formentor Prix International des Editeurs. Since then his fame has grown; four collections of his poetry and fiction have been published in English, and his genius is accepted even by many who have not read him. John Gunther tells about Borges as he visited him in Buenos Aires in preparation of the newest Gunther book, INSIDE SOUTH AMERICA, to be published at the end of this month by Harper & Row. Keith Botsford, the author of five novels and the director of the National Translation Center in Austin, Texas, discusses the origins and the meaning of the sixty-seven-year-old poet, critic, and fantasist.

Not long ago I spent a few weeks in Buenos Aires, and the man I wanted most to meet there was Jorge Luis Borges, the remarkable poet, essayist, scholar, storywriter, and specialist in the abstruse. Borges is one of the most provocative writers South America has ever produced, with a reputation gradually spreading outside his native Argentina and the Spanish-speaking world. Four of his books are available in English — *Dreamtigers*, *Fictions*, *Labyrinths*, and *Other Inquisitions* — and in 1961 he reached the world stage for the first time by sharing the Formentor International Publishers' Prize with Samuel Beckett.

Born in 1899, Borges has lectured and taught in the United States, and has been the director of the Argentine National Library and professor of English literature at the University of Buenos Aires. Even so, several supposedly literate Americans in Buenos Aires had never heard of him when I asked his whereabouts. But I tracked him down, reached him on the telephone, and asked if we could meet. He said that he would pick me up in my hotel one afternoon that week. I was not sure of the quality of his English, and I invited a bilingual friend to stand by and serve as an interpreter, if necessary. I need not have worried. Borges' English is as good as mine, and he speaks with no trace of accent. It impressed me that he had suggested meeting in my hotel, because I had been told by Argentine acquaintances that it was difficult for him to get around.

Borges has a wonderful face — seared, humorous, questing, faery. His voice has a light puckish tone, and he loves to talk, making gestures as if he were juggling invisible small balloons. We drove to the National Library, which he described gaily as being of the "Turkish bath school of architecture," and then proceeded to the headquarters of the Argentine Writers' Club, a building at once haughty and ramshackle which, of all things, re-

by John Gunther

mind me of the Tolstoyan headquarters of the Writers' Union in Moscow. Here Borges pointed out literary souvenirs precious to him — various portraits and manuscripts, a ravishing portrait of Victoria Ocampo, and an impressive line drawing of himself. "I look like an archbishop. I was fat then." Maybe so, but the picture didn't *look* fat, and I remembered stories I had heard about Borges in his youth, when he was one of the most romantic beaux of his time.

Some members of the Argentine avant-garde tend to dismiss Borges for being old-fashioned, but he is an extremely modern writer by any reasonable definition of the term. His dark, haunting, infinitely subtle stories resemble those of De Quincey, Poe, G. K. Chesterton, Kafka, the contemporary German existentialists, and above all, Joseph Conrad. He is a difficult writer to grasp, if only because he combines melodrama with elaborate intellectualization. He thinks of life, he told me, as a "maze without a center."

One of his most celebrated stories, "Funes the Memorious," which appeared in the *Paris Review* in 1962, has been explained as being a cryptic study of insomnia, but its metaphorical quality is such that this theme is not easily visible. One subject that appealed to him — so, at least, I have heard — was suggested by the early H. G. Wells, dealing with a flower that devoured a man. One critic in *Holiday* calls him "arcane," "defiant," "ornately mannerist," "outrageous," "metaphysical," and "hallucinatory." John Updike, discussing him at appreciative length in the *New Yorker* (October 30, 1965), refers to his inveterate bookishness, his preoccupation with the "hidden pivots" of history, and his basic concern for "the gravity of the human condition." He is a narrow writer, but one of tempestuous intensity.

This is a Borges poem which reflects one aspect of his disposition. He wrote it in English:



Photograph of Mr. Borges, courtesy of NEW DIRECTIONS.

What can I hold you with?
I offer you lean streets.
I offer you the bitterness of a man who has
looked long at the lonely moon.
I offer you my ancestors.
I can give you my loneliness, my darkness,
the hunger of my heart; I am trying to bribe
you with uncertainty, with danger, with
defeat.

Borges is blind. He told me that he could not see my face or tell the color of my tie. Yet, with a stick he walks with perfect security and grace in the surroundings with which he is familiar. His great-great-grandfather, great-grandfather, grandfather, and father all slowly went blind; he himself began to lose his sight about a decade ago. I urged him to travel to the United States to see some ophthalmological specialists there, but he replied with a sigh that he had tried everything and that his condition — he didn't define it exactly — was incurable. His sister, a painter, is going blind as well.

Borges lives with his mother, a spry old lady of nearly ninety; his background is continental Spanish crossed with English and Portuguese. One of his grandparents came from Northumberland; another was a Portuguese ship's captain; still another forebear was an army officer who led a cavalry charge in an Argentine civil war, an event which still seizes his imagination. "Argentines are the best fighters in South America; after that, Venezuelans and Colombians."

He was born, he told me, in an old house in what is now the commercial center of Buenos Aires; it has long since disappeared, but it had a patio, iron gates, creepers, birds. He learned English as soon as Spanish; French came later. I asked him about the derivation of the name Borges, and he sailed off at once into a far-traveling survey of its etymology; the name connotes not only "city" (Pittsburgh, Burgos, Edinburgh) but "mountain," "citizen" (burgher), and "bourgeois." Did I know that Kierkegaard meant "churchyard" in Danish, and could this have any symbolic significance? Where did the word "Zen" come from? (He fairly rolled in delight when I mentioned something that happened to be new to him, that a favorite Zen Buddhist riddle asks what is the noise of one hand clapping.) Did I know that the Russian word for bread, *khleb*, had a close relation to "loaf" in Middle English?

Borges is positively mad about early English, and conducted a postgraduate class in Anglo-Saxon. He was close to retirement from the university, having passed sixty-five. "But I feel younger now than when I was forty. At that age I was miserable, but I enjoyed the misery." He loves to make literary pilgrimages, and visiting the graves of English

poets or pausing at their tombstones, recites long sections of their verse by heart. He was once so moved by a church in the Cotswolds, I was told, that he fell on his knees and recited the Lord's Prayer in Middle English. Not only is his memory for verse striking; so is his universal capacity for literary allusion. During our afternoon he broke into recitations from Chesterton, Valéry, Edgar Lee Masters ("Anne Rutledge"), and several other poets, and mentioned a wide miscellany of writers. One paradox, if it can be believed, is that he cannot memorize his *own* verse, although he knows countless other poets by heart; thus it is very difficult for him to put down his own work on tape since he cannot see to read.

It was difficult to persuade him to talk about Argentina, about which I was eager to have his opinion. "Argentina *was* a quite important country." Now, "All is disintegration — we stagnate." The Argentines have pride, humor, and "intellectual but not moral conscience." He listened with delight to an off-color joke about Evita Perón, and called her husband an abomination, a laughing-stock and coward. "We were taken in, bamboozled. Both my mother and sister were arrested. I lost my job because I had sympathized with the Allies during the war. . . . Perón sent *firemen* to burn the churches. . . . Nobody had the guts to fight."

Then his talk fluttered and floated back to Middle English, the Stoic philosophers, Greek texts, and the "wonderful nightmares" of Conrad, Wells, and Chesterton. "You will think I am an old fogey to talk about Chesterton." I asked him if he knew a small book by Chesterton on Robert Browning, and remarkably enough, he quoted from it the very sentence I had in mind, a passage explaining Browning's ambiguity on the grounds that he was always in such a hurry. Borges' talk, in spite of its range, is not in the least heavy. He is airy, colloquial, full of "don't-you-knows," quaintness, nuances, small jokes, and quips. Late in the day, when I had to go, he told me how he had come to take up writing short stories, after decades devoted solely to verse and essays. He had never tackled fiction. Then he had a severe fall, and was ill for a long time; he showed me the bumps still visible on his head. He did not write a word for months, and did not dare to return to verse because he feared that he might have altogether lost his powers. So he said to himself cheerfully, "But if I try fiction, that will be something new, and readers will not be able to compare my old self with the new and hold the new against me." Thus began the stream of stories that have made him famous in his old age.

Borges took me to the door with a light resonant laugh. This was the best afternoon I had in South America.

KEITH BOTSFORD

THE WRITINGS OF JORGE LUIS BORGES

THERE are writers who describe the real world in such a way that their readers at once feel the familiarity of their imagined worlds. All that such writers want of their readers is a nod of approval, an admission, "Yes, that's the way the world is. How wonderfully he has caught that!"

Then there are other writers who cast doubt on what we know or think we know. If we recognize these writers' worlds, it is because they have described them to us. We look for their creations in our own worlds, not for ours in theirs.

Jorge Luis Borges is such a writer. Thus, instead of saying, "You have described that perfectly," we walk down a familiar street, overhear a dialogue, read between the lines of a book, and we say, "My God! That's a Borges!" There are women who belong unmistakably to Thurber and calligraphies to Steinberg; there are Kafkaesque situations and Dantean hells; there is a Borges universe, which is like ours and yet somehow disquietingly different, alien, magic. Its deceptions are many and marvelous. Some are deceits of language, others of style; some are games and others puzzles, enigmas; some are illusions, others dreams or nightmares; some are his fears, some are ours.

Jorge Luis Borges was born in 1899 in Buenos Aires, the last and most lost city on this continent: an imaginary city on a river so wide its other shore is invisible, a city poised on the edge of a vast plain called (it is the title of one of Borges' most remarkable fictions) *el Sur*, the South.

Borges' father was an intellectual and a writer who remained largely unread, who encouraged Borges and his sister, Nora, a painter, to do whatever they most wanted. Two images convey the father's

legacy to his son: his eyes, which were weak, and his library, in which his son, by his own admission, passed his early life.

Borges' myopic, withdrawn, reflective, and speculative mind may derive from his father; but it is to his mother that he owes his own survival. Mme. Borges has sterner and more exacting passions, none greater than her son. Nearly ninety, it is his mother who still rules: he will walk as far as she says, and no farther — "Mother said to go only this far; she is waiting for me." She was mother to the father; she will be mother to the son. She survives, straight as an arrow, because needed.

His education was Swiss, and then Spanish. When he returned to Argentina in the early twenties, he was a hybrid: of cultures, of literatures, of ambitions.

To judge by his early photographs, the characteristic assymetry of his eyes, their sightless look, did not exist when Borges published *Fervor de Buenos Aires* in 1923. Then it is the high brow that impresses, and the loose-lipped mouth. Twenty years later, during the Perón regime, we have another photograph. The transformation is terrible. The handsome, intense young man has given way to a gangster-corpulent figure dressed in a seedy cream-colored suit of Egyptian cotton, the point of his collar turned up, his hair slicked down, and shod in cracked and rounded black shoes. By that time, his eyes have taken over. The left eye is all lid; the right is half-open but faintly glazed. He is myopic, not yet blind. The myopia seems a function of his general timidity.

A modest employment in a municipal library occupied him; he read a great deal, in a disorderly

fashion, the good and the bad, the literature itself or secondhand; he saw many friends — the shaggy, cabalistic, shawl-shrouded Macedonio Fernandez, whose odd mind and fear of death foreshadowed Borges' own world; the eccentric Xul Solar, inventor of Panlengua, the total language, and Panjuego, a game combining all games; the Ocampos, who ran Buenos Aires' literary life like benevolent baronesses of a private fief; Bioy Casares, twenty years younger than himself, with whom he collaborated frequently. It was a world rich in overtones of surrealism, full of imaginary projects: Macedonio Fernandez wished to become President — he reasoned that almost everyone seemed to want to open a tobacconist's shop and almost no one to be President, so the latter must be the easier thing to become. That gives the flavor of the times and the friendships.

The Perón dictatorship took away his librarian's post and made Borges a poultry inspector; when Perón and Evita fell, Borges' growing reputation in Argentina brought forth the expected national apotheosis. For an international audience, he had to wait until, with rare discernment, he was awarded the 1961 Prix Formentor conjointly with Samuel Beckett.

What John Gunther says in his note (beginning on page 96) is true to the Borges I know. I would add only a few touches: that he doesn't like the color green, loves water; that he walks miles, even blind, through his mythical Buenos Aires, fancying most what is poorest there, but most rose-colored and revealing; that he knows his city better than most men their own lives; thinks animals are magic, especially cats, but that all animals of the same breed are one and the same animal; that he is vain about trifles, baubles like the *Légion d'Honneur* (given to a man who has little use for French culture or the French language!), but infinitely humble about what matters; that he doesn't like music or painting; and is at the same time both learned and ignorant.

If we want to look in his own work for clues that might lead to the constituent parts of the Borges world and how they originated, it is to his poetry that we should turn first: his poetry comes as close as Borges can to being "personal." His friends who wrote about him in the twenties all noted in Borges, along with his timidity, his brilliance, his intoxication, the way he is dazzled, and then dazzles, by what he sees or reads, by words, by sounds, by images. The largely free verse patterns of his poetry at that time gave him free play with concrete realities: his themes, in which the past, time, and death are constantly echoed and invoked, almost stumble over each other in their urgency.

But Borges is a curiously *observable* case of the making of a literary persona. His friends all note that, too: that Borges is making Borges. The new Borges is surer of himself, but less accessible; he

invents where he formerly *saw*; words and ideas have gradually become more important than their source.

By the middle thirties, Borges wrote less and less verse. With the publication of the *History of Infamy*, Borges had begun to invent his own genre: the speculative fiction, or tale. When he returns to poetry, it is with a different voice altogether. The later poems are among the most skillful and immaculate in Spanish. Strict in their rules and sober in their imagery, gentle in tone, recollected in tranquillity, they are elegiac, formal, symmetrical: as one critic pointed out, they are in every sense of the word *conventional*. The true Borges is now elsewhere.

BORGES' shift to prose was gradual. The first fully developed *ficciones* appear in the early forties, published mostly in *Sur* and gradually collected, beginning in 1942 with "The Garden of Forking Paths," and following with *Ficciones* in 1946 and *el Aleph* in 1949. Thereafter, few new tales appear. Borges seems to have exhausted the genre. *El Hacedor* (translated into English under the title *Dreamtigers*), which appeared in 1960, and which Borges says is the "most personal" of his books, is an example of two unhappy truths: that even the best writers have their failings — usually their qualities overextended — and that they are only infrequently aware of what is best in their own work.

So it is on three books, some twenty-five or thirty stories in all, that Borges' international reputation rests. They are quite enough.

For Borges, the shift to prose was anything but accidental. It had become *necessary*. The world of the senses, of his early poems, had become too *risky*, too unreal. It is no accident that Borges' exploration of this new genre spans the years of the Perón dictatorship, and no accident that it should occur in Argentina. Borges is an unpolitical animal. Anyway, he is too fastidious for the politics of what he calls "this dismantled republic." But the world of the totalitarian, absolutist state must have obsessed him.

The planet Tlön, invented by a group of idealists, is a nightmare world only gradually revealed to Borges and then to the public. But when this happens, and the "manuals, anthologies, summaries . . . poured and continue to pour out into the world,"

Almost immediately, reality gave ground on more than one point. The truth is that it hankered to give ground. Ten years ago, any symmetrical system whatsoever which gave the appearance of order — dialectical materialism, anti-Semitism, Nazism — was enough to fascinate men. Why not fall under the spell of Tlön and submit to the minute and vast evidence of an ordered

planet? Useless to reply that reality, too, is ordered. It may be so, but in accordance with divine laws — I translate: inhuman laws — which we will never completely perceive. Tlön may be a labyrinth, but it is a labyrinth plotted by men, a labyrinth destined to be deciphered by men.

Borges' fictions are extraordinarily difficult to describe to someone who has not read them; to anyone who has, they appear simple, necessary, almost inevitable.

However varied their plots, they all have certain elements in common. To begin with, though Borges is born into the twentieth century, he writes as though the accumulated realities of history and of everyone else did not exist, or existed only to be challenged. Thus everything is new — or very old. For many of the tales seem to hark back to some primitive time, or some era outside history altogether, when there existed what Walter Benjamin calls "the lost totality," an original, underlying language and perception common to all.

This earlier time is often inhuman; it is also heroic and fundamental. These stories, in which the dominant passion is almost always fear, written as a defense against that fear, are an invocation of the intelligence against the forces of disorder. And yet because order itself is to be feared, as in Tlön, the temptation to order is another aspect of the death wish. Thus the violent alternation between terror and *hubris*, between the beast in the mind and the mind in the beast.

Of course much is missing from a Borges world. Bioy Casares wrote that his works were "deprived of every human element, whether pathetic or sentimental," that they were written for "intellectuals, lovers of philosophy and specialists in literature." And the young in Latin America object to his lack of social conscience, as evidenced by this passage from an interview in *la Herne*:

Q. Just how does Borges imagine a worker?

A. I doubt if he knows what a worker is. He's probably never seen one. Of course there are some around in the streets, but then Borges walks terribly fast.

But both catch only a fragment of the truth. Borges' world is inhuman, or even antihuman; he himself is not. He is a bit spooky; he plays games, elaborate games. And that makes him a writer of and for the *élites*.

I claim that, in spite of his omissions, Borges is a realist. But a realist about an unreal country, time, and reality. The Borges world, so apparently unrelated to our own, raising so many more speculative questions than it offers reasoned or intelligible answers for, is uniquely his. He seems to have wandered off all alone, in search of an explanation of a prodigious and remote phenomenon: our world. He seems foredoomed not to find it.

He would leave me cold if it were not for this one fact: that he describes his world and its attendant fears and horrors in such a way that, though these are at first foreign to us, we are able to accept them as reasonable and possible. For Borges never violates the possible; even, I feel, he writes firmly in the *probable*, and that is why he is so profoundly disquieting. His art lies in making what we most fear, and what we do not, consequently, willingly face, eminently plausible.

The way this magic is performed is, of course, Borges' art. I will try to describe it briefly. Borges writes somewhere that as books are gross, cumbersome, and, because repetitive, *unnecessary* things, he imagines his profession to be to make notes on unwritten books. Notes. That is, *reductions* of some larger work. The scale is very important. Borges writes very brief works — no single work of his exceeds some twenty pages. This might lead to an almost unbearable intensity within a small area; but in fact, the first thing one notices on reading Borges is that he is not difficult to read, either word for word, or paragraph for paragraph. Nothing is superfluous; all is limpid. The overall effect is as though one were reading in a science or philosophy, where exact meaning is all.

I feel that perhaps Borges would like to escape our language altogether, to have his words stand for senses, qualities, and feelings much as numbers and algebraic symbols stand for quantities. Borges' prose is a prose of statements and definitions; it is not a prose of description or ambiguity. His style leads the unsuspecting reader on, step by step; it seduces the reader into accepting what he would not ordinarily accept. It is so *sure* of itself, so unqualified in its declarations! Brief, clear, and dense, it seems almost legal in intent, so that its own laws, as the laws of the Borges world it describes, seem immutable, codified, and complete. This is half the illusion.

The other half is what Borges evokes beyond his statements, what he alludes to. For what Borges' "notes," his fictions, are to larger inexistent works, other worlds, allusion is to his style — a sudden expansion of the view. Here are two typical Borges sentences, with the allusive words italicized:

The *visible* works left by this novelist are easily and briefly enumerated.

("Pierre Menard")

I remember him with a *dark passionflower* in his hand, looking at it as no one has ever looked at such a flower. . . . I remember him, his face immobile and Indian-like, and singularly *remote*, behind his cigarette.

("Funes the Memorious")

The reader naturally asks, *why* only the visible works? why remote? why dark, why a passionflower?

Borges once described what I feel must have been

THE OTHER TIGER

And the craft that createth a semblance

(MORRIS: SIGURD THE VOLSUNG)

Jorge Luis Borges

I think of a tiger. The gloom here makes
The vast and busy library seem lofty
And pushes the shelves back;
Strong, innocent, covered with blood and new,
It will move through its forest and its morning
And will print its tracks on the muddy
Margins of a river whose name it does not know
(In its world there are no names nor past
Nor time to come, only the fixed moment)
And will overleap barbarous distances
And will scent out the plaited maze
Of all the scents the scent of dawn
And the delighting scent of the deer.
Between the strips of bamboo I decipher
Its stripes and have the feel of the bony structure
That quivers under the glowing skin.
In vain do the curving seas intervene
And the deserts of the planet;
From this house in a far-off port
In South America, I pursue and dream you,
O tiger on the Ganges' banks.
In my soul the afternoon grows wider and I reflect
That the tiger invoked in my verse
Is a ghost of a tiger, a symbol,
A series of literary tropes
And memories from the encyclopedia
And not the deadly tiger, the fateful jewel
That, under the sun or the varying moon,
In Sumatra or Bengal goes on fulfilling
Its round of love, of idleness and death.
To the symbolic tiger I have opposed
The real thing, with its warm blood,
That decimates the tribe of buffalos
And today, the third of August, '59,
Stretches on the grass a deliberate
Shadow, but already the fact of naming it
And conjecturing its circumstance
Makes it a figment of art and no creature
Living among those that walk the earth.

We shall seek a third tiger. This
Will be like those others a shape
Of my dreaming, a system of words
A man makes and not the vertebrate tiger
That, beyond the mythologies,
Is treading the earth. I know well enough
That something lays on me this quest
Undefined, senseless and ancient, and I go on
Seeking through the afternoon time
The other tiger, that which is not in verse.

(from *El Hacedor*, 1960,
translated by Harold Morland)

BENARES

Congested and false
like the tracery of a garden in a mirror
the imagined city
where I've never set foot
interweaves unsociable distances
and repeats its houses
as lips go on mouthing prayers.
The savage sun,
comparable to the incisive tiger paw,
rends the massy darkness
of temples, dung heaps, prisons, patios;
it is bound to bruise the walls
with drunken colors
and hang haversacks of heat
on slithery shoulders.
Panting,
the city, which had been oppressed by
 a foliage of stars
spills over the horizon
as a stone perforates a pond
and in this morning full
of steps and sleep,
light opens up the streets like branches.
The forest
where the beasts' stench cries out
goes to wrack far away, runs aground
on the reefs
of a dawn all in bright shards,
while conjointly with it rises
in all the shutters that give on the east,
and the voice of the muezzin
who grieves from his high tower,
the weightless dawn.
(To think
that while I toy with uncertain metaphors,
the city I sing of persists
in one definite point in the world,
with its fixed and unavoidable visions,
as replete as dreams are
with the wrath of a hurtful misery,
with environs and barracks
and men with putrefied lips
who feel the cold in their teeth.)

(from *Fervor de Buenos Aires*, 1923,
translated by Keith Botsford)

his own ideal audience, who saw a play performed and felt,

Perhaps neither amazement nor shock; perhaps only the beginning of surprise.

That is what it is like for us, when we finally enter the world of Borges: we feel perhaps only the beginning of surprise.

TO ACCOUNT for Borges, I would like to revert to a famous, though now unpopular, formula of Henri Taine's. Taine thought that three factors, *race*, *milieu*, *moment*, could define the why and wherefore of any writer. Borges' world, after all, is a race, a milieu, a moment of its own — an overpowering and awesome environment under which man groans and seeks to escape.

If I had to hazard a guess at explaining why Borges created his world, I would speculate that he did so in order to escape — starting in the mid-thirties — from his own *race*, *milieu*, and *moment*, and that the Borges world is no more than a substitute for the abandoned real world of his early years. It is the Argentinianism of Borges, not the cosmopolitanism, the Porteño, not the universal, that is the most bewildering and least known aspect of his work. My analysis *à la Taine* will be in the form of notes, for brevity's sake.

RACE

The Argentine is a country of immigrants, like all the Americas, a country of immigrants who did not come in sufficient numbers. They were Spaniards and Italians in the main, but by coming to the new world, they quickly lost sight of their origins, except as myths. They became exiles. They disembarked and found themselves so far away that they knew they could never return. Of their original myths, they retained only the worst ones, the ones engendered by national pride, which are usually false: such as the Spanish hot blood. Of what use were such myths to them?

The country they came to was flat and phlegmatic; Buenos Aires hoarded Anglicisms to get through its rainy gray winters: Harrods and British hospitals and football. Borges preserved his English ancestor: like the rest, he tried to graft all the myths onto the unfavored reality.

The immigrants in Argentina had it worse than ours in the United States. There were no *indigènes* to massacre, no antique institutions to rebel against; the frontier, to the south, grew more and more inhospitable as they penetrated it. There was no El Dorado at the end, in Tierra del Fuego. Their reaction was to worship traditions that they had to invent on the spot. The *gaucho* is one, the *tango* another. They *needed* these traditions; we only *like*

ours. The more serious among them worshiped political traditions; but alas! none of these was successful, or at least the only successful tradition proved to be failure itself.

This new race needed heroes, however; we all do. It invented its heroes, too. It promoted them beyond life-size and fixed them in stone and raised them up on pedestals: the race created a city of empty-socketed stone eyes.

The temperament could not stand it: the hot climate had been transported to the temperate. In time, the extremes in the race evened out, as the country did: showing them every day a sky that was the inversion of the earth, as flat, as undefined, as unlimited; the earth an inversion of the sky, only immobile.

Borges describes the result, the Argentine psyche, in a line: *Todo eso deja su sabor amargo en el alma*. "This all leaves a bitter taste in the soul."

MILIEU

To be born in a place that is not a place, that lacks all definition save physical substance, and where even that physical substance is often deceptive, as objects perceived on a vast plain frequently are: the climate of Buenos Aires is necessarily that of disillusion. To read Argentine history is to read a history of dashed hopes. Who today can really feel the hopes that were once raised by the Republic and celebrated by Sarmiento and generations of men of genius who were driven to despair?

Our own twentieth-century literature in the United States is something like theirs: we follow, as they do, on heady romanticisms. As our frontiers expanded, we developed a literature of optimism, of affirmation. The Argentines also. We pushed ours so far that when the bubble broke, we were left with a literature of apocalypse. The Argentines went less far, and when their bubble broke, they were left with a literature of disillusionment, of broken reality. Theirs, like ours, is an antidote to the past.

Where could a Borges turn, in that context? The milieu makes it impossible to draw up a stable tableau of values, to state firmly what is what and who is who. Without that, the novel and the epic are impossible. Both require firm differentiations and gradations, not a blur, not tiny dots on a plain.

The vast, the undifferentiated, the mutilated force literature into briefer forms: the intensity of the lyric poem — which offers an illusion of escape; the world-weary aphorism — for the cynic, too,

is an escapist. Had Borges wished to write a literature of protest (another escape), he would have had to invent the protest too, for there is none in Buenos Aires.

The obvious solution was the necessary one. The best Argentine writers accept the enigma of their surroundings. They are like men who emerge from their dreams to find that the place in which they lay down to sleep has vanished, that some centuries have intervened between sleep and awakening. They are old without ever being young. The milieu of Argentine letters is that of a literature without a maturity: it had its youth; now it has its old age.

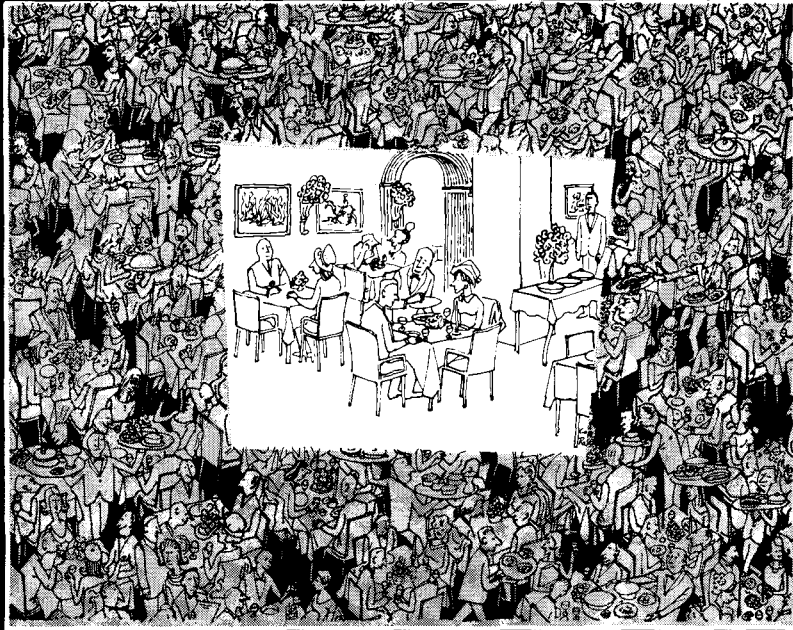
MOMENT

The Argentinian writer is not born into any tradition: unless it be, perhaps, the military memoir or the history of barbarism. Born into Borges' lifetime, he could choose whatever form or language he wished. Everything was available. He could borrow or he could invent. That is why there is no Argentine literature: there are only the writers themselves, each isolated, and each mad in his own way.

For all the apocalypses that haunt the modern world, the themes that haunt writers elsewhere, whether political or moral, whether psychological or technical, are in Argentina either so utterly remote as to be unreal, or twisted through a trick of time and place into grotesquerie and farce. For example: the theme of Perón as a twentieth-century dictator, as a substitute for Hitler or Stalin! The times have produced no blacks for them, no bomb. Sex is as it was when the immigrants came. The country lurches forward from day to day. People work without reason. Sometimes they are brilliant without reason; often they are futile out of childish desperation. They have little hope of growing up or being taken into the outside world, where, so they hear, time does exist and things do change.

In such a place time has no real importance; in fact, it is quite irrelevant. Small wonder that Borges has written its refutation.

If Borges derives from this race, this milieu, and this time, I can understand that he should say, *Con voluntad heroica de engaño/anda nuestra esperanza*, that his "hope should walk about with a heroic will to deception." For there are certain contexts, both spatial and temporal, that demand rectification as much as they demand description. The task is heroic; deception, but not self-deception, is essential to its successful achievement.



Living

ANY NUMBER CAN EAT

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Can a restaurant become absolutely first-rate, and remain that way, without being killed off by its own success? The next question, I suppose, would be to ask: first-rate at what? Convenience? Service? Prices? And not least, food?

The questions occurred to me recently when I was sampling a few restaurants in New York. They seemed to me wildly expensive, especially the poor ones, and most of them undertake to serve considerably more people than can sit down comfortably in the same place at the same time. This makes for fantastic congestion, virtual elbow-to-elbow seating among strangers, and it is some testimonial to the imperturbability of the customers that they can go quietly through a meal under conditions approximately those of the rush-hour subway jam: one waits in a crowd for a stool at the overcrowded bar, where one waits for a table in the overcrowded restaurant. The service deteriorates proportionately, and the individual order is often simply lost in the scramble. I found myself feeling sorry for the waiters in such a place, trying to thread their way, laden with too

many portions, around too many obstructions. The ultimate risk, one supposes, is that bustle and hubbub will be proof of popularity, from which comes the belief that a quiet room, with tables decently spaced, is thereby a waning enterprise.

One restaurant that has grasped firmly the nettle of large numbers is La Fonda del Sol. This vast establishment at 123 West Fiftieth Street, whose capacity I could only guess to be a thousand or two at a time, is neither congested nor noisy, by reason of an architectural triumph through which one spacious area gives gracefully into the next. In their aggregate they might include about as much space as a football field, yet seated in any one of these lofty, beautiful rooms the visitor is agreeably unaware of the others. Scores of illuminated display cases are let into the walls and partitions, all worth a real scrutiny for the beauty and odd charm of their contents — a marvelous variety of Mexican artifacts, large and small.

There is music from time to time by an excellent mariachi group, briefly at one's table and heard *diminuendo* on its course through the other rooms. The service is effective and mannerly even at the most crowded hours. The food at night is offered almost too abundantly in complete dinners of a generally Mex-

ican character, the appetizers, soups, desserts, and varieties of coffee being uncommonly good; the entrées would perhaps be rated as Grade A Steam Table. La Fonda del Sol is not cheap, but in today's New York it seemed to me worth the money, and the whole place makes for an interesting evening out.

An entirely different commitment, equally successful, is found at Café Chauveron, 139 East Fifty-third — small, quiet, unobtrusively elegant, with a classic French menu, very high prices, and truly superior food and service, almost everything being cooked to order. The only way in which such a restaurant can survive success, it seems to me, is to protect its identity by a flat refusal to overcrowd or enlarge its quarters, even though it might have to raise its prices still higher in order to remain unchanged.

Quite by chance, one day in Paris many years ago, my wife and I came upon the little restaurant of Prosper Montagné. The hour was late for a luncheon, almost too late, but the proprietor received us cordially and made us welcome. We three, I found, were the only persons there; our host was, for the moment, his own cook, waiter, and all else. There were perhaps a half dozen tables in the place.

All I knew at the time about Mon-

tagné was that he was a painter and a distinguished cook. He made some jocular remark about not having decided which was his vocation and which his hobby. I certainly did not realize that Montagné would come to be regarded by cooks all over the world as one of the great masters of the French cuisine, a name bracketed with Escoffier in the kitchens if not in the dining rooms, or that his basic innovations in basic French sauces would find acceptance as the established recipes.

Montagné put together for us a version of sole topped by a delicate soufflé, which I remember as much finer than even its exciting appearance led us to expect, and after our meal he invited us to sit down with him for coffee and a *fine* at his kitchen desk. He showed us with some pride

his collection of cookbooks, most of them sumptuously bound in red leather. Beyond all this I remember Montagné as altogether unworldly, with the innocence and warmth of the true artist, and especially for the opinion he expressed so firmly when I asked if he proposed to enlarge his restaurant. It was a pity, I suggested, that more of those who would appreciate his cooking could not be accommodated. He gave me a kindly smile. For himself, he said, sixteen was the largest number for whom he could serve a proper meal.

I was genuinely surprised. "A dozen would be still better," said Montagné. "To feed more I should need more cooks." The cooking might continue to be very good, but it would not be the same. "It would not be mine," he said.

The Great Mail Crisis of Norfolk, Illinois

BY JORDAN CRITTENDEN

JORDAN CRITTENDEN is a graduate of Kansas University now living in Laguna Beach, California. His first novel, *BALLOONS ARE AVAILABLE*, will be published this month by Atheneum.

The people of Norfolk, Illinois, were never especially fond of receiving mail addressed to "occupant," even though it might tell how to order custom-made draperies at below factory prices, or contain a coupon good for seven cents off on a kitchen item that wiped clean with a damp cloth. No one thought such mail was important. But then last year the entire community of 20,000 was deprived of its rightful quota of such mail. The repercussions have not yet died away.

Harold Lockhart, the postmaster of Norfolk, sensed something was amiss when he returned from a coffee break on August 2, 1965, and found three mailmen playing keep away with a bottle of mucilage. "Let's cut this out and get that mail delivered," Mr. Lockhart said.

"We already did," said one of them. "Hey, you and Fred try to get it away from me and Arthur."

The next day was worse. All the mailmen were through by nine o'clock in the morning. One mailman, who was new on the job and anxious to prove himself, collected all the mail that hadn't yet been

taken from the mailboxes and delivered it again.

By the fourth day Harold Lockhart knew it was serious. He checked with the sorters, who worked in the back of the post office. "Something's fouled up," they said. "We're getting some first-class mail, which is nice, but no occupant mail."

Mr. Lockhart went to the train station and questioned the man in charge of unloading the mailbags. "Are you tampering with the natural ebb and flow of occupant mail?" he said.

"Do I look like that sort to you?"

"Frankly, yes. Especially around the mouth."

The man quit and took a job selling new and used cars. Still there was no occupant mail. "I don't like it," Mr. Lockhart said to his wife. "The men are getting restless."

The first of the trouble began the following week. Mr. Walter Ott, who had been a mailman for over thirty years, was caught throwing rocks at a duck in the city zoo. He admitted to authorities that he knew it was wrong, but said there didn't seem to be anything else to do.

On August 25, Mr. Lockhart called an emergency meeting of Norfolk's civic leaders. "For one thing," he told them, "an awful lot of mailmen will be out of work."

"How many do you presently employ?" said one of the civic leaders. "Twenty-six."

"And if the current dearth of occupant mail persists, how many will you actually need?"

"Well, if my little boy lets me borrow his wagon, I think I can do it all myself," Mr. Lockhart said.

The civic leaders formed a fact-finding committee to interview the residents and try to determine what had halted the occupant mail influx. The committee was formed over protests that the matter was the responsibility of the federal government. Later that week there were pickets marching in front of the post office. Some unpleasantness occurred when a passerby began haranguing a mother of four who was carrying a placard that read: "Keep Occupant Mail Out of Vietnam."

Meanwhile, the fact-finding committee discovered a startling apathy toward occupant mail among the residents of Norfolk. Often, disillusionment was the cause. One housewife said, "A year ago I got a coupon entitling me to an absolutely free nail brush with deluxe nylon bristles and a lifetime polyethylene handle. The whole family was excited when it arrived. We thought maybe things would be different from what they'd been before. But then, only a month later, my husband said to me, 'Martha, I don't know what's wrong with me, but I don't seem



to care one way or another about the nail brush."

Another housewife said she once took advantage of a low, low offer on a vanity shelf for home or office that featured powerful neoprene suction disks. "I should never have taken advantage of that offer," she said, "because the next thing I knew, the

company was in serious financial trouble. I've felt awful ever since."

Evidently, the fact-finding committee concluded, these incidents and others like them had caused the corporations of America to lose faith in Norfolk, Illinois.

A second committee was formed to write various companies and ask them to give the people of Norfolk another chance. One company was urged to saturate the town with samples of its revolutionary new toothpaste. A large record company was urged to mail out announcements of a 50 percent savings on its invaluable collector's item, which featured the top song stylists of the sixties singing all-time pop favorites. "Just the other day," the committee wrote, "one of us was saying to another one of us, 'Wouldn't it be swell to have Bobby Darin, Connie Francis, Frankie Avalon, and a host of others on a single microgroove 33 LP!'" Unfortunately the committee was unable to address its letters to any particular individual within the corporations, and as a result, their pleas were mistaken for ordinary occupant mail and discarded unopened.

At the height of the crisis, a flock of sea gulls arrived from nowhere and settled on and about the post office. Many people called it a good omen, although it did not seem to affect the situation.

That November Harold Lockhart was forced to dismiss the mailmen employed by the Norfolk post office. "I hereby dismiss all twenty-six of you," he said. "Good luck in the new endeavor of your choice."

They did not even try to find other jobs. They had been idle too long. They no longer seemed themselves. Within a month all of the mailmen had bought motorcycles with their severance pay, and had taken to roaring up and down the small main street of Norfolk, terrorizing shoppers and merchants alike. They continued, out of *esprit de corps*, to wear their uniforms, which, with the addition of chrome chains around the waist and leather gloves, looked surprisingly menacing.

The townsfolk are undecided what to do. One faction claims that the problem will solve itself once the local draft board catches up with them. Another faction, however, argues that this attitude is unrealistic since most of the unemployed mailmen are over forty.



The Earrings

BY DEAN ACHESON

The survivor of many Washington dinners, DEAN ACHESON became an expert on their pecking order and how to cope with it.

Diplomatic dinners in Washington are not the glamorous events which Edwardian novels and memoirs depict them as having been in London. Even thirty years or more ago they were not. Superbly groomed and beautiful women, glittering with jewels, did not provoke equally glittering wit from statesmen toying with the fate of nations. When Washington was much smaller and the diplomatic list less than a third its present length, one could guess who two thirds of the diplomatic guests would be, and time after time one would draw the wife of the same colleague in the little cabinet.

One evening, however, my card informed me that I would take in a partner unknown to me and about whom neither our host's introduction nor cautious inquiries revealed anything. On the way into dinner I caught a foreign accent, Germanic I guessed, but she rose to none of the flies I cast above her.

Then curiosity had to rest for the moment. Talk at the table had set against us, and her attention was claimed on her other side. My own, though not claimed, was dutifully turned to an only too familiar tale, a colleague's wife. The medical degree she was reputed to have taken must have been in surgery and led on to expertise in probing tender spots. Her aim seemed to be to keep the rest of us in wincing consciousness of inferiority. A friend had told me that when he asked her at one of the diplomatic rumbles who somebody was, she replied, "I'm afraid

I can't help you. I know only chiefs of missions." Searching for a safe gambit, I thought I had found one in the absence of her husband. Was he off, I asked, on one of his mysterious missions?

He was not, it turned out, but was, unhappily, under the weather. After expressing insincere solicitude, I carelessly dropped my guard. Was his trouble contagious, and should those of us who had met with him only the day before take prophylactic measures? Surely we needed medical guidance, and who better than she could give it?

"Oh, no," she said, airily, "you have nothing to worry about. You see, this attack of jaundice came from overwork."

It was a neat thrust, lethal but almost painless, and carried off with bland vindictiveness. Deflated, I could only express relief and hope that the sufferer from exhaustion in line of duty might posthumously be awarded the purple heart. With these pleasantries we occupied ourselves until the table turned, and I with it, hopeful of better luck with my unknown partner.

More cautious this time, I waited for her to take the initiative. After a long look across and down the length of the table, she leaned conspiratorially toward me. "Who," she asked, "is that Spanish lady — or is she South American? — wearing the striking earrings?" We were soon on target. I knew that our conversation for the evening was made. Resisting the ancient gag "That's no lady; that's my wife," I began by whetting her curiosity.

"Superficially," I said, "the lady is neither Spanish nor South American, but one of the fairest flowers of Michigan. I speak with knowledge since I have the great good fortune of being her husband. And yet how right you are to think her Spanish and to mention the earrings!" Right, indeed, since I had bought them myself within the month as a Christmas offering — large old gold affairs with long pendants dangling bright semiprecious stones which sparkled as she moved. We had admired them in the window of Arnold's antique jewelry shop, long since gone when its home gave way to the building boom which has transformed downtown Washington. They had been the success of that Christmas.

"But you must not stop there!" said the lady. I had no intention

of doing so, only of setting the hook before playing my fish.

The story began, I told her, in the summer of 1588 after the long-running fight from the Lizard through the Channel and up the east coast of England to beyond the Wash. Poor seasick Medina Sidonia with his vast, unwieldy Armada took a fearful beating from the great Drake, who was commanding the Queen's new ships. They had been designed by old John Hawkins. Against much shaking of heads, he had narrowed and lengthened the conventional galleon, doing away with the towering castles and bow and stern so that his ships could sail nearer the wind. He did away, too, with short-range batteries firing man-killing canisters, and substituted broadsides of long-range culverins. He would no longer, he said, fight infantry battles at sea, which Spain must win, but would outsail the Armada, and standing off out of range, batter it to pieces.

Drake did just this. Where he left off, the Lord of Battles took up. He blew the shattered remnant of the Spanish fleet around the north of Scotland and down the west coast of Ireland. The Irish gratefully received wreckage washed ashore. When they found a man, in whom a faint spark of life still lingered, lashed to a spar, they presumed him to be a co-religionist and an enemy of the English, and so treated him kindly. This ragged bit of human flotsam could remember little beyond a confused horror of battle and shipwreck; not even his name. So he was called "Lestrangle" and settled down happily where he had been washed ashore.

This touch seemed to me a nice, although faint, connection with truth. My wife's grandmother had been born a Lestrangle of County Kerry.

"But the earrings," asked my dinner partner, "where do they come in?"

"He was wearing them! And ever since, contrary to the Salic law, they have descended in the female line. So, you see, with rare perception you grasped the essentials about the dark lady — the suggestion of Spain and the earrings."

My partner continued her rapt gaze down the table. "It sounds just like a novel," she murmured.

I looked at her quickly, but she continued her study. It did, indeed,

sound like a novel, because it was one, a best seller by a favorite of the time, Donn Byrne. I would not have dared try the plagiarism on a fellow countrywoman. When the ladies withdrew, an interesting interview would surely occur, but my wife had read *Destiny Bay*, too, and could be counted on to field whatever came her way. It would certainly begin with due warning — something like, "Your husband has

been telling me the fascinating tale of your Spanish ancestor and those entrancing earrings."

When we reassembled, I carefully avoided both the connubial eye and my late dinner partner, making innocently for a postprandial companion. My wife did not even look up as she hissed a word at me: "Swine!" It was a small price to pay for escaping a conversation which could have been a bore.

THE MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY

BY L. E. SISSMAN

Struck dumb by love among the walruses
And whales, the off-white polar bear with stuffing
Missing, the mastodons like muddy buses,
I sniff the mothproof air and lack for nothing.

A general grant enabled the erection,
Brick upon brick, of this amazing building.
Today, in spite of natural selection,
It still survives an orphan age of gilding.

Unvarnished floors tickle the nose with dust
Sweeter than any girls' gymnasium's;
Stove polish dulls the cast-iron catwalk's rust;
The soot outside would make rival museums

Blanch to the lintels. So would the collection.
A taxidermist has gone ape. The cases
Bulging with birds whose differences defy detection
Under the dirt are legion. Master races

Of beetles lie extinguished in glass tables:
Stag, deathwatch, ox, dung, diving, darkling, May.
Over the Kelmscott lettering of their labels,
Skeleton crews of sharks mark time all day.

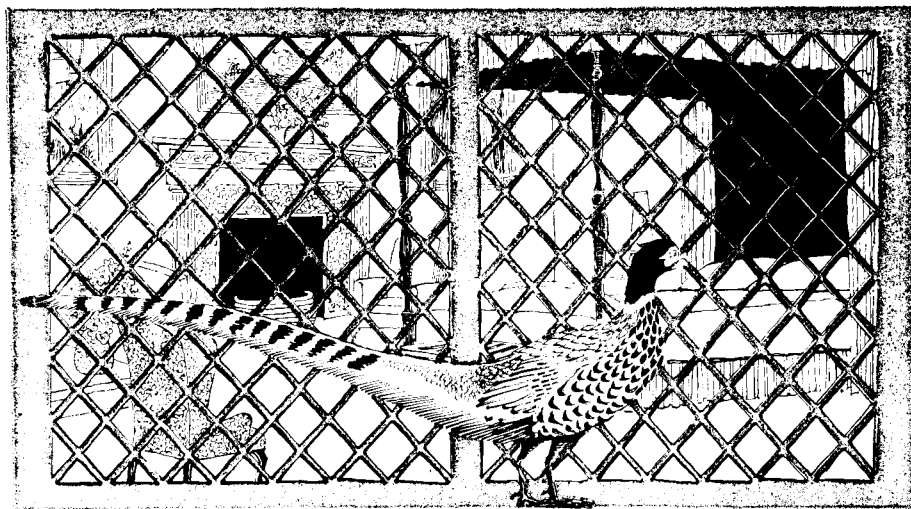
Mark time: these groaning boards that staged a feast
Of love for art and science, since divorced,
Still scantily support the perishing least
Bittern and all his kin. Days, do your worst:

No more of you can come between me and
This place from which I issue and which I
Grow old along with, an unpromised land
Of all unpromising things that live and die.

This brick ark packed with variant animals —
All dead — by some progressive-party member
Steams on to nowhere, all the manuals
Of its calliope untouched, toward December.

*Struck dumb by love among the walruses
And whales, the off-white polar bear with stuffing
Missing, the mastodons like muddy buses,
I sniff the mothproof air and lack for nothing.*

pleasures *and* places



BAILIFFSCOURT

BY TERENCE PRITTIE

Two miles from Littlehampton and about twice as far from Bognor Regis, in the county of Sussex, is a small seaside resort called, by the H. G. Wellsian name, Climping-on-sea. It is no more than a single village street, leading past the Black Horse Inn to a car park abutting on a stretch of muddy shore. In August and on weekends during the rest of the summer the car park is usually full. So is the stretch of seashore, with conventional English family parties: Pa in shirt sleeves and sweating profusely, Ma underneath the parasol, and Little Alfie howling his little head off. Climping-on-sea fits perfectly into the sorry picture of the south coast, with Beachy Head and Dungeness a litter of paper bags and banana skins, and Littlehampton, Hastings, and so on hives of restless holiday activity and redolent of fish-and-chips.

In this bungalow-haunted landscape there is an oasis of quiet and comfort, even luxury, a bare half mile from Climping-on-sea. When William of Normandy landed at Pevensey in 1066 he brought with him a certain Roger de Montgomery, to whom he made a handsome grant of land between where Littlehampton and Bognor now stand. Roger was a friend of the Benedictine Order and helped them

found a chapel and manor at Climping. Henry V disestablished the French Benedictine owners in 1415, and Henry VIII suppressed the Order. The estate passed from one owner to another—including the lady who masqueraded so successfully as “Colonel” Barker. One manor house after another was pulled down; only the twelfth-century Norman chapel survived.

Then in 1927, Lord Moyne, who was later to be murdered by the Stern Gang in Cairo, bought the 1100-acre estate. On the site of the Norman, Tudor, and Georgian manor houses which had each risen and disappeared in turn, he built a family home, which since his death has become one of the most unusual hotels in Britain. Its construction began in 1930, and Lord Moyne’s intention was to make Bailiffscourt—the name which was all that survived from the days of the bailiff whom Roger de Montgomery installed in his Norman courthouse—a replica of a medieval English manor. He went to immense pains to achieve his purpose.

The house was built of tawny brown Somerset stone, used so much in Bath and the Cotswolds, by local Sussex craftsmen. The style was basically sixteenth century, plain and sensible, without castellations,

crenellations, and the like. The main building had two stories, twenty rooms, was compact, and was constructed around an open ten-yard-square inner courtyard. It was of stone and wood, with stone-mullioned windows and oak doors, furniture, and paneling. In his search for authenticity Lord Moyne imported whole buildings and parts of buildings. A seventeenth-century timber house was brought from Old Basing, where the Cavaliers put up their last-ditch resistance during the civil war. A fifteenth-century house came from Loxwood in North Sussex, after the building had already been sold to a bidder who intended to break it up for firewood. One oak ceiling was brought from the Huish Episcopi rectory in Somerset, and medieval windows from Munchelney Abbey in the same county. Fireplaces were imported from Letchworth and Hitchin in Hertfordshire.

Lord Moyne bought good pictures—including an Antonio Moro portrait of Queen Mary Tudor—and English, French, Swiss, and German sixteenth- and seventeenth-century tapestries. He bought 200-year-old pewter and silver. Every sort of incidental fitting was dug up in the remains of a neighboring eighteenth-century Georgian farmhouse. Bailiffscourt became an entity, an example of painstaking reconstruction rather than of slavish patterning or imitation.

When Mr. and Mrs. Birer turned Bailiffscourt into a hotel two decades ago, they could exploit all its advantages. It was, in effect, a medieval manor house but had central heating, modern appliances, and a well-appointed kitchen. It had privacy, for the estate was bought by the Marquis of Normanby and has been kept intact. Cock pheasants call outside the hotel windows, and partridges feed among the hooves of the horses of the riding school. Bailiffscourt has its own beach and its own carefully restored Norman chapel. Its corridors echo to the appropriate creaks and groans, and it even has an underground passageway.

It has an excellent cuisine and a wine list with really good values. Few other country hotels in Britain produce five-course luncheons and dinners, with a choice of four main courses and cheeses which could not be bettered by any restaurant of the

Pardon us for blowing our own horn!



Actually, we have lots of company in horn-blowing. Everyone returning from Germany joins the band. They praise the scenery. They love the music. They're fascinated by the art and architecture. They enthuse over the food, the wines, the service. They're proud of the bargains they've picked up. And, best of all, they rave about the friendly, warm-hearted welcome they received everywhere they went.

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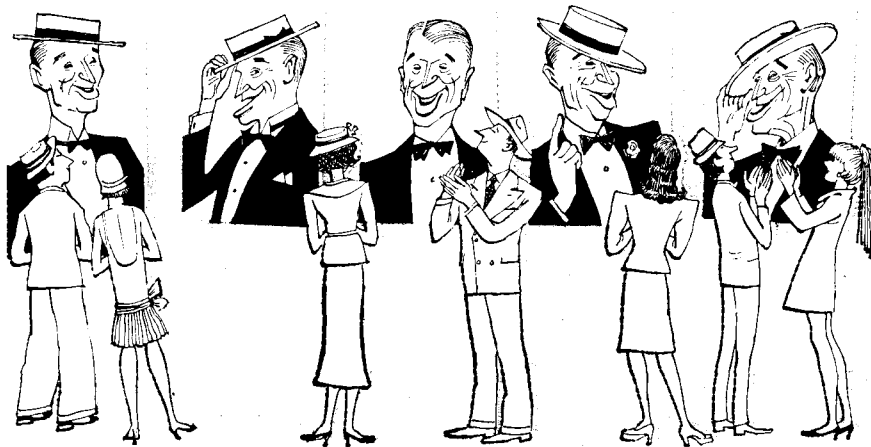
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Guide Michelin. When I stayed there I noted particularly a Quiche Normande — shrimps done in pastry with mushrooms, tomato, sherry, and cream — Mediterranean prawns, with rice, tomato, and garlic and fried in olive oil; Salpicon of Chicken — spring chickens halved and sautéed in olive oil, with garlic, saffron, basil, and almonds — and a chestnut and rum mousse, silky on the palate and beautifully decorated with Crème Chantilly and whole marrons glacés.

Birer's Hotel, Bailiffscourt, is not cheap by the standards of the English countryside. Bed and breakfast cost around \$7 to \$9, and full board and lodging \$70 to \$80 a week. But it has another, special advantage for visitors from outside Britain — it is perfectly situated for seeing something of one of the most attractive corners of England. Only five miles away is Arundel, the home of the Duke of Norfolk, and open to the public on weekends; and Goodwood House, the home of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, is only eight miles away. A mile or two farther is Parham House, the Elizabethan home of the Pearson family, and a mile or two nearer, at Bignor, there is a Roman villa. Chichester, with its cathedral, is twelve miles away, and the whole countryside is fairly studded with Norman churches, mostly twelfth century. At one of them, in Climping itself, the red-cheeked parson is apt to launch into a diatribe on the manners of the younger generation or to put up an equally vigorous defense of Billy Graham.

There is much to be said for seeing one part of England rather than rushing over the length and breadth of it with too little time to catch more than fugitive glimpses. In this corner of Sussex lush woods and arable land stretch to within fifty yards of the Channel breakers; and the plain runs to the foot of the Downs and merges with the marshes of Selsea and Chichester Harbor. This was well-tended country in Roman times, and was a base for the Norman colonization of England. Bailiffscourt certainly is the ideal base for exploring this part of the country, offering time for reflection in the evening, over the right glass of wine, with the rooks cawing in the park and the sea, two hundred yards across the fields, lapping softly on the sand dunes.

they shall have music



LE VÉRITABLE MAURICE

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Two years ago, when someone asked Maurice Chevalier how it felt to be seventy-seven, the famous French entertainer gave a reply which has since become legendary. "Not bad," he said, "considering the alternative. . . ."

Now, at seventy-nine, M. Chevalier seemed hardly to be considering the alternative at all as he sat in a sunlit hotel room and talked about not only his present activities but his future intentions. His silver hair was smoothly combed back, and he wore a navy suit and a blue polka-dot bow tie. He would only have had to put on a straw hat to be instantly recognizable the world over.

"The *Atlantique* is a very intellectual journal," he said seriously. "I am sure your article will be a big success because it will be about a very simple person."

There were two reasons for talking with Maurice Chevalier. One was that he was in the United States for his first visit in several years, this time to sing nightly for a month at the Empire Room of the Waldorf, which had been newly redecored for the occasion. The second was the appearance of the most extensive and lavish Chevalier record album ever issued, a four-LP collection of sixty songs covering a sixty-year span, all

freshly recorded during the last year (London GHS-56001/4, stereo; GH-46001/4, monaural).

Chevalier has been making records since he first visited a primitive studio in 1907 or 1908 and recorded, on an ancient cylinder long since lost, a song whose title he has forgotten. In the years since, he has seen in turn the arrival of phonograph records, movies, radio, and television, and mastered each new medium. He has appeared on theater, concert, and nightclub stages everywhere, beginning as a boy in his teens and continuing into what he cheerfully acknowledges to be old age. And through it all he has been singing exactly the same songs in the same way.

"I try to be myself and perform in my own style," he explained. "I truly am a simple person. I sing from the heart more than from the throat, and I try to have a little truth in everything I sing. I know the singers of today, men like Aznavour and Becaudo. They are talented, and I admire them, without envying them. We are friendly, and have nothing to say to each other. The new singers today, they all want to impress. They shout, they knock the floor, they open their shirts. But I am sure that little by little melody

will come back, and a good song well sung will be the thing. It has to come, or else the whole world is going to go nuts."

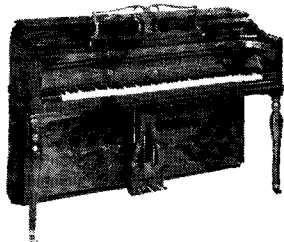
Chevalier's four-record album is the best documentation — if that is not too portentous a word for such a lively collection — of the songs that have been his trademark since the start. It represents Chevalier on native grounds, for the recordings were made in Europe, and the songs are almost entirely in French. This is the Chevalier of the Paris music halls and one-man shows rather than the Chevalier of the Hollywood movies and New York nightclubs.

Chevalier isn't altogether happy about this. In the first place, he is very proud of his success in America. In the second, he has no aversion to being well paid for his efforts, and he thinks that an album of thirty French and thirty American songs might sell more copies than an exclusively French album of sixty. During his stay in New York he devoted considerable effort to trying to persuade RCA Victor to produce such an album, but with what results remains to be seen. "When I sing in only one language I am like a man on one foot," Chevalier said.

Nevertheless, to one listener at least, London's new Chevalier album represents *le véritable Maurice*, the poet of the boulevards, by turns gay, sentimental, carefree, and nostalgic. Chevalier himself is an interpreter rather than a creator; he knows no music in an academic sense, and while he has taken a hand at writing lyrics for himself, he has always basically depended upon songs brought to him by others. But he has a sure instinct for what suits him; Buffon's famous aphorism "*Le style est l'homme même*" fits him perfectly. Whether the song is by Christiné, Oscar Straus, Trenet, or Aznavour — and he has sung music by all of them — the results are always indisputably Chevalier. "When they bring me a song, I know very fast whether I feel it or not," he says.

The songs in the new London album cover a period from 1908, when Chevalier was twenty years old and already a music hall star, to the present. One can almost read a history of modern France into such songs as "*La Madelon de la victoire*" of 1918, with its references to "*Joffre, Foch et Clemenceau*"; "*La symphonie des semelles en bois*" of 1942, in which a lilting melody is made from the tap-

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ping of the wood-soled shoes worn by Frenchwomen during the Occupation; or "*La chanson du maçon*," another World War II number that sings of the reconstruction not only of bombed-out homes but of a shattered nation.

But the basic Chevalier song is one in which a simple truth is expounded with an ironic twist and set to a melody that sticks in the consciousness. It is hard to imagine anyone else ever singing a number like "*Quand un vicomte*," with which Chevalier has scored a great success in France, but which he has never brought to America, although its sentiments are as valid here as anywhere:

*Quand un vicomte
Rencontre un vicomte,
Qu'est-ce qui se raconte? —
Des histoires de vicomtes.**

With great gusto, the song goes on to remark that when a policeman meets another policeman they talk only about policemen; that when a bigot encounters another bigot they whisper to each other about bigots; that when an old maid meets another old maid the conversation invariably is about old maids, and so on to the end of humanity. The refrain runs:

*Chacun sur terre
Se fou, se fou
Des petites misères
De son voisin de dessous;
Nos petites affaires,
À nous, à nous,
Nos petites affaires
C'est ce qui passe avant tout.
Malgré tout ce qu'on raconte
Partout, partout,
Qu'est-ce qui conte à fin de conte
C'est nous, nous, nous.**

Not too roughly translated, this means: "Everyone on earth doesn't give a damn for the little troubles of his neighbor below; our own little affairs are what come before everything. In spite of what everyone says everywhere, what counts at the end of the story is us, us, us."

Other Chevalier songs in the album are less cynical, dealing with such matters as the pleasures of a return to France after long months away, the pangs of youthful love, and the sights and sounds of the Paris streets and their denizens. As Chevalier readily admits, he never had much of a voice, which left him that much less to lose with the passing of the years. Today his gravelly tones and his characteristic little break on

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a note stand him in as good stead as ever, and his enunciation remains a model of clarity, which is a claim that very few singers can make.

Thus such songs as "*Valentine*," "*Mimi*," "*Prosper*," "*Ma Pomme*," and "*Ah! si vous connaissiez ma poule*" remain as brisk and bright as they were twenty years ago. And perhaps there is more feeling than ever in such great numbers as "*Folies-Bergères*," which reflects upon the aging process of a typical spectator at that theater, and winds up with the consolatory thought that while the man in the audience grows older, the girls on the stage remain young forever, and "*Quai de Bercy*," perhaps the greatest Chevalier song of all — a tender depiction of the poor people of Paris enjoying the scent of wine among the piled-up barrels at the Seine wine depot, and discovering that "*l'amour est le vin des clochards*" — "love is the wine of the vagabonds." It is at such moments that one remembers the remark of Francis Poulenc, the composer of such works as *Dialogues des Carmélites* and *Chansons Villageoises*, that Chevalier's songs helped teach him how to write melodies in a popular vein.

Unfortunately, the new London album fails to give either the texts or the translations of the songs Chevalier sings, substituting a totally useless chronology of the passing years. This is the one lapse in an otherwise exemplary production.

Far from looking upon a collection like this as a summation of his career, Chevalier is full of plans for further recordings and appearances.

"If God lets me," he said, "my intention is to reach the age of eighty going to all the places in the world where I have been happy singing, and then to conclude in Paris with one more appearance at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées and two or three charity concerts at the Comédie-Française. And then, my big dream is not to travel anymore, but to broadcast on television from my home at Marne-la-Coquette near Paris. I would have the best young entertainers in Europe perform there, and I could invite the whole world into my house to hear them. That would be a marvelous way to conclude."

Chevalier nurtures another dream, to make one more memorable movie. It was playing romantic leads in such Hollywood films as *The Love Parade*, *The Smiling Lieutenant*, and

One Hour With You that made him an international personality. His first "old man" role came in *Le silence est d'or*, a charming French film by René Clair about an aging actor, which inexplicably never had much success in America.

Since then Chevalier has played uncles, fathers, and grandfathers, both singing and nonsinging, on the screen, and has become known to a whole new generation of moviegoers in such films as *Gigi*, *Fanny*, and *Can-Can*. But he is still looking.

"I enjoyed all those," he said, "but they were supporting roles. I am still waiting for a really great part for an old man."

"What about King Lear?" it was suggested.

He laughed. "I will have to read the script first," he said. "I told you I wasn't an intellectual."

Record Reviews

Barber: Concerto for Cello and Orchestra

Britten: Serenade for Tenor, Horn, and Strings

Frederic Waldman conducting Musica Aeterna Orchestra with Raya Garbousova, cello; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Ralph Froelich, French horn; Decca DL-710132 (stereo) and DL-10132

Of the two contemporary works on this record, Samuel Barber's Cello Concerto is a beautifully lyric and imaginative composition, while Benjamin Britten's Serenade for Tenor, Horn, and Strings is a modern masterpiece. Britten has artfully combined his unusual instrumental array and the human voice to enhance the loveliness of seemingly disparate poems by Tennyson, Blake, Jonson, and Keats. Few song cycles, contemporary or otherwise, are more haunting than Britten's in its setting of the refrain of Tennyson's "Nocturne": "Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, Bugle, blow; answer, echoes, answer, dying."

Poulenc: Babar the Elephant
Harsányi: The Little Tailor

Peter Ustinov, narrator, with Georges Prêtre conducting Paris Conservatoire Orchestra; Angel S-36357 (stereo) and 36357

Peter Ustinov's name and photograph are featured most promi-

nently on this record, and its primary appeal is doubtless intended to be for children. But Francis Poulenc wrote some characteristically charming music to illustrate Jean de Brunhoff's celebrated tale of the little elephant, and it's possible that adults may find the music adding just the right amount of freshness to a familiar story. Tibor Harsányi's score for the Grimm tale, which some of us know as "Seven at One Blow," has its points, too. And Mr. Ustinov recounts both stories with clarity and conviction.

Virtuosos!

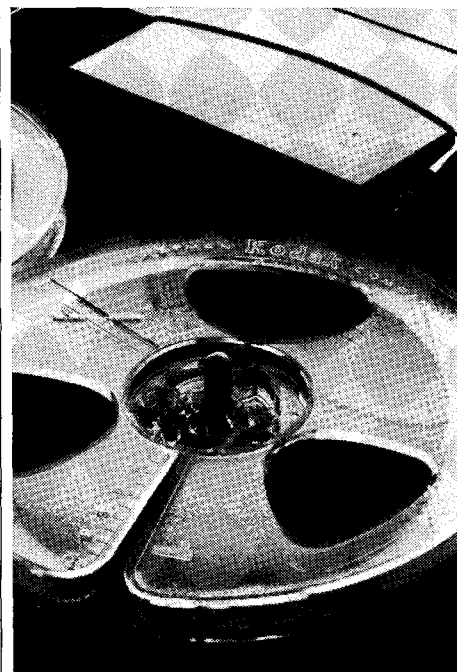
Charles Rosen, pianist; Epic BC-1312 (stereo) and LC-3912

Charles Rosen is widely admired as a serious and thoughtful pianist, one especially adept in modern music. Here he indulges in an exhilarating display of old-fashioned virtuosity, playing a series of finger-taxing transcriptions and arrangements, including the Strauss-Godowsky "Wine, Women, and Song," the Schubert-Liszt "Soirées de Vienne," No. 6, and the Kreisler-Rachmaninoff "Liebesleid." Most fantastic of all in their sheer dazzlement are Rachmaninoff's piano transcription of the scherzo from Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Moritz Rosenthal's phenomenally difficult arrangement of Chopin's "Minute Waltz" in thirds. For amateur pianists this is a record to be listened to not in envy but in awe.

Leontyne Price — Prima Donna

Leontyne Price, soprano, with RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli; RCA Victor LSC-2898 (stereo) and LM-2898

If any additional evidence is needed that Leontyne Price graces any kind of operatic music she sings, it is provided by this handsomely packaged record, which encompasses arias by Purcell, Mozart, Meyerbeer, Massenet, Charpentier, and Samuel Barber. But the record also demonstrates that Miss Price's most natural habitat is Italian opera, for nothing else here touches her singing of "Io son l'umile ancella" from Cilèa's *Adriana Lecouvreur*, and, more particularly, the "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria" from Verdi's *Otello*. Here is perhaps the richest and most expressive soprano voice of our time setting forth some of the greatest music ever written for the human voice.



Clean cut



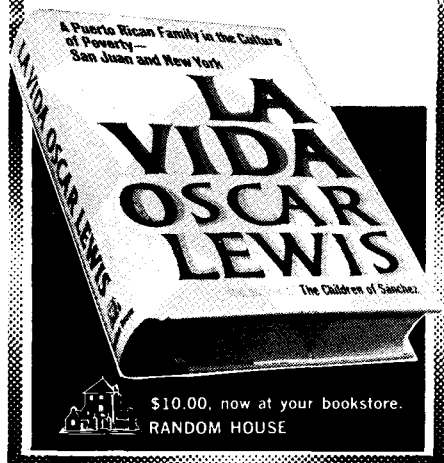
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the poverty—but also
the love and gaiety—
that make up the lives
of a Puerto Rican
slum family,
OSCAR LEWIS,
author of *The
Children of Sánchez,*
has created
a new masterpiece



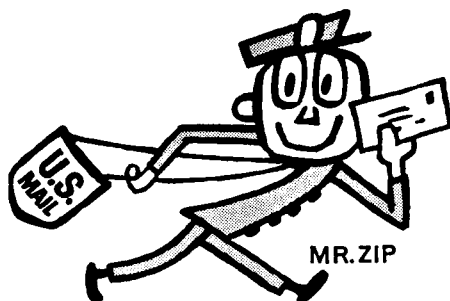
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Verdi: Falstaff

Leonard Bernstein conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Rolando Panerai, baritones; Ilva Ligabue and Graziella Sciutti, sopranos; Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano; Juan Oncina, tenor; and others; Columbia M3S-750 (stereo) and M3L-350: three records

Bernstein's conducting of *Falstaff*, the comic masterpiece of Verdi's old age, was first revealed a few seasons back at the Metropolitan Opera; and European audiences have had a chance since to savor it also. Now it is on records, in a Viennese production featuring as the fat knight the renowned lieder singer Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Unlikely choice though he is, Fischer-Dieskau performs magnificently, with more weight to his voice than had been previously noted (close-up microphone placement may have been involved, but why look a gift bass in the mouth?). In any event, it is the wonderful orchestra-vocal fabric of this opera, rather than any single standout performer, that provides the richness of this recording. Conductor, singers, and engineers all serve the score so magnificently as to make the hearer aware only that he is caught up in one of the most delightful and exciting experiences in al music—which is just what Verdi's *Falstaff* is.

Aristophanes: Lysistrata

Hermione Gingold as *Lysistrata*, Stanley Holloway as the Commissioner, Miriam Karlin as leader of the Women's Chorus, Edward Atienza as leader of the Men's Chorus, and others; directed by Howard Sackler; Caedmon TRS-313-S (stereo) and 313; two records

Lysistrata, Aristophanes' gusty epic about the women who abruptly terminate a war by refusing to sleep with their husbands until they make peace is not essentially a verbal play. But it certainly comes to uproarious life in this vigorous, juicy presentation headed by Hermione Gingold as the shrewd, but never shrewish, leader of the ladies for peace. Even a striptease scene, invisible as it is, comes through as bawdily comic, and the girl at least sounds like a knockout. The Dudley Fitts translation is full of puns and anachronisms, and the Spartans are made to talk with a Deep South drawl. But everything works admirably. Curiously, for once Caedmon provides no printed text of the

play, and the passages from Thucydides offered in its place aren't much of a substitute.

Bernard Shaw: Saint Joan

Shirley Butler directing cast including Barbara Jefford as Joan, Alec McCowen as the Dauphin, Michael Hordern as the Earl of Warwick, Max Adrian as the Inquisitor, Mark Dignam as the Bishop of Beauvais, and others; Argo ZRG-5470/2 (stereo) and RG-470/2: three records

This British Argo recording is available here as an import through London Records, and is worth acquiring by all Shavians as the finest recording yet made of his masterpiece, *Saint Joan*. First of all, it is absolutely complete, without a line omitted, which is more than any other "complete" recording, or for that matter, most stage presentations, can say. Furthermore, it has been made to fit comfortably onto three LPs, at the trifling cost of having several sides end in mid-scene. Finally, and most important, it is a superb recording in every respect, with a fine British cast in which every character is made to come alive, and every line is clearly spoken. Sound effects are held to a minimum, but when they are used, it is with chilling effect, as the clank of Joan's leg chains when she enters her trial chamber. No text of the play is provided, but for the first time none is needed.

Camp!

Rudy Vallee, Keely Smith, Horace Heidt, Nick Lucas, Renzo Cesana, Sammy Davis, Jr., Harry James, Harry Belafonte, Dean Martin, and Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra; Capitol T-2472 (monaural only)

That loosely used and ill-defined term "camp" is here used to signify entertainment fads and favorites of the past now regarded with affectionate disdain. For example, here is Rudy Vallee crooning "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover," Keely Smith intoning the "Indian Love Call," Horace Heidt solemnly explaining how to make a band, Nick Lucas singing "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" (not a bad song, that), and Renzo Cesana, once known as "The Continental," murmuring his way through some nonsense about champagne and roses. To these ears it all sounded more cornball than campy, but not a bit unpleasant. Television is better?



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

WHEN Edith Wharton was visiting her *cher ami*, Walter Berry, in Paris, so Mrs. Winthrop Chandler told me, she came down with measles. There she lay sealed off in quarantine, and after the fever had subsided, her host called to her through the closed door to ask how she felt and what she was doing. "Languid" was the reply. "Why don't you try writing a short story in French?" he suggested. And such was the beginning of *Ethan Frome*, written in French, transcribed at Berry's instant encouragement into English, and probably the best single thing she ever did. It may be doubted that she continued the exercise in French once they perceived how well it was going, but that she made such a promising start is in itself quite a feat. Walter Berry's magnetism perhaps had something to do with it, too.

The ability to create in a borrowed tongue is given to few. Joseph Conrad's conquest of English was begun during the long watches aboard ship and perfected ashore in the winter months when the freighters he was serving on were laid up. Alfred Knopf, who called on Conrad, says that he spoke with a strong accent and that even toward the close of his career he never quite trusted his command of the English vernacular, which is why there is relatively little dialogue in his work. Conrad, whose speed of composition rarely exceeded 300 words a day, felt more secure working within the more formal architecture of his prose.

Isak Dinesen, in private life Baroness Blixen, was a Danish aristocrat, who learned her English as a child and learned to tame it to her way of thinking during her early married life on a coffee plantation in Kenya. Friends recall that she loved to spin fantasies at length; she told them marvelously well and in English. She had an English lover, a bush pilot, and his help should not be discounted.

I remember lunching with Vladimir Nabokov, many years before *Lolita*, at a time when he was lecturing on Russian literature at Wellesley. He

was going on to his class that afternoon, and I noticed that the pocket of his tweed jacket was bulging with papers. "What have you got there?" I asked. "Some passages from *War and Peace*," he said; "the Garnett and Maude translations are so dreadfully wooden that I've had to make some of my own. Poor Tolstoy!" This surprised me, for I had always heard Constance Garnett spoken of with awe, but when I re-examined her version of the world's greatest novel, the criticism was true enough: you waded along, feeling the power of the stream but instinctively supplying your own adverbs and adjectives.

This was in the early 1940s when the *Atlantic* was publishing Mr. Nabokov's first stories, and beauties they were; "Cloud, Castle, Lake," "The Aurelian," "Mademoiselle O" were three of the eight I recall with special delight. He would write them in Russian, a friend would make a literal translation, and the author would then revise the English to give it his particular gloss. He was already collecting rare words with the avidity with which he collected butterflies. I do not know when he made the irrevocable leap of composing in English from start to finish, but I know the day came, for we celebrated it by publishing in the magazine his poem of farewell, "Softest of Tongues," ending:

But now thou too must go; just here we part,
softest of tongues, my true one, all my
own. . . .

And I am left to grope for heart and art
and start anew with clumsy tools of stone.

He learned to read English before he could read Russian, but not till forty years later had he acquired the mastery to compose in that foreign tongue.

FROM RUBIES TO LOLITA

SPEAK, MEMORY (Putnam's, \$6.75), which VLADIMIR NABOKOV has described as his "Autobiog-

raphy Revisited," is a composite of eloquent and witty recollections written in English over a decade, published, many of them, in the *New Yorker*, and now amplified and made more accurate with the help of family data. A book of many reveries, I prize it for its pensive, brooding quality, for the pinch of salt with which the author always takes himself, and for its enchanting clarity. "What am I doing in this stereoscopic dreamland?" Vladimir asks, and the answers come clear and satisfying.

Nabokov is of the Russian nobility, his grandfather for whom he was named being an eminent jurist and statesman who served the Czar as Minister of Justice. His grandmother was the Baroness von Korff, and there was wealth on both sides, so that Vladimir at seventeen inherited from his uncle a fortune of two million dollars, which he enjoyed — at least on paper — for one year before the Revolution wiped it out. From his father, a liberal editor who had been Junior Gentleman of the Chamber until dismissed for his writings, he inherited his audacity, his irony in the face of adversity, and his love for Russia and for butterflies.

From his birth in 1899 until 1917 Vladimir was indulged as the eldest and most promising son, educated by governesses or tutors in the country estate at Vyra with its fifty servants, or in the town house at St. Petersburg. This first phase, which dominates more than two thirds of the book, is as vivacious a picture of the Russian aristocracy under the last Czar as any I have read, a picture made intimate by the brilliance of the family portraits (father, mother, and Sergey), by the disclosure of his calf love for Polenka, the peasant girl, and his romance with Tamara, by the nostalgic descriptions of the Russian seasons, and by his wry blending of the past and present so that one never forgets that the boy in center stage is soon to be the exile. Thus, when his mother read aloud to him and came to a dramatic passage, she would pause, and before turning the page, "place upon it her hand, with its familiar pigeon-blood ruby and diamond ring (within the limpid facets of which, had I been a better crystal-gazer, I might have seen . . . a whole period of émigré life for which that ring was to pay)."

The final cutoff came in the Crimea, and for Vladimir the long exile began — lodgings in Trinity Lane while he studied at Cambridge, friendships and differences with the Russian literati in Berlin and Paris ("You will die in dreadful pain and complete isolation" was Ivan Bunin's cheerful farewell after a ghastly luncheon), his translations into Russian of Rupert Brooke and *Alice in Wonderland*, his marriage, and his turning from poetry to fiction, all leading eventually to the ship for America, the lean years of teaching, and his eventual liberation by *Lolita*. Throughout he has alerted

us to the clues life has given him for his fiction. He shows off his exotic vocabulary with the pride of a lepidopterist, and the words sometimes become burdensome. But in all, this is an elegant book doing for Nabokov's generation in Russia what Sir Osbert Sitwell has done for his in England.

WINSTON ON THE RISE

The project of writing the "official" life of his famous father has been in RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S mind since 1932 when he received his first tempting offer from a publisher and when his father flagged him down with the promise that he would eventually be given full access to the Churchill archives. That body of papers grew to be the most voluminous by and about any man in our century, more articulate and far bulkier, for instance, than those of FDR, Stalin, or Hitler, and it is small wonder that Randolph's work will run to five volumes. One can say with assurance that if those to come are as admirable as the first, WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, *YOUTH, 1874-1900* (Houghton Mifflin, \$10.00), this will end by being one of the few really distinguished biographies of our time.

The biographer is to be congratulated for the knowledge and fairness with which he has filled in the background, and above all, for the skill with which he has let his father speak for himself. Winston's letters were kept by his mother from the age of eight onward, and it is quite fascinating to follow the development of his style and self-knowledge: "My temper is not of the most amiable," he writes at the age of ten; and from Harrow some two years later, "I am not very good at Latin Verse but it is of very little importance. Prose being the chief thing in which I am rapidly improving."

Randolph, Sr., Winston's father, the brilliant, arrogant Parliamentarian, and Jennie Jerome, his gay American mother, were wholly absorbed in politics and society, and the rearing of their two sons, Winston and his younger brother, Jack, was delegated to schoolmasters and in summers to that indispensable nanny, Mrs. Everest. This was bitter medicine for a boy hungry for love, and Winston's loneliness may account in part for his sloppy performance as a student. Despite his appeals for a visit, for autographs (when his father was Chancellor of the Exchequer), for a more generous allowance, he had been at Harrow eighteen months before his father ever came the forty miles to see him.

Winston's teachers generally underestimated his ability (and none more so than his father); what he did learn was to fight his own battles and be buoyant. His ineptitude in the classics

ruled out Oxford, but his championship in fencing and his dash as a horseman made him a candidate for the army. In his letters from Sandhurst, written before he came of age, we feel his charm and the temper of his steel as he confronts his parents. By this time his father's early promise in Parliament had been ruined by mental instability and his mother was recklessly blowing what remained of the family fortune. When after his father's death Winston was commissioned and sent to India as a subaltern in the 4th Hussars, his pay was \$1000 a year and his family was riddled with debts.

The biographer sets this struggle for self-confidence amidst the luxury of Victorian England; he judges the young cavalryman's ardent ambition to vindicate his father; his belated awakening to books; his pushing desire to be wherever there was fighting, and by his sword, and soon by his pen, to achieve a reputation that would lead him into Parliament.

Since the army was his only ladder, Winston was determined to take every physical risk for medals and honor. In superb letters we see him badgering his mother to intervene with the Prince of Wales or Kitchener, and in the next, berating her for her extravagance. We watch his assaults on Cuba, Malakand, the Khyber Pass, against the dervishes in the Sudan and the Boers in South Africa; we gasp at the audacity with which this military correspondent in his twenties dares criticize his superior officers ("I am in great disfavour with the authorities here. Kitchener was furious with Sir E. Wood for sending me out and expressed himself freely. My remarks on the treatment of the wounded — again disgraceful — were repeated to him and generally things have been a little unpleasant. He is a great general but he has yet to be accused of being a great gentleman. It is hard to throw stones at the rising sun . . ."); we note the friends he makes and the enemies, and mark that even those who detest him are overheard to say that "he may be Prime Minister one day."

This too is the gentle Churchill, the bachelor who when not raging against barrack life was consoled by "returning to my books, my butterflies & my roses." This is the conscientious Churchill, bailing himself out of debt with his exhausting lectures in America and incidentally persuading Mark Twain to autograph all twenty-five volumes of Twain's collected works; and it is the brave Churchill in his incredible escape from the Boers. A younger son of a younger son, he could hardly hope to inherit the grandeur of Blenheim. What came to him naturally was the love for glory and the fighting spirit of Marlborough.

Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN



UWE JOHNSON'S *TWO VIEWS* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.50) is one of the finest novels to come out of post-war Germany. At its simplest level, it is a gripping story with a somewhat unexpected denouement. But without deliberate didacticism it conveys deeper meanings.

A boy and a girl think they are in love. They are ordinary people; he is a photographer in a small town near Hamburg, she is a nurse in East Berlin. They meet casually and arrange to see each other again. Then the Wall separates them. Their personal fate becomes entwined with that of the divided city. Before, they had given no thought to their relationships with society; both had accepted the regimes under which they lived as a matter of course. The Wall forces them to consider the consequences for their own lives of the kinds of government which rule them. Ultimately she decides to flee to the West, and an elaborate escape permits her defection.

A simple narrative device carries the story forward. The boy and the girl, whose paths do not intersect again until the end, are described separately; a chapter on his actions alternates with one on hers, so that the setting moves back and forth across the Wall. Gradually, peripheral characters and places become familiar — the head nurse, the bar, the town, and the hospital.

Johnson makes no effort to describe either the East or the West in general terms. Instead, an accumulation of incidents and observations subtly reveals the interpenetration of the social system and personal character. The nurse only obliquely discovers the restrictions which surround her. She learns, without being aware of doing so, to pretend to be someone else when she is with people connected with the state, people recognizable by their vocabulary, manner of posing questions, insignia, uniforms, and behavior. In time she also learns the meaning of fear, the sense of being painfully awake, alert as never before.

The photographer exemplifies the aimless freedom of the West. He embarks upon frequent, pointless plane rides to Berlin and then back to Hamburg. He is perennially short of money,

yet wastes the windfall a lucky accident brings him. He wanders into bars, meets girls, gets drunk, all without purpose. In a curious but credible way his love for the nurse is confused with his fascination with his sports car; toward the end when his nerve fails under the pressure of waiting for the escape, he hastens to the factory to get his new auto.

In a sense, Johnson's novel falls within the pre-war German tradition of the romance of the little man. *Two Views* rises above that tradition by the eschewal of sentimentality and by tautness of style. There is no waste of words or ideas. The direct simple sentences, hard in detail, force the reader to live the story.

VIEWS OF URBAN LIFE

The city, which presents us with some of our greatest challenges and opportunities, fixed the attention of creative artists before it became an object of study by social scientists. In the relative anonymity of its dense population, men could escape convention, tradition, and communal ties. The uppermost groups did not feel the responsibility they did in more orderly settings, the lowermost escaped the restraints. Painters and poets perceived the effects on passions and appetites sooner than did sociologists or historians.

London was the first great modern city. Once it recovered from the fires and plagues of the seventeenth century, it spread beyond the old limiting walls to house a rapidly growing multitude. Nurtured in the eighteenth century by an expanding empire, it developed earlier than any of its rivals the disagreeable as well as the pleasant attributes of urban life. Its modernity lay not only in its size but also in the density and variety of the hordes of men and women who crowded into it from the countryside. Its nervous, unsettled life in many ways early anticipated that of the metropolis of the twentieth century.

Through these crowded streets passed William Hogarth, his inquisitive eye taking it all in, his magic pencil setting it all down. A native of the place and an artisan by background, his instinctive sympathy reached out toward the human beings struggling against the harsh conditions of this environment. In

the 1730s he began to fashion his series of superb engravings of London life.

THE WORLD OF HOGARTH (Houghton Mifflin, \$12.50) contains good reproductions of some of these pictures. But its great value lies in its publication, for the first time in English, of the commentaries by Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, translated by Innes and Gustav Herdan. In this case, the text illustrates pictures; together they form a superb introduction to urban life at the beginning of the modern period.

Lichtenberg was a brilliant professor of physics at Göttingen University. Crippled in his youth, he led a rather cloistered life. Yet he was a man of learning, wit, and deep human compassion. He visited England twice in the 1770s and became intimately familiar with the London Hogarth had described forty years earlier.

The commentaries are not, technically speaking, criticisms of the engravings. Nor are they literally accurate interpretations of what Hogarth had in mind. They are, rather, imaginative evocations of the setting and the people. The pictures stimulate Lichtenberg's thoughts, and he wanders off in a narrative of what the story might be. Yet he is spared the plunge into fantasy because he keeps coming back to the details of the engravings, which he explains and amplifies out of a memory stocked with information about his subject. The result is a view of London society, and particularly of its lower sectors, as vivid as that which Hogarth left.

At the end of the nineteenth century, New York experienced some of the problems which London had encountered much earlier. But the absence of an aristocracy left the American city leaderless and compounded the disorganization of its life. Manhattan was certainly the home of enough men of wealth, but they lacked either the political power or the social status to win them widespread deference. Even the four hundred families who formed the self-styled elite of the community were nervous in their roles and eager for such tokens of cultural superiority as would validate their claims to pre-eminence.

THE SMART SET: A HISTORY AND ANTHOLOGY by CARL R. DOLMETSCH (Dial, \$15.00) offers a fascinating

view of the tastes of that society and provides the material for an estimate of the outcome of its aspirations. The *Smart Set*, "the Magazine of Cleverness," was founded in 1890 by Colonel William D. Mann, an enterprising publisher and man about town, who aimed to gratify the taste for culture of the would-be aristocracy. His deliberate intention was to make the publication a status symbol to be displayed on library tables as evidence of elegance and to supply the material for polite conversation. It survived for a quarter of a century under the editorships of Charles Hanson Towne, Willard Huntington Wright, George Jean Nathan, and H. L. Mencken, before it passed ignominiously into the Hearst empire and then faded out of existence. The *New Yorker*, a journal of quite a different sort, then took its place.

Professor Dolmetsch has written an illuminating history of the *Smart Set*. He deals lucidly not only with the internal history of the publication but also with the literary currents it reflected and the society to which it catered. He has joined to the narrative a judiciously selected anthology of the fiction, verse, and illustrations that appeared in the magazine. The volume is a strikingly useful contribution to American cultural history.

The *Smart Set* succeeded despite itself. Intended to cater to the rather empty cultural pretensions of the Four Hundred, it nevertheless brought to American audiences the stories of James Joyce, F. Scott Fitzgerald, D. H. Lawrence, and Anatole France, the poetry of Ezra Pound, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Robinson Jeffers, and the plays of Eugene O'Neill. The paradox was due to more than the enterprise of its capable editors. The cultural setting permitted the editors to experiment more freely than did journals with attentive readers.

The disconcerting truth was that the *Smart Set*, bought to be possessed rather than to be read, did not have to cater to the literary tastes of its purchasers except in the somewhat vague sense of being clever. The *nouveaux riches* who aped transatlantic manners were eager for imports of every sort. For a time, the *Smart Set* described itself as "The only American Magazine with an European Air," and it regularly printed pieces in French which it bought

wholesale from Paris. The willingness to accept novelty described as fashion and the lack of authentic standards permitted the editors to follow their own inclinations and to exploit talent that often could not get a hearing elsewhere.

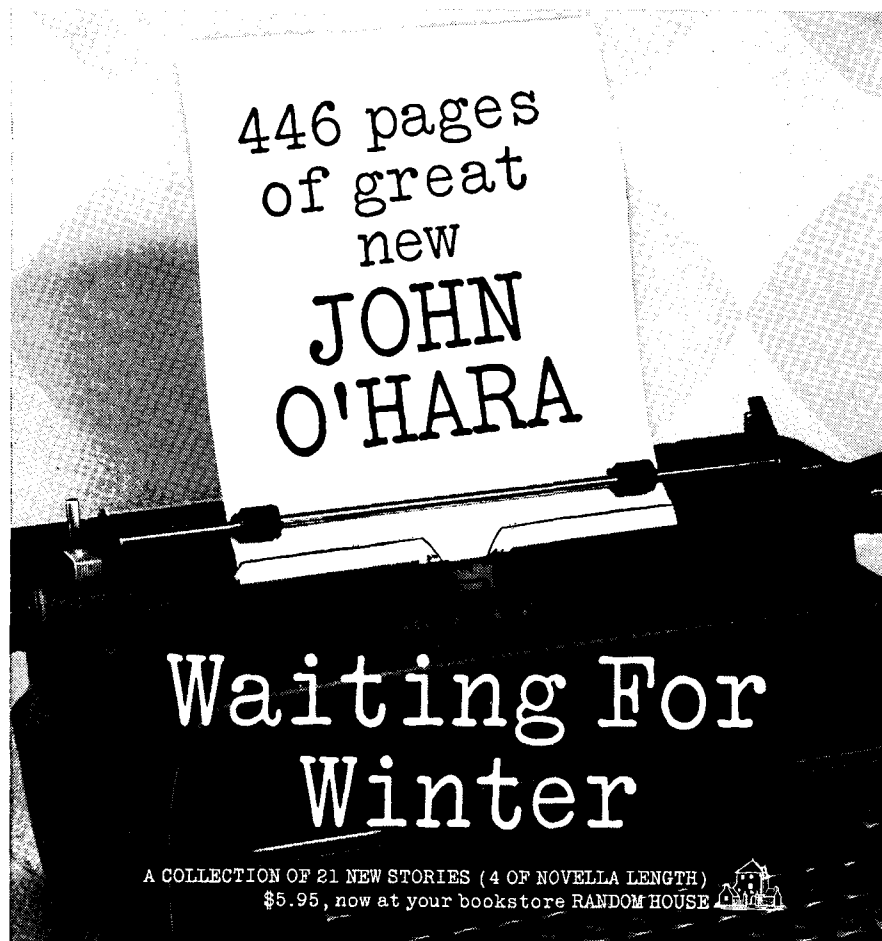
CONSTITUTION-MAKING

Shortly after the Constitutional Convention of 1787 had finished its work, George Washington noted that it was "little short of a miracle" that the delegates from so many different states were able to reach an agreement upon a scheme of national government. The endless bickering in the Continental Congress since independence and the actual diversity of the country certainly had not encouraged hopes for such a happy outcome. Indeed, there had been grounds for the belief in the years before 1787 that the experiment in republicanism might shortly come to a disastrous end. Yet the handiwork of that convention endured; the political system there contrived outlasted that of any other modern state.

In *MIRACLE AT PHILADELPHIA* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.50), CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN brings that fateful gathering to life. Step by step she follows the proceedings of the men who formed the Constitution through the four months of their deliberations. She digresses briefly to survey the state of the nation during the summer of 1787; and there is a concise discussion of the complex process by which the states ratified the Constitution. But the focus of attention is on the hall in which the fifty-five delegates met. Their thoughts and actions supply the material for a dramatic story.

Mrs. Bowen is at her best in the delineation of character, and she deals here with forceful personalities — Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, Roger Sherman, and James Wilson, among others. Her account is not original; other historians have worked through the same materials. Nor is she overly concerned with political theory or constitutional law. But she has done her research thoroughly, has made herself familiar with the primary sources, and presents a lucid description of what went on, avoiding the scholarly controversies about many aspects of the subject.

That the Constitution did not



"No nobler or more helpful institution exists in America than Boston's Lowell Institute."—Oliver Wendell Holmes

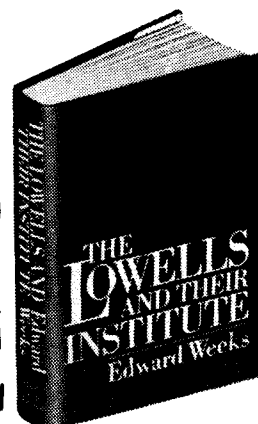
The story of that Institute, of the four remarkable men who have been successive trustees since 1840, and of the development of the New England mind from Darwinism to educational television is now told with all the skill and

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—Louise Hall Tharp

THE LOWELLS AND THEIR INSTITUTE

by Edward Weeks



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spring solely from the genius of the men in Philadelphia, she is well aware. "Miracles," she points out, "do not occur at random." By 1787, Americans had already had considerable experience in constitution-making within the individual states. They had also inherited a body of political practices and theories from their British and colonial past. These aspects of the subject remain largely outside the scope of her book. But within her own terms, she has written a lively and informative work.

THE WAY TO PEACE

The revival of infantile leftism in recent years has returned to prominence some of the exotic characters of the 1930s. If I. F. Stone can be regarded as a serious journalist, then A. J. Muste may be accepted as a profound political thinker.

Yet Muste's newfound popularity is significant. Of course, his pacifism and his advocacy of nonviolent resistance attract the perennially young. For Paul Goodman, A. J. Muste "is an authentic Great Man, not a stage hero or an image of public relations." For Nat Hentoff, Muste is an analyst "of the nature and potential of man and of society." The subject of these encomiums is now in his eighties. His actions and his words form a substantial record against which to measure these judgments.

THE ESSAYS OF A. J. MUSTE (Bobbs-Merrill, \$8.50), edited by Nat Hentoff, pulls together a long autobiographical statement, written about six years ago, and more than twenty shorter articles dotted across the years from 1905 to 1966. The reminiscences are the most interesting section of the book. They deal with a boyhood in Holland, migration to Michigan, and involvement in the labor movement between 1919 and 1930, when the fortunes of American workers were at their lowest.

The autobiography also traces an erratic spiritual pilgrimage. Ordained a minister in the Dutch Reformed Church, Muste found its "Calvinist dogma" untenable and moved to a Congregationalist pulpit. During the First World War, he became a pacifist and joined the Fellowship of Reconciliation, although he was also enrolled as a minister of the Society of Friends. After the war he became a member of

a communal "Comradeship," then involved himself in the Brookwood Labor College. In the 1930s he dabbled in radical politics and led a small Trotskyite sect before reverting to Christian pacifism in time to oppose resistance to Hitler.

The flat account of these peregrinations is fascinating in its total want of introspection. There is no hint of mental turmoil in the shifts that punctuated Muste's career. Nor, by his own account, were his conversions intellectual; his "detour" into Trotskyism, for instance, did not follow a serious study of Marxist doctrine. His position at any moment rested upon an inner, emotional apprehension of the truth.

Therein lies his attraction to the radicals of the 1960s, for whom the call to action is a substitute for thought. When the objective — peace — is transcendently correct, there is no need for ideology; there is only the obligation to do something, if only to bear witness to the truth. Above all, when the commitment to a single value such as peace is absolute, the burden of choice vanishes. England and Germany were both wrong in 1914; Churchill and Hitler were both struggling for empire in 1940; North Korea attacked in 1950, but South Korea provoked it. It made no difference who won in any of these cases, because in each, both sides erred in taking up arms.

One must question the moral coherence, not to say the good sense, of a faith that forbids the victim to defend himself against aggression and that subordinates all other values to nonresistance. The refusal to recognize that there are degrees of guilt and greater and lesser goods and evils is possible only to those convinced that they know the true nature of saintliness. Even Gandhi, whom Muste admires, understood that the outcome of the wars of 1914 and 1939 would make a difference and therefore lent his support to the British. Muste by contrast, in the zeal of his opposition to American intervention in Vietnam, finds himself defending the not very peaceful Marshal Lin's claims to suzerainty over all Southeast Asia.

RECENT SOCIAL CHANGES

Deprivation of the ballot and exclusion from any role in politics

were important elements in establishing the inferiority of the Negro's status in the South. The restoration of his political rights, therefore, became an important feature of the struggle for equality during the past decade. The vote, bitterly fought for and grudgingly gained, was expected to unlock all other opportunities.

NEGROES AND THE NEW SOUTHERN POLITICS by DONALD R. MATTHEWS and JAMES W. PROTHRO (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$12.50) is the first serious effort to measure the consequences of the changes of the 1960s. Written by two able political scientists, the book draws together a great deal of important information, based upon surveys in depth as well as upon a review of the published data.

The conclusions are sobering. The vote has limitations as a political resource for Southern Negroes. In some places, they win the ballot merely to find themselves a permanent political minority. Generally, they can make their wishes effective only through biracial coalitions. The shortage of capable Negro leaders, which may become even more acute in the future, limits their capacity for action even when such coalitions are possible. In any case, the Negroes have been able to achieve their goals only when the costs of abandoning segregation have been relatively low for the white community. They have gone farthest in issues which affected the public sector of society and in which the whites have responded to the challenge to fairness and impartiality.

To deflate the exaggerated hopes attached to extension of the suffrage to the Negro is not, however, to argue that the vote is entirely valueless. Rather, it emphasizes the necessity of viewing politics in its total social context. Education, the opportunity for economic advancement, and personal security set the terms within which the vote becomes meaningful; and access to the ballot gradually improves the quality of schools, the level of available jobs, and the assurance of equality before the law. The course of action is not revolutionary, but gradual and cumulative. Meanwhile the effect of participating in the process of self-government has already worked to sustain the self-esteem and the sense of civic responsibility of the Negroes.

POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

THE TEMPER OF OUR TIME (Harper & Row, \$3.95) is a collection of aphoristically witty essays by **ERIC HOFFER**, longshoreman turned intellectual and philosopher through self-education. Mr. Hoffer attacks half a dozen current problems, but one idea runs through the book like string through the beads of a necklace. The author argues that we live in a time of rapid and constant change which produces a juvenile state of mind in whole populations because "the juvenile is the archetypal man in transition." The result is "a time of wild dreams, extravagant fairy tales, gigantic masquerades, preposterous pretensions, marching multitudes . . . messiahs bringing glad tidings and mass migrations to promised lands." While this description seems, at first glance, hardly applicable to our more familiar troubles, Mr. Hoffer's elaboration of it is detailed and persuasive. He neglects, however, to prove that youthful overexuberance is necessarily less desirable than an elderly excess of caution.

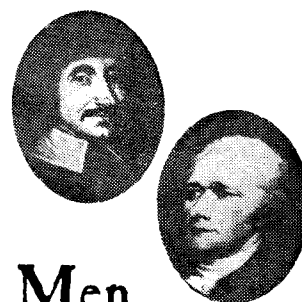
SATORI IN PARIS (Grove, \$3.95) is another of **JACK KEROUAC's** ostensibly autobiographical pseudo-novels, composed in eccentric, conversational, on-the-run prose, spattered with passages of brilliant observation and description, and ending where it started. Satori, Mr. Kerouac explains, is a "Japanese word for 'sudden illumination,' 'sudden awakening' or simply 'kick in the eye.'" Since the book recounts the author's drunken attempts to locate family records in Paris, where no librarian would trust him with a book, and in Brittany, where he decided the whole thing was too much trouble in a cold drizzle, the last meaning is probably the one that applies. Possibly Mr. Kerouac's claim to have experienced satori is an ironic joke in the Zen manner.

MASADA (Random House, \$12.95) is the plateau on the Dead Sea coast which was fortified by Herod the Great and later held to the last bitter ditch by Jewish rebels against the rule of Rome. The place, with its palaces, magazines, cisterns, and fortifications, has not yet been com-

pletely excavated, but much progress has been made by an archaeological team directed by **YIGAL YADIN**, whose book on the dig is pleasantly informal as well as highly informative. Good pictures and maps.

Motion pictures made from books are a commonplace, and may be good or bad without surprising anybody. Novels derived from, or written specifically for, filming are a relatively new device and so far of questionable merit. **NIGHT GAMES** (Coward-McCann, \$4.95) was written by **MAI ZETTERLING**, actress and director, in connection with a film of the same name. The film was promptly hailed as a cinematic masterpiece and just as promptly banned, and it is not clear whether Miss Zetterling composed the prose version as a preliminary script, or afterward, as a defense. As a defense against charges of obscenity, the novel works well, for while every artistically fashionable sexual perversion is mentioned, most of them are kept so well offstage that the effect is incongruously genteel. One has the impression of a lady gingerly pawing through her garbage pail in search of a missing heirloom spoon.

ALAIN ROBBE-GRILLET, who wrote the script for *Last Year at Marienbad*, is more successful with his novel **LA MAISON DE RENDEZ-VOUS** (Grove, \$4.50). He plays fair with the possibilities of the film-to-be, confining himself entirely to visible action and hearable dialogue, all of it very precise. What is not precise, or even detectable, is any connection between the preoccupation with "women's flesh," announced in the opening sentence and supported by a love-trap last scene, and the rest of the action, which consists of a series of episodes connected with the death of a rascally old Hong Kong dope magnate. The bones of a Fu Manchuish thriller are there, but are carefully not assembled into a proper skeleton because logical arrangement would put an end to the speculative erotic-exotic-heroic daydream which is the real purpose of a narrator who is sometimes narrator, sometimes expatriate American rogue, sometimes a renegade English nobleman. The pure process of invention is what makes *La Maison de Rendez-vous* interesting, and it becomes distinctly interesting as soon as one accepts the author's intention as a reasonable experiment.



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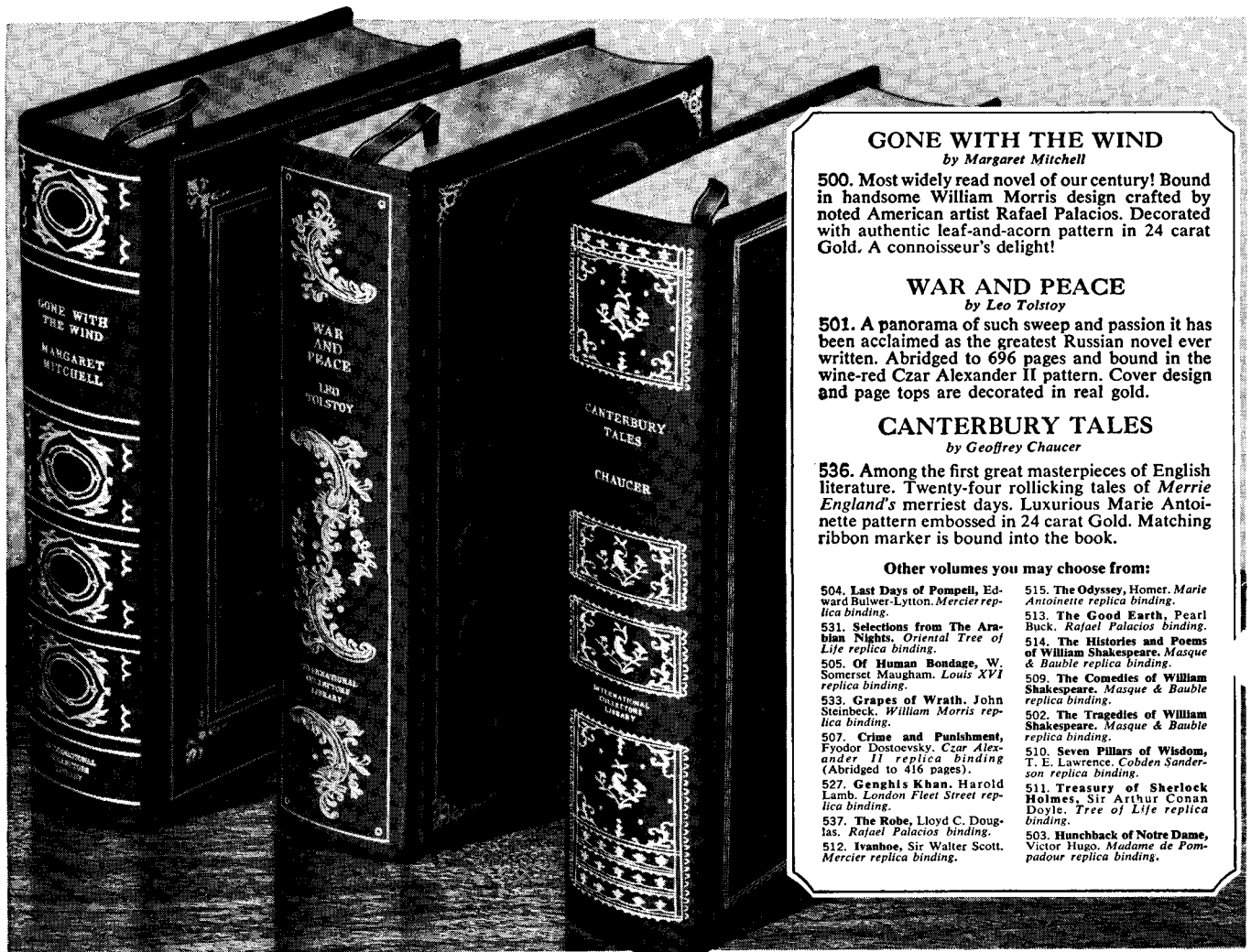
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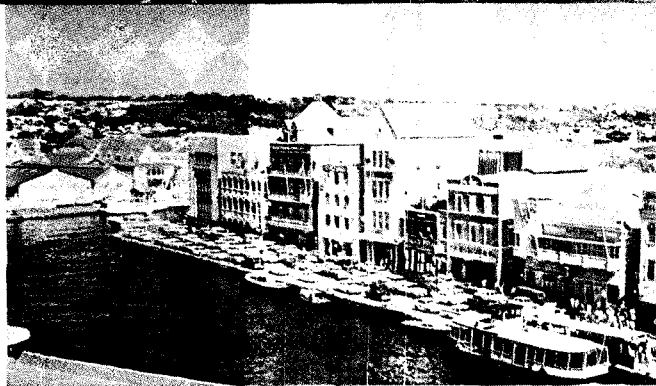
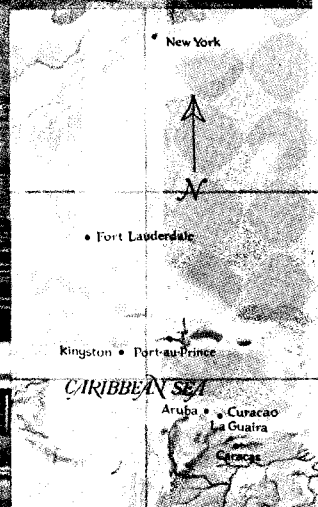
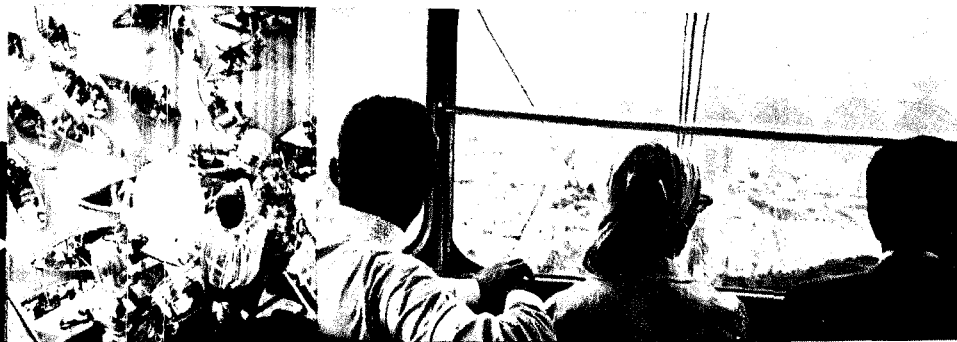
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